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BEECHER AND HIS ACCUSERS,

**A COMPLETE HISTORY
OF THE
GREAT CONTROVERSY,**

**INCLUDING
THE LIFE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER,**

**TOGETHER WITH
PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF THE PERSONS PROMINENTLY INVOLVED,
A FULL RECORD OF ALL THE FACTS, LEADING COMMENTS,
CHOICE EXTRACTS, CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES,**

**AND
IMPORTANT REVELATIONS**

FROM RELIABLE PRIVATE SOURCES,

NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By FRANCIS P. WILLIAMSON.

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Henry Ward Beecher

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HIS AGGRIEVEDS.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THAT CONTROVERSY,

IN THE LIFE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER,

BY THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. M. LADD, 152 NASSAU ST. N.Y. 1852.

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PREFACE.

THE eyes of forty millions of people—yes, of the civilized world, are now centered upon Plymouth Church and its Pastor. By an assemblage of qualities such as never before met in any man, Mr. Beecher has gathered around him a congregation, who, with magnificent loyalty, have rallied to his support in this hour of tempest, and identified their reputation with his.

The events now taking place are regarded with an interest unfelt before in the fate of any man. In the drama that is being enacted—with the whole world as spectators—everything is on a grand scale. One who is regarded by many as not merely the greatest preacher, but the greatest man of this half century, is on trial for alleged crimes of unparalleled enormity. For three months the nation has looked upon the spectacle with unabated interest, and the first act in the drama is not yet finished. We give in this book a full and impartial record of the past lives of all the actors, and of every step that has been taken in the prosecution of the case. The reader will find all that is necessary to a full understanding of the events now transpiring. What has been given in detached and fragmentary statements is here presented in a complete and permanent form.

There is not a child in America that does not know the name and fame of the accused. The materials are here given for forming a correct and impartial judgment as to whether the accusation is well founded. To

(iii)

clergymen the case is one of peculiar interest from the many questions of ecclesiastical law and discipline involved; and the action of the Brooklyn council and of Plymouth Church, is here given in a form suitable for preservation.

All important facts and details are given in a shape to put on the shelf and keep.

This book contains a complete narrative of Mr. Beecher's grand and noble life up to the outbreak of this scandal, and all information that is accessible and reliable about every party and interest involved in the investigation. All that any one wants on the Beecher case is here given in a compact form.

The author acknowledges his obligations to Mrs. Stowe's admirable sketch of her brother in "Men of our times," and to all works which he has had occasion to consult. He can only add that without fear or favor, he has given EVERY FACT IN THIS SAD CASE CONSCIENTIOUSLY AND IMPARTIALLY, YET WITH ALL DELICACY.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
HENRY WARD BEECHER, (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	
THEODORE TILTON,	40
FRANK MOULTON,	80
<i>revised</i> WILLIAM J. GAYNOR,	117-
FRANK B. CARPENTER,	148-196
OLIVER JOHNSON,	196
ELIZABETH TILTON,	282
VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,	308-335
TENNIE C. CLAFLIN,	335
ELIZABETH GADY STANTON,	340
SUSAN B. ANTHONY,	396 349

(v)

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

World-wide interest in the trial of Henry Ward Beecher—
Descended from one of the pilgrim fathers—John
Beecher settled at New Haven—The Beecher family
one of great mental and bodily vigor—Scotch, Welsh
and English combined—Two sets of children—The
family tree of the Beechers—Lyman Beecher, the most
eloquent and influential preacher of his day—"The
father of more brains than any man in America"—
Birth of Henry Ward—His mother a woman of re-
markable intellect and great personal attractions—
What Mr. Beecher takes from each of his parents—
Death of his mother when he was three years old—
Anecdote of Beecher at his mother's funeral—His artis-
tic tastes and fondness for nature come from his mother—
His father's second marriage—The step-mother's opinion
of "Henry" and "Harriet"—The brother and sister
to become the most eminent man, and the most emi-
nent woman of the age—Character of the step-mother,
by Mrs. Stowe—Her religious influence over Henry—
Absence of childish pleasures—Not a toy—Not a fête—
Washed and dressed and catechised—Work to do—
Care of the animals—Wood chopping and gardening—
The let-alone system—Self-reliance—A puritan house-
hold—Henry's filial devotion—Veneration for his father, 31

CHAPTER II.

Life at Litchfield—Winter chores—Hauling water—No
overcoat—Anecdotes—The boy's thoughts about theol-
ogy—The tolling bell—Couldn't learn the catechism—

(vii)

A hopeless stammerer—A dull boy—"Spoke Choctaw"—Henry sent to his aunt—The little unpainted school-house—Blue checked apron—Tin shears and curly hair—Power of undeveloped emotion—At eleven years old debates on the Evidences of Christianity—A boyish disappointment—The merry negro boy—Cellars, garrets and barns—Boyhood memories—Apple-parings—Black spiders—The garret a judgment hall—Hay-mows and swallows, 23

CHAPTER III.

Profitless schooling—Out-door life—An inveterate school joker—Ma'am Kilburn's School—Removes to Boston—Masters the Latin Grammar—Wants to go to sea—"The little bundle" and the sea captains—Debate at the wood-pile—Goes to Amherst College—Study of mathematics—Drill in elocution—Love of flowers—Study of the English classics—His modes of study—A reformer in college—His neighborhood prayer-meetings—The solemn tutor in the low chair, 40

CHAPTER IV.

Favorite poets in college days—Extracts from them—These passages prophetic of Mr. Beecher's own life—His introduction to Phrenology—His mental philosophy—Doctrine of spiritual intuition—Lane seminary—Theological studies—Old and new school—Punctuality for joke's sake—Tucked in bed—Deep melancholy—Doubts on entering the ministry—What to preach—His marriage—What he says of his wife—Her character by Catherine Beecher—Mrs. Beecher's family—Life at Lawrenceburg—In straits of health and money—Anecdotes, 53

CHAPTER V.

Called to Indianapolis—Vivid word painting—Crowds to hear him—Edits an agricultural paper—His domestic

life—Missionary labors—His study of human nature—Rides across the prairies—Swimming rivers—Bishop of Indiana—Clerical jokes—Fun with the Baptist brethren—His lectures to young men—His first book—Reasons for his popularity—Power to thrill the masses—Racy, original thought—Shaksperian power of observation—Great revival—Large accessions to the church—"Tropical style"—Slavery in the pulpit—The transfer to Brooklyn in 1847—Begins with a few members—Builds up the largest congregation in America—"Cross the ferry and follow the crowd"—Beecher's immense labors—His salary grows from \$1,500 to \$20,000—Edits the Independent and Christian Union—Political speeches in 1856 and 1860, 66

CHAPTER VI.

The struggle with slavery—John C. Calhoun and Hugh McCullough on Beecher—"Would have made the greatest statesman of the age"—Removal of Dr. Lyman Beecher to Brooklyn—Filial affection of Mr. Beecher—Anecdotes—Visit of Henry Ward to his father's grave—Gives himself anew to his work—Spirit of love to all men—His grandfather's anvil—Visit to Europe—Speeches in England—Contest with the roughs in Manchester and Liverpool—Letters from England—Close of the war—Raising the old flag upon Sumter—His eloquent address upon that occasion—Favors mercy to the South—His doctrine of forgiveness unpopular, . . . 69

CHAPTER VII.

Rise of the scandal—Sketch of the controversy during the first three years—Tilton's letter to Bowen—Tripartite covenant of Bowen, Tilton and Beecher—Victoria Woodhull's charges against Mr. Beecher—Her letters to him—Beecher's letters to the Herald and the Brooklyn Eagle—Tilton charged by Plymouth Church with slandering its pastor—His defence—Remarks of Mr.

Beecher—Action of the church—Tilton's name dropped from the roll of members—Drs. Storrs and Budington take exception to the dropping of Tilton's name—They propose a committee of conference—Mr. Beecher not for "quarrels and squabbles," 105

CHAPTER VIII.

The Brooklyn Council of March, 1874—Its organization—Documents presented—Plymouth Church declines to be represented in it—Discussion of the matters at issue—Secret Sessions—Decision of the council—Editorial of the Christian Union on the council, 117

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Bacon on Tilton—Calls him a "dog"—Tilton rejoins—He is not "the creature of Mr. Beecher's magnanimity"—The alleged letter of Mr. Beecher asking Tilton's forgiveness, and "humbling himself before him as before God"—The text of the letter—Mr. Beecher denies that he wrote it—Written by Moulton in the dusk of evening—Beecher's letter asking for an investigation—Appointment of the Committee, 126

CHAPTER X.

Progress of the investigation—Preliminary matters—Mr. Tilton's letter to the Committee and his Testimony—The sluices of filth opened—Charge of adultery against Mr. Beecher—General demoralization—The storm foretold by Mr. Beecher pouring its fury on the country—Slang phrases coined and bandied about by the Press, and from mouth to mouth—"Nest-hiding"—"Paroxysmal lies"—"Step down and out"—A carnival of scandal—Mrs. Tilton's platonic affection for her pastor—"Talk" of Gen. Tracy and other persons, 146

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Beecher's reply to Tilton's attack—"My regard for Mrs. Tilton perfectly well known to my family"—In her household troubles "it was to my wife she resorted for counsel"—His grief when led to believe that he had unwittingly been the cause of a "social catastrophe"—An absolute and indignant denial of the offences charged—Mrs. Tilton's statement—Her husband "concocted" letters and she "copied and signed them" as her own—"Catharine Gaunt"—Tilton's "free love"—"He lived to crush Mr. Beecher"—"I will never take another sleep by your side," 153

CHAPTER XII.

Tilton's cross-examination—He shows Dr. Storrs a "letter which Elizabeth and himself wrote"—Dr. Storrs wants the "facts"—Elizabeth is a "tender, delicate, kindly, Christian woman," also an adulteress—"Barring some drawbacks, there is not in this company so white a soul as Elizabeth Tilton's"—False that witness ever wanted money from Beecher—"I forgave him in my best moods, but at other times I did not"—"Mrs. Beecher my enemy"—"You did it Mr. Tracy; 'thou art the man'"—"The improper carass I saw with my own eyes"—Was it done slyly? "Yes, very slyly"—"The door locked"—"I will give them the benefit of the doubt"—"I have acted like a fool," 166

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Beecher's statement—Love for Tilton—Despairing efforts to save him, even by self-sacrifice—Tilton's vanity—"Moulton came to me as Tilton's friend"—"Some of my near relations set against me"—"My innocence buried under heaps of rubbish"—Four troubled years—Hypochondria in my father and grandfather—"We used to stroll to the galleries and print shops

together"—Tilton's ill-treatment of his wife—Tilton's demand that Beecher should quit the pulpit—"My house in hours of adversity a refuge from the storm and a tower of defence"—"A picture like some forms carved on monuments I had seen in Europe"—Mrs. Tilton's retraction of her charges—Beecher's so-called apology—"My soliloquy and Moulton's memorandum"—If alleged to be my letter, "I disown and denounce it"—Moulton said this memorandum was destroyed—Mr. Beecher threatened with apoplexy—His expectation of sudden death—A full narrative and explanation of his letters, and of the whole case, 212

CHAPTER XIV.

The home of Mr. Beecher—Tilton at home—Elizabeth Cady Stanton's views of the case—Alleged confession to Susan B. Anthony—Angry words between Tilton and his wife—Mrs. Tilton comes dashing up the stairs—Frank Carpenter interviewed—Carpenter to Dr. Bacon—Tilton arrested for slander—Interview with Rev. Mr. Halliday—With Mr. Shearman—With Prof. Raymond, 224

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Tilton before the committee—A sad tale of domestic sorrow—Her husband's neglect—His bad moods—Brutal treatment of his wife—Jealousy—What he thought of Beecher's visits—"You lie"—Jealous of others besides Beecher—Want of marital sympathy—Sensual influence—Tilton's confession of adultery to his wife—The bedroom story—Unconscious writing—A cruel stab—The Woodhull trouble—Visit to Dr. Storrs—The Dr. "in a hurry"—Didn't like Moulton—The sick bed letter—"Called the police to take the Claffins away from her house"—"Turned out of her home"—Stopping a girl's talk—Moulton furnishing money—"Theodore took his meals with Moulton"—Want of food and fire, 230

CHAPTER XVI.

The Mutual Friend—"I will show you how well a heathen can serve you"—Sharp correspondence with Mr. Beecher—Moulton's change of purpose—His Statement—Bowen's basis of reconciliation—Beecher's confession of guilt to him—Oliver Johnson—Moulton to Claffin—Bowen's settlement—A mediator between the parties—Reiterated statements and charges of Tilton and Moulton, with copies of letters in support of their case, . . . 236

CHAPTER XVII.

Report of the Committee of Investigation—Proceedings of Plymouth Church—Speech of Prof. Raymond—Moulton mobbed—Letters of President Porter of Yale College, Catharine Beecher, Mrs. Stowe and others—Editorial in Mr. Beecher's paper, the Christian Union, 249

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Beecher Family—Life of the Distinguished Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward—Sketches of Miss Catharine Beecher, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Isabella Hooker, Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher—Rev. Charles Beecher—Rev. Thomas K. Beecher—Sketches of the members of the Investigating Committee, Messrs. Sage, Storrs, Cleveland, Winslow, Claffin and White, . . . 259

CHAPTER XIX.

Theodore Tilton's Parents—Pen and Ink Sketches of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, and others prominent in the case—Tilton's personal appearance—Francis Moulton, the Mutual Friend—Carpenter, the artist—The great attorneys employed—Gen. Benjamin F. Butler—Wm. Maxwell Evans, LL. D.—The suits now pending—Millions of dollars involved in libel suits, 266

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT CONTROVERSY.

THE American nation, in its short life, has produced more than one family of prodigious gifts and extraordinary intellectual powers. The Alexanders in the pulpit, the Adamesses in statesmanship, attest the truth of this remark. But pre-eminent over all stands the family whose leading representative is now on trial before the whole world, and whose name and fame attract to the investigation of his case more interest than ever before centred in the fate of any human being.

John Beecher, the ancestor of the Plymouth pastor, came over to New England in 1636, and settled at New Haven. There Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward, was born in 1775. Meanwhile, for a hundred and fifty years, the best Scotch and Welsh blood in the nation was mingling with the powerful *physique* of the English stock, to produce a combination of remarkable vitality and mental energy. Lyman Beecher was

brought up on a farm, but after graduating at Yale College, entered the ministry, and settled first at Easthampton, Long Island, and then at Litchfield, Connecticut. For intellectual force and eloquence, he held the same rank among clergymen in his day that his son holds in ours. He was the most widely known and the most influential preacher in the country from 1815 to 1851. To him Henry Ward dedicated his first book, in the following language:

"To LYMAN BEECHER, D. D.

"To you I owe more than to any other living being. In childhood, you were my parent; in later life, my teacher; in manhood, my companion. To your affectionate vigilance I owe my principles, my knowledge, and that I am a minister of the Gospel of Christ. For whatever profit they derive from this little book, the young will be indebted to you."

THE BEECHER FAMILY.

Dr. Beecher was thrice married, and had thirteen children, of whom eleven reached adult age, and ten are still living; the oldest—the distinguished Catharine Beecher—being now in her seventy-fifth year, with her mental force and vigor unabated, as her trenchant letters abundantly testify. All of the seven sons of Dr. Beecher became clergymen. One is deceased, and the others are still in the discharge of active pastoral

work, or of other duties belonging to the clerical profession. The Beecher tree is as follows:

Children of Lyman Beecher and Roxanna Foote:—

Catharine Esther Beecher.

William Henry Beecher, D. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Edward Beecher, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Foote Beecher, married to Mr. Perkins of Hartford, Conn.

George Beecher, died in 1848.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Charles Beecher, now of Florida.

Children of Lyman Beecher and Harriet Porter:—

Isabella Beecher, married John Hooker, Esq., lawyer of Farmington, Conn., now of Hartford.

Thomas K. Beecher, Elmira, New York.

James Beecher, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Thus it will be seen there are two sets of children. The third wife had no children. Henry Ward's mother was Roxanna Foote, of Guilford county, a granddaughter of General Ward of the revolutionary army.

GOOD BLOOD.

She was a woman of remarkable intellect, great personal attractions, and a most lovely and engaging temper. Mr. Beecher inherits from her his artistic tastes, his fondness for nature, his intuitive perceptions of beauty, and that delicacy,

tact, refinement and amiability which have made him so widely popular; while he draws from his father his abundant vitality, his intellectual vigor and earnestness, his overflowing humor, and his power to move and thrill the masses.

HENRY AND HARRIET.

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1818. His mother died when he was three years old. Having heard that she was buried in the ground, and again that she had gone to heaven, he commenced digging earnestly under the window of her room, saying, "that he wanted to dig down and get to heaven, where his mamma was." Fourteen months later, his father married Harriet Porter, of Maine. The step-mother, writing soon after to her friends, said, "Henry and Harriet, are as lovely children as I ever saw—amiable, affectionate and very bright." She did not know that the one was to become the most eminent man, and the other the most eminent woman, of the age; that these two children, separated in their birth by a year, left motherless in their infancy, growing up almost untrained in a great bustling household of older people, were to influence their age more powerfully than any brother and sister known to history have done.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

Mrs. Stowe tells us, that the new step-mother was a lady of great personal elegance and attrac-

tiveness, of high intellectual and moral culture, who from having been in early life the much admired belle in general society, came at last from an impulse of moral heroism, combined with personal attachment, to undertake the austere labors of a poor minister's family. She was a person to make a deep impression on the minds of any children. There was a moral force about her, a dignity of demeanor, an air of elegance and superior breeding, which produced a constant atmosphere of unconscious awe in the minds of little ones. Then her duties were onerous, her conscience inflexible, and under the weight of these her stock of health and animal spirits sunk, so that she was for the most part pensive and depressed. Her nature and habits were too refined and exacting for the bringing up of children of great animal force and vigor, under the strain and pressure of straitened circumstances. The absurdities and crudenesses incident to the early days of such children appeared to her as serious faults, and weighed heavily on her conscience. The most intense positive religious and moral influence the three little ones—Harriet, Henry and Charles—of the family received, was on Sunday night, when it was her custom to take them to her bed-room and read and talk and pray with them. At these times, deep though vague religious yearnings were created; but as she was much of her time an invalid, and had little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of childhood,

she gave an impression of religion as being like herself, calm, solemn, inflexible, mysteriously sad and rigorously exacting.

NO TOYS.

It gives us a painful impression of the barrenness of Henry's early days, in almost every thing that we count pleasant for a child, and especially for one of so poetic a temperament and such unusual susceptibility of emotion, to read that his childhood was unmarked by the possession of a single toy, as a gift from any older person, or a single fete. To be stately washed and dressed and catechised, got to school at regular hours in the morning, and to bed inflexibly at the earliest possible hour at night, comprised about all the attention that children could receive in those days. Henry's father was immersed in theological investigations, and a wide sphere of pastoral labors, and great general ecclesiastical interests. His grown up brothers and sisters were occupied with their own separate life history, and the three younger children were therefore left to their mortal pilgrimage, within certain well defined moral limits, much after their own way.

PLenty OF WORK.

Very early, too, strict duties devolved upon Henry. A dally portion of the work of the establishment, the care of the domestic animals, the cutting and piling of wood, or tasks in the garden,

"strengthened his muscles and gave vigor and tone to his nerves." From his father and mother he inherited a perfectly solid, healthy organization of brain, muscles and nerves; and Mrs. Stowe says, "the uncaressing, let-alone system under which he was brought up, gave him early habits of vigor and self-reliance." But it is questionable whether the absence of proper parental care, and the rugged sternness of this Puritanic household, had not an evil effect upon the "nerves" of this most affectionate child. Many an early experience, almost forgotten by himself, may be closely connected with the morbid depression of later years. No father has a right to neglect his children (most of all when their mother is under the sod), as multitudes of clergymen, and other professional and business men, neglect theirs. Henry Ward Beecher's filial devotion and profound veneration for his father do great credit to him, but they do not wipe out the fact that Beecher, senior, discharged the duties of parent in a somewhat lax manner; and these are duties for the neglect of which no amount of soul-saving, and no fierceness in defence of orthodoxy, will compensate.

CHAPTER II.

WINTER CHORES.

Among the Litchfield anecdotes of Beecher's boyhood, we insert the following:—premising that Litchfield is a mountain town, where the winter is a stern reality for six months of the year, where there are giant winds and drifting snows of immeasurable depth, and ice and sleet storms of a sublime power and magnitude. "At nine years of age, in one of those winter droughts common in New England towns, he harnessed the horse to a sledge, with a barrel lashed thereon, and went off alone three miles over the icy top of the town hill, to dip up and bring home a barrel of water from a distant spring. So far from taking this as a hardship, he undertook it with a chivalric pride. His only trial in the case was the humiliation of being positively commanded to wear his overcoat. He departed, but with tears of mortification freezing on his cheeks, for he had recorded a heroic vow to go through a whole winter without once wearing an overcoat."

THE BOY'S THOUGHTS ABOUT THEOLOGY.

In one of those interesting reminiscences of his childhood, in which he is prone to indulge in his lecture room talks, he tells us that he was at times very unhappy in childhood, from the diffi-

culty he found in obtaining from anybody any clear explanations of the great ethical and theological questions which haunted his soul. He had been brought up under a very rigid Calvinistic training, and the dogmas of that creed puzzled and distressed him, and any efforts which were made to explain them, only confused him the more. In the end, however, this exercise of the mind may have been a benefit, for it made him more anxious in his own ministry to use the utmost clearness and simplicity in explaining truth to the young, the simple and the ignorant.

"The calm, inflexible, elegant breeding of the step-mother, her intense solemnity of religious responsibility, indicating itself in every chance look or motion, fell on the sensitive child-nature like a constant moral stimulant. When a little fellow, whose small feet could not touch the bottom of the old family chaise, he was once driving with her on an errand. The bell tolled for a death, as was then the custom in rural places. 'Henry, what do you think of when you hear a bell tolling like that?' she said. Astonished and awe-struck at having his thoughts inquired into, the child only flushed, and colored and looked abashed, and she went on as in a quiet soliloquy, '*I think, was that soul prepared? It has gone into eternity!*' The effect on the child's mind was a shiver of dread, like the being turned out without clothing among the icy winds of Litchfield hills. The vague sense of infinite, inevitable doom underlying

all the footsteps of life, added to a natural disposition to yearning and melancholy. The scenery around the parsonage fed the yearning—Chestnut Hill on one side, with its lovely, softly wooded slopes, and waving grain fields; on the other, Mount Tom, with steel-blue pines and a gleaming lake mirror at its feet. Then there was the piano always going, and the Scotch airs, Roslin Castle, Mary's Dream and Bonnie Doon, sounding out from the parlor windows, and to which the boy listened in a sort of troublous and dreamy mixture of sadness and joy, and walked humming to himself with tears in his eyes."

THE CATECHISM.

"The greatest trial of those days was the catechism. Sunday lessons were considered by the mother-in-law as inflexible duty, and the catechism as the *sine qua non*. The other children memorized readily and were brilliant reciters, but Henry, blushing, stammering, confused and hopelessly miserable, stuck fast on some sand bank of what is required or forbidden by this or that commandment, his mouth choking up with the long words which he hopelessly miscalled, was sure to be accused of idleness or inattention, and to be solemnly talked to, which made him look more stolid and miserable than ever, but appeared to have no effect in quickening his dormant faculties."*

* Mrs. Stowe in "Men of our times."

His first essay in school-going was at a certain "MA'AM KILBOURN'S." Near by was a tinner's shop, and the big girls, some of them, contrived to saw off some of his long golden curls with tin shears made from the fragments cast out of the shop. The child was annoyed, but dared not complain, until the fact becoming known at home, it was concluded to abate it by cutting off the curls altogether, and with this loss, the boy considered his manhood to commence. Next a small district school house was built near the parsonage, and thither he was sent. No very striking results were the outcome of his teaching here. Henry Ward was not marked out by the prophecies of partial friends for any brilliant future. He had just the organization which often passes for dulness. "He was deficient in verbal memory, excessively sensitive to praise and blame, extremely diffident, and with a power of yearning, undeveloped emotion, which he neither understood or could express. His utterance was thick and indistinct, partly from bashfulness and partly from an enlargement of the tonsils of the throat, so that in speaking or reading he was with difficulty understood. In forecasting his horoscope, had any one taken the trouble then to do it, the last success that ever would have been predicted for him would have been that of an orator. "When Henry is sent to me with a message," said a good aunt, "I always have to make him say it three times. The first time I have no manner of an idea more than if he

SPOKE CHOCTAW,

the second, I catch now and then a word ; by the third time I begin to understand."

"Thus, while Dr. Beecher victoriously demonstrated the consistency of decrees and accountability, and the elder brother was drawing all the hopes of the family as the first in his college class, and his elder sisters were writing poetry and receiving visits, and carrying on the cheerful round of Litchfield society, this bashful, dazed-looking boy pattered barefoot to and from the little unpainted school house, with a brown towel or a blue checked apron to hem during the intervals between his spelling and reading lessons. Nobody thought much of his future, further than to see that he was safe and healthy, or even troubled themselves to inquire what might be going on in his life."

Sometimes, however, the unobservant people around him got a glimpse of the coming man. At eleven years old, a forward school boy among the elder scholars, had got hold of "Paine's Age of Reason," and was flourishing largely among the boys with objections to the Bible. Henry privately looked up "Watson's Apology," studied up the subject, and challenged debate with the big boy, in which he came off victorious by the acclamation of his school fellows. His father was fond of hunting, and one day said, "Come, Henry, I will take you with me a gunning." Just then his old aunt called to him to run to the shop for a

few pennies' worth of snuff. He dashed off at the top of his speed, but returning found his father gone. Mr. Beecher says, "I pity myself whenever I think of that moment."

"The only associate of doubtful character forbidden to Henry, for whose society he craved, was Ulysses Freeman, a poor, merry, softly giggling negro boy, who inhabited a hut not far off, and who, it was feared, might indiscreetly teach him something that he ought not to know ; but otherwise it was safe to let him run unwatched, in the wholesome companionship of bob-o'links and squirrels, and birch woods and huckleberry bushes, and thus the fancy of the future poet-preacher was fed, and he grew into a sturdy boy, pure and innocent of evil, in the vigorous atmosphere of his native mountain town.

The following article from Mr. Beecher's own pen will give the best idea of his early life at Litchfield.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES.—CELLARS, GARRETS AND BARN.

The old Litchfield house has been sold, moved off, and revamped. If a palace were built where it stood it would seem homely to these eyes of mine. It was not the material house that I saw in after years, but a house shining out of a household life that exhaled from it and formed an atmosphere around it, imperceptible to other eyes, but clear and full of the tenderest beauty to mine. That soul-vapor evolving a thousand airy shapes

of sorrow, tenderness, reverence, love, fear, gladness, will never gather about any other structure.

There are subtle losses to a sensitive soul that cannot be made up, and that are out of all proportion to the external and material value. "She has pawned the last ring for bread for her children." Only God knows how much that may mean. One by one they went—cherished things of value, each full of one's innermost life, and when all are gone, the soul, stript of its souvenirs, is impoverished in its most gracious memories. The burning of the Alexandrine Library was a piteous loss in its way; but more pangs have been felt a thousand fold at the sale of a ring, a brooch, a cradle, a letter, a book, than any one ever felt for the ancient library.

There was something about the old house at Litchfield so sensitively sacred that I never could bear to look back upon it in after years, when it had been rearranged, divided, and fixed up generally. I left it in 1826, a bouncing boy to whom the whole world was an orb of joy and health, and never put foot across the threshold again. At twilight only, when the outlines alone were revealed, and the changes hidden, I have looked at it from a distance.

A very boy's house! planned without a plan, and full of "entries," closets, and unexpected rooms. There was the great kitchen. What times we've had there! What blind man's buff, at night when the work was done up! What

labors on bitter cold mornings—everything in the house frozen—to kindle a fire of green wood! What apple-peelings, pumpkin-cuttings, story-telling circles around the fire! What dismal washing days! and what days of smoke and vexation when new fangled stoves came in, instead of the great, roaring old fire-place! There was the old settle, called "settle," its seat filled with every conceivable tool, toy, or gimcrack. The long clock that stood solemnly ticking, and would have seemed like a deacon if a foolish-looking, half-moon face that never rose or set had not been painted on its face. Out of the kitchen opened the candle-closet, and the sink-room, which was a huge, dark well-room that never had a ray of sunlight in it, its only window looking toward the north as if searching for cold. The doors of the kitchen were curiosities, and no two alike—that on the south large and easy, that on the north sagged on its hinges and shut with a harsh noise; the dining room door shut with a cackle, and was always unlatching itself; the door next to it, seldom used, seemed stately and aristocratic; the cellar door was gloomy and mysterious.

Ah, yes; down those dark cellar stairs we have gone a thousand times, to draw cider, to pick over apples, to sort potatoes and turnips, to boil potatoes and apples for the pigs, in a newfangled kettle set! Also down those stairs we have gone a hundred times to play hide-and-seek, to get hatsful of apples, to hide away from the folks up-

stairs who "wanted" us, to explore dark holes, with Charles behind to keep up our courage, in the fear of seeing great fiery cats' eyes in some bin, or behind some barrel in some corner of the very darkest dark! The cellar was under the whole house, very roomy, and without windows except on the south. These were quite large and above ground; and as the cellar behind and the warm sun before kept them glowing, spiders lived sumptuously there all summer eating flies, and all winter eating each other, with now and then a hard-shell bug as a digestant. Alas, here it was that we fell! Our tender mouth had often uttered bad words, such as "gosh!" "I vum," "goll darn it," "I swan," and even "by jink-fews," but had never sworn one of the regular and undoubted oaths, until one day, as the sun shone warm (how well we remember, and quiver!) we put our forefinger near to a black spider, who, instead of retreating, sprang forward and bit it. My guardian angel must have been in the other part of the cellar, for I was left to say—to say—"——"—well, it would have been "*darn it*" only there was an *m* in place of the *r*. In a second I would have given worlds to have recalled the phrase. I expected an instant catastrophe. A vague idea of the fate of Coran, Dathan and Abiram came over me. I rushed up stairs, and got speedily by the side of my mother, who was a very pious woman, and I kept near her all day, and was so very good as to excite in her a hope that I was being

awakened to religious things. I never liked black spiders before, and I have never liked them since.

Poets, scholars, and artists are often represented as living in *Garrets*, and a sad thing it must be to live there. But a roomy garret, extending the whole breadth of the roof, is a marvellous good place to play in. Here the children are out of sight and in perfect liberty. That must be an outrageous noise that could get down to the lower floor. Here are all manner of things to play with—boxes, chests, crippled bureaus, cast-off curtains, queer old dresses, broken furniture, pans, fire-fenders, andirons, screens, and hundreds of other things for young folks to use in building tents, and dressing up in costume. In the garret, too, the nuts are stored, hickorynuts, butternuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts. Bushels of quinces are heaped up through November, waiting to be preserved. Through the *scuttle* the boys could enjoy the forbidden pleasures of getting upon the roof, creeping down to the gutters, straddling the ridge-board, and, on the sly, firing nuts or pebbles at the people passing below! The scene changes!—My flesh creeps. This garret is also, sometimes, a judgment hall. Naughty boys, who have laid up a long line of petty transgressions till the sum total should be worthy of a general clearance, go whimpering and crying up these stairs, with a silent gentleman behind them trimming the leaves from a quince switch! Ah! what hatred of sin then visited the young wretch! If he had only felt when tempted

to truancy or fibs, or stealing doughnuts, or pulling sister's hair, or "cutting up Jack" generally, as he does now, sin would have been a precipice up which no temptation could have made him climb! We have never seen a proper analysis of the mental state of a boy vociferating repentance, dancing with excessive nimbleness, soaking with one little hand to cover a space ten times its size, and squirming in a manner so supple as would make an eel envious.

After the storm, a calm! What pleasant days followed a reckoning! Alas! since the time when Pharaoh, on a lull of trouble, hardened his heart, have boys done likewise. It is true that the rod of correction drives folly far from a boy, but it comes back without any driving. The great trouble is that we are born boys and not men. Every one has to be hammered out into proper shape on the anvil.

But the Barn! He that has not been a country boy, with a great and various barn, and innumerable sheds, "lean-to's," carriage-houses, cribs, and harness-rooms, with big mows, threshing-floors, huge doors, and all sorts of creatures in, around, and under—horses, cattle, cows, calves, doves, swallows, rats, mice, weazels, cats, dogs, hens, chickens, pigs, and sheep—has lost an experience which no after education can ever make up!

Did you ever stow away hay when the pitchers winked at each other—a hint to cover you up and bury you? Did you ever play "coop" in a hay-

mow, and creep down in the corner under the hay? Did you ever dig down and make a boy-nest, with cracks in the boards for windows and air? Did you ever, as the mow by use sank lower, practice jumping from the great cross-beam under the roof, and learn without danger how it would feel to fly? Did you ever lie on your back in spring, and watch the swallows, in and out, building mud-nests on the rafters? Did you ever watch the ways and doings of a flock of doves, their wonderful courtesies, their soft cooings and wooings, their flights, circuits, and returns all for nothing except the fun of doing them? Cellars are excellent, garrets are lovely, but the barn above all delights in a boy's household life excelleth! If one has many boys let him build large barns! They are boy's palaces of liberty! Other places there are, schools, churches, libraries, and mothers' rooms, which have largely to do with children's welfare. But enough credit has not been given to those humbler institutions, the *Cellar*, the *Garret* and the *Barn*.*

* *Christian Union*, December 17th, 1872.

CHAPTER III.

OUT-DOOR LIFE.

HENRY's progress at the district school not being very satisfactory, he was sent a few miles off to attend a grammar-school. Here his improvement in book-learning was equally slow, but the year was one of great happiness, and of real progress in what was quite as essential to his education as knowledge of books. "One trait of the boy, as it has been with the man, was a peculiar passion for natural scenery, which he found full liberty to indulge in his present surroundings. He boarded with a large-hearted, kindly, motherly woman, in a great comfortable farm-house, where everything was free and unconstrained. The house was backed by a generous old orchard, full of fruits and blossoms in spring and summer, and where the partridges drummed and whirred in winter. Beyond that were dreamy depths of woodland, and Henry's studies were mostly with gun on shoulder, roving the depths of those forests, guiltless of hitting anything, because the time was lost in dreamy contemplation. After a year spent in this way, it began to be perceived by the elders of the family, that as to the outward and visible signs of learning, he was making no progress. His eldest sister was then teaching a young lady's school in Hartford, and it was proposed to take



THEODORE TILTON.

the boy under her care to see what could be made of him.

"One boy of eleven in a school of thirty or forty girls has not much chance of making a durable impression, but we question if any of Henry's schoolmates easily forgot him. If the understratum of his nature was a dreamy, yearning melancholy, its upper manifestation was in constant bubbling, restless effervescence of fun and practical joking. The school room was up a long flight of stairs, and one wet day Henry spent a recess, when he was supposed to be studying grammar, in opening every umbrella brought to school, and so disposing them on the stairs that the luckless person who opened the outside door would witness a precipitate rush of the whole series into the street—which feat was successfully accomplished to the dismay of the late comer, and the tittering of the whole school, who had been somewhat prepared for the catastrophe.

SCHOOL JOKES.

The school room was divided into two divisions in grammar, under leaders on either side, and the grammatical reviews were contests for superiority, in which it was vitally important that every member should be perfected. Henry was generally the latest choice, and fell on his side as an unlucky accession—being held more amusing than profitable on such occasions.

The fair leader of one of these divisions took

the boy aside to a private apartment, to put into him with female tact and insinuation those definitions and distinctions on which the honor of the class depended.

"Now, Henry, *A* is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with a singular noun. You can say *a man*—but you can't say *a men*, can you?" "Yes, I can say *Amen*, too," was the ready rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayers."

"Come, Henry, now don't be joking; now decline *He*." "Nominative *he*, possessive *his*, objective *him*." "You see, *His* is possessive. Now you can say, *His book*—but you can't say '*Him book*.'" "Yes, I do say *Hymn book*, too," said the impracticable scholar with a quizzical twinkle. Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

"But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive voice. Now '*I strike*' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But '*I am struck*' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do any thing, do you?"

"Yes, I do—I strike back again!"

Sometimes his views of philosophical subjects were offered gratuitously. Being held rather of a frisky nature, his sister appointed his seat at her elbow, when she heard her classes. A class in Natural Philosophy, not very well prepared, was stumbling through the theory of the tides. "I can explain that," said Henry. "Well, you see,

the sun, he catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring tides."

"But what makes the neap tides?"

"Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands," was the brisk rejoinder.

After about six months, Henry was returned on his parents' hands with the reputation of being an inveterate joker, and an indifferent scholar. It was the opinion of his class that there was much talent lying about loosely in him, if he could only be brought to apply himself.

When he was twelve years old his father moved to Boston, and he was put into the Latin school, whence so many distinguished scholars have issued. To Henry, the study of the dry, prickly facts of language was inexpressibly irksome. But he persevered and mastered the Latin grammar; but at an expense of brain and nerve that began to tell even on his vigorous organization. The melancholy that had brooded over his childhood—inherited from his father and grandfather, in whom at times it amounted to hypochondria—waxed more turbulent and formidable. He grew gloomy and moody, restless and irritable. His father put him on a course of biographical reading, hoping to divert his thoughts. He began to read naval histories, the lives of great sailors and commanders, the voyage of Captain Cook, the sea-fights of Nelson; and at once, like lightning flashing out of rolling clouds, came the determi-

nation not to rest any longer in Boston, learning terminations and prepositions, but to go forth to a life of enterprise. The wharves and the ships, with their precious cargoes from the far orient, fanned the flame. He made up

HIS LITTLE BUNDLE,

walked the wharf and talked with sailors and captains; hovered irresolute on the verge of voyages, never quite able to grieve his father by a sudden departure. At last he wrote a letter announcing to a brother that he could and would no longer remain at school; that he had made up his mind for the sea; that if not permitted to go, he should go without permission. This letter was designedly dropped where his father picked it up. Dr. Beecher put it in his pocket and said nothing for the moment, but the next day asked Henry to help him saw wood. Now the wood-pile was the Doctor's favorite debating ground, and Henry felt complimented by the invitation, as implying manly companionship.

"Let us see," says the Doctor, "Henry, how old are you?"

"Almost fourteen!"

"Bless me! how boys do grow!—why it's almost time to be thinking what you are going to do. Have you ever thought?"

"Yes; I want to go to sea."

"To sea! Of all things! Well, well! After all, why not? Of course you don't want to be

a common sailor. You want to get into the navy?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I want."

"But not merely as a common sailor, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I want to be a midshipman, and after that commodore."

"I see," said the Doctor, cheerfully. "Well, Henry, in order for that, you know, you must begin a course of mathematics, and study navigation and all that."

"Yes, sir; I am ready."

"Well, then, I'll send you up to Amherst next week, to Mount Pleasant, and then you'll begin your preparatory studies, and if you are well prepared, I presume, I can make interest to get you an appointment."

And so he went to Mount Pleasant, in Amherst, and Dr. Beecher said shrewdly, "I shall have that boy in the ministry yet." Here he came under the care of a West Point graduate, one Fitzgerald, who gave him a thorough drilling in mathematics—the boy laboring perseveringly with his face towards the navy, and Nelson as his beau ideal. It was his teacher's "maxim," "you must not only know, but you must know that you know." And Henry soon was able to demonstrate at random any proposition as chance selected—not only without aid or prompting from the teacher, but controversially as against the teacher, who would sometimes publicly attack the pupil's

method of demonstration, disputing him step by step, when the scholar was expected to know with such positive clearness as to put down and overthrow the teacher.

At Amherst, too, he was thoroughly

DRILLED IN ELOCUTION

by Professor Lovell, to whom Mr. Beecher never fails to send a New Year's token of remembrance, and of whom he says, "a better teacher in his department never was made." The natural disabilities of Mr. Beecher for oratory—his thick, husky voice and defects of articulation—were thoroughly removed by his own indomitable will and perseverance, and by the patient toil of his teacher. With his gifts he would no doubt have overcome all impediments to ready speech, and achieved success as an orator, without the help of Professor Lovell; but the efforts and instruction of the latter greatly smoothed the way of the modern Demosthenes. His gestures and the management of his body went through a drill like to that which the cadet at West Point goes through to make him supple to the needs of military evolutions.

Four years of drilling in the Boston Latin School, and under Fitzgerald and Lovell at Mount Pleasant, sent him into the freshman class at Amherst College an unusually well-prepared student, and gave him leisure the first year to work out and commence a course of self-education by means

of the college libraries, which he systematically pursued through life. He now had the ministry before him as his goal. A revival had taken place while he was in the academy, in which he became impressed. His father sent for him to come home and unite with the church at a great communion season, and the boy, trembling, agitated, awe-struck, full of vague purposes and good resolutions and imperfectly developed ideas, stood up and took on him irrevocable vows, henceforth in his future life to be actively and openly on the side of Christ in the great life battle.

Of course the naval scheme vanished, and the pulpit opened before him as his natural sphere. With any other father or education, this would not have been an "of course;" but Dr. Beecher was an enthusiast in his profession. Every word of his life, every action or mode of speaking, had held it up before his boys as the goal of all his hopes, that they should

PREACH THE GOSPEL,

and the boy therefore felt that to be the necessary obligation which came upon him in joining the church.

"The love of flowers, which has always formed so marked a branch of his general enthusiasm for nature, developed itself at this time in a friendship with a rather rough man who kept a garden. He was so pleased with the boy's enthusiasm that he set apart a scrap of ground for him which he

filled with roses, geraniums and other blooming wonders, and these Henry tended under his instructions.*

"Mr. Beecher gave no more attention to the college course than was necessary to keep his standing, but turned all the power of study and concentrated attention he had acquired in his previous years, upon his own plan of culture. As he himself remarks, 'I had acquired by the Latin and mathematics, the power of study. I knew how to study, and I turned it upon things I wanted to know.' The Latin and Greek classics did not attract him. The want of social warmth in the remove at which they stood from the living present, alienated them from the sympathies of one who felt his mission to be among the men of to-day, and by its living literature. Oratory and rhetoric he regarded as his appointed weapons, and he began to prepare himself in the department of *how to say*—meanwhile contemplating with uncertain awe, the great future problem of WHAT TO SAY."

"For the formation of style he began a course of English classical study; Milton's prose works, Bacon, Shakespeare, and the writers of the Elizabethan period were his classics, read and re-read, and deeply pondered. In common with most of the young men of his period, he was a warm admirer of the writings of Robert Hall, and added

* Mrs. Stowe in "Men of Our Times."

him to his list of favorite authors. His habits of study were somewhat peculiar. He had made for himself at the carpenter's, a circular table, with a hole in the middle, where was fixed a seat. Enthroned in this seat with his English classics all around him, he read and pondered, and with never ceasing delight.

"The stand he took in college, was from the first that of a

REFORMER.

He was always on the side of law and order, and being one of the most popular fellows in his class, threw the whole weight of his popularity in favor of the faculty, rather than against them. He and his associates formed a union of merry good fellows, who were to have glorious fun, but to have it only by honorable and permissible means. They voted down scraping in the lecture rooms, and hazing of students; they voted down gambling and drinking, and every form of secret vice, and made the class rigidly temperate and pure. Mr. Beecher had received from family descent what might be called a strictly temperance organization. In no part of his life did he ever use, or was he ever tempted to use tobacco or ardent spirits in any shape. All his public labors, like those of his father before him, have been performed by the strict legal income of ordinary nervous investment; they have not been those deep ruinous drafts on the reserved principal of vital

force, which are drawn by the excitements of extra stimulants.

"He also maintained the character of a Christian student, by conscientious attention to the class prayer meetings, in which he took his part, as well as by outside religious and temperance labors in the rural population in the neighborhood. He very early formed an attachment to a beneficiary in the college, a man, as he says, of the Isaiah type, large-souled, and full of devotion, who took the boy round with him on his tour of religious exhortation, insisting with paternal earnestness that it was his immediate duty to begin to practice for the work of the Christian ministry. Having brought him once or twice to read and pray, in a little rural meeting, held in a school-house in the outskirts of the village, he solemnly committed the future care of the meeting to the young disciple, and went himself to look up another fold. This meeting Henry religiously kept up among his others, with varying success, during his college career.

"The only thing which prevented him from taking the first rank as a religious young man, was the want of that sobriety and solemnity which was looked upon as essential to the Christian character. Mr. Beecher was like a

CONVERTED BOB-O-LINK,

who should be brought to judgment for short quirks and undignified twitters and tweedles,

among the daisy heads, instead of flying in dignified paternal sweeps, like a good swallow of the sanctuary, or sitting in solemnized meditation in the depths of pine trees like the owl.*

"Mr. Beecher was generally the centre of a circle of tempestuous merriment, ever eddying round him in one droll form or another. He was quick in repartee, an excellent mimic, and his stories would set the gravest in a roar. He had the art, when admonished by graver people, of somehow entrapping them into more uproarious laughing than he himself practiced, and then looking innocently surprised. Mr. Beecher on one occasion was informed that the head tutor of the class was about to make him a grave exhortatory visit. The tutor was almost seven feet high, and solemn as an Alpine forest, but Mr. Beecher knew that like most

SOLEMN YANKEES,

he was at heart a deplorable wag, a mere whited sepulchre of conscientious gravity, with measureless depths of unrenewed chuckle hid away in the depths of his heart. When apprised of his approach, he suddenly whisked into the wood-closet the chairs of his room, leaving only a low one which had been sawed off at the second joint, so that it stood about a foot from the floor. Then he crawled through the hole in his table, and seated meekly among his books, awaited the visit.

* Mrs. Stowe.

A grave rap is heard:—"Come in."

Far up in the air, the solemn dark face appears. Mr. Beecher rose ingenuously, and offered to come out. "No, never mind," says the visitor, "I just came to have a little conversation with you. Don't move."

"Oh," says Beecher innocently, "pray sit down, sir," indicating the only chair.

The tutor looked apprehensively, but began the process of sitting down. He went down, down, down, but still no solid ground being gained, straightened himself and looked uneasy.

"I don't know but that chair is too low for you," said Beecher meekly; "do let me get you another."

"Oh no, no, my young friend, don't rise, don't trouble yourself, it is perfectly agreeable to me, in fact I like a low seat," and with these words, the tall man doubled up like a jack-knife, and was seen sitting with his grave face between his knees, like a grass-hopper drawn up for a spring. He heaved a deep sigh, and his eyes met the eyes of Mr. Beecher; the hidden spark of native depravity within him was exploded by one glance at those merry eyes, and he burst into a loud roar of merriment, which the two continued for some time, greatly to the amusement of the boys, who were watching to hear how Beecher would come out with his lecture. The chair was known in college afterwards, by the surname of the

"TUTOR'S DELIGHT."

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE TIME WHEN MR. BEECHER

Passed for the first humorist of college, the marks along his well worn volumes of the old English poets show only appreciation of what is earnest, deep and pathetic. He particularly loved an obscure old poet of whom we scarcely hear in modern days, Daniel, who succeeded Edmund Spencer as poet laureate, and was a friend of Shakspeare.

Some lines addressed by him to the Earl of Southampton, are marked by reiterated lines in Mr. Beecher's copy of the old English poets, which showed enthusiastic reading. He says, "This was about the only piece of poetry I ever committed to memory, but I read it so much I could not help at last knowing it by heart:"

"TO THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

He who hath never warred with misery,
Nor ever tugged with fortune in distress,
Hath no occasion and no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as concealed, affliction must express,
And only men show their abilities
And what they are, in their extremities.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
 Did make the miracles of faith and zeal;
 Exile renowned and graced Rutillius.
 Imprisonment and poison did reveal
 The worth of Socrates, Fabricius'
 Poverty did grace that common weal
 More than all Sylla's riches got with strife,
 And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

He that endures for what his conscience knows
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
 Look on the only cause whereto he owes
 Those sufferings, not on his misery;
 The more he endures the more his glory grows,
 Which never grows from imbecility;
 Only the best composed and worthiest hearts
 God sets to act the hardest and constant'at parts."

Such an enthusiasm shows clearly on what a key the young man had set his life purposes, and what he was looking for in his life battle.

Another poem which bears reiterated marks and dates, is to Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, of which these lines are a sample:

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
 What a fair seat hath he! from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And while distraught ambition compasses
 And is compassed; whilst as craft deceives
 And is deceived; while man doth ransack man,
 And builds on blood, and rises by distress;

And the inheritance of desolation leaves
 To great expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
 As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
 And bears no venture in impiety."

These verses are so marked with Mr. Beecher's life habits of thought, with his modes of expression, that they show strongly the influence which these old poets had in forming both his habits of thought and expression. As we read these lines now they are doubly pathetic. We cannot but think of the bright college boy—now the gray haired man, whom "vanity and malice" are "piercing." We trust that "from the shore of peace, with unwet eye, he looks," "while *craft deceives*, while man doth ransack man, and *rises by distress*." We believe that "he endures for what his conscience knows not to be ill." The impression which these verses made upon him seems to have had in it something of the nature of prophecy or presentiment.

"And only men show their abilities
 And what they are, in their extremities."

We believe that this will prove strictly true of Mr. Beecher, and that not only his generosity and magnanimity, but his *wisdom*, his greatness in every sense, will be made manifest by the trials and persecution through which he is passing. As a rule, the men who have advanced the race, have been "tried by fire." Many have regarded Mr. Beecher as the master

mind of this half century. The number of these will be increased by the events now taking place. With those who accept him as leader, his influence will be intensified, while its scope will be greatly enlarged. Of course multitudes of the weak-minded will still believe him guilty, and some of the malignant would do so if an angel from heaven revealed to them his innocence. But the honorable and intelligent, the men and women whose influence is abiding, and who push forward the car of human progress,—if in some cases they have hesitated, or, with hasty and ill-considered judgment, biased by the atmosphere of suspicion they have breathed, have even thought him guilty—will find their way out of these cruel suspicions into a more enthusiastic admiration and love of him than they felt before. Bacon says, "Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when incensed or crushed, for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." Such a day of adversity as this, whose high noon is midnight, was needed to place in full relief the virtue of Henry Ward Beecher. The youth, who in the morning of life consecrated himself to God and truth, and the advancement of every righteous cause, and the overthrow of everything that is unholy and that hinders the happiness of man, will not be forsaken of God in his old age.

Resuming our narrative, we can only refer briefly to other facts of interest connected with

Mr. Beecher's college life. He gave great attention during his course of study to phrenology and physiology. Those who wish to get the key to his system of mental philosophy, will do well to consult Mrs. Stowe's admirable article in "Men of our Times." He is far from looking on phrenology as a perfected science. He regards it in relation to real truth as an artist's study towards a completed landscape; a study on right principles and in a right direction, but not a completed work. The writers upon this subject, in common with all mental philosophers, have been partialists. The true system is yet to be framed from a consideration of all the facts and principles evolved by all of them. But he uses the phrenological terminology as being so neat and descriptive and definite that it gives a great advantage to any speaker.

Mr. Beecher believes that the truths of the Divine nature are undiscoverable by the more logical faculties, that they are the province of a still higher class of faculties which belong to human nature, the faculties of *spiritual intuition*; that it is through these

SPIRITUAL INTUITIONS

that the Holy Spirit of God communes with man, and directs through them the movements of the lower faculties. In full faith in the dependence of man on the Holy Spirit for these spiritual intuitions, he holds substantially the same ground with Jonathan Edwards, though he believes that Divine

influence to be far more widely, constantly and fully given to the children of men than did that old divine.

During his last two college years, Mr. Beecher, like other members of his class, taught rural schools during the long winter vacations. In this way he raised funds of his own to buy that peculiar library which his tastes and studies caused him to accumulate about him. In both these places he performed the work of a religious teacher, preaching and exhorting regularly in stated meetings, giving temperance lectures, or doing any reformatory work that came to hand. In the controversy then arising through the land in relation to slavery, Mr. Beecher from the first took the ground and was willing to bear the name of an abolitionist. It was a part of the heroic element of his nature always to stand for the weak, and he naturally inclined to take that stand in a battle where the few were at odds against the many.

In 1832 Dr. Lyman Beecher moved to Cincinnati, two years before the completion of Henry's college course. Upon graduating in 1834, he followed his father and began his

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES

at Lane Seminary. Dr. Beecher was then in the fore front of the fierce battle waging between the old and new school parties in the Presbyterian Church. Under such circumstances, Henry's

theological training was likely to be dialectic or polemic rather than practical; but it was not in the power of even his father's great influence to make him a controversialist. He revered his father, and, as in duty bound, took up arms in his defence, but his own theology was of a more peaceful character, and though in the battle, he was not of it.

Mr. Beecher had inherited from his father what has been called a genius for friendship. He was never without the anchor of an enthusiastic personal attachment for somebody, and at Lane Seminary he formed such an intimacy with Professor C. E. Stowe, whose room-mate for some length of time he was, and in whose society he took great delight.

The morning prayers at Lane were at conventional hours, and Henry's devotional propensities, of a dark cold winter morning, were almost impossible to be aroused, while his friend, who was punctuality itself, was always up and away in the gloaming. One morning, when the Professor had indignantly rebuked the lazy young Christian, whom he left

TUCKED IN BED,

and, shaking the dust from his feet, had departed. to his morning duties, Henry took advantage of his own habits of alert motion, sprang from the bed, dressed himself in a twinkling, and taking a cross-lot passage, was found decorously sitting directly under the Professor's desk, waiting for him,

when he entered to conduct prayers. The stare of almost frightened amazement with which the Professor met him, was the ample reward of his exertions.

Though Professor Stowe never succeeded in making him an exact linguist, or shaping him into a biblical scholar, yet he was of great service to him in starting his mind in a right general direction in the study of the Bible. The old and the new school were both too much agreed in using the Bible as a carpenter does his nail box, going to it only to find screws and nails to hold together the framework of a theological system. Professor Stowe inspired him with the idea of surveying the books of the Bible as divinely inspired compositions; yet truly and warmly human, and to be rendered and interpreted by the same rules of reason and common sense which pertain to all human documents.

As the time drew near in which Mr. Beecher was to assume the work of the ministry, he was oppressed by a

DEEP MELANCHOLY.

He had the most exalted ideas of what ought to be done by a Christian minister. He had transferred to that profession all those ideals of courage, enterprise, zeal and knightly daring which were the dreams of his boyhood, and which he first hoped to realize in the naval profession. He felt that the holy calling stood high above all others, that to enter it from any unholy motive, or to

enter and not do a worthy work in it, was a treason to all honor.

His view of the great object of the ministry was sincerely and heartily the same with that of his father; to secure the regeneration of the individual heart by the Divine spirit, and thereby to effect the regeneration of human society. The problem that oppressed him was, how to do this. His father had used certain moral and intellectual weapons, and used them strongly and effectively, because employing them with undoubting faith. So many other considerations had come into his mind to qualify and limit that faith, so many new modes of thought and inquiry, that were partially inconsistent with the received statements of his party, that he felt he could never grasp and wield them with the force which would make them efficient. It was no comfort to him that he could wield the weapons of his theological party, so as to dazzle and confound objectors, while all the time conscious in his own soul of objections more profound and perplexities more bewildering. Like the shepherd boy of old, he saw the giant of sin stalking through the world, defying the armies of the living God, and longed to attack him, but the armor in which he had been equipped for the battle was no help, but only an encumbrance!

His brother, who studied with him, had already become an unbeliever, and thrown up the design of preaching, and he could not bear to think of adding to his father's trials by deserting the stand-

ard. Yet his distress and perplexity were so great that at times he seriously contemplated going into some other profession.

What to say to make men Christians,—how to raise man to God really and truly,—was to him an awful question. Nothing short of success in this appeared to him success in the Christian ministry.

Pending these mental conflicts, he performed some public labors. He was for four or five months editor of the Cincinnati Journal, the organ of the N. S. Presbyterian Church, during the absence of Mr. Brainard. While he was holding this post, the pro-slavery riot which destroyed Birney's press occurred, and the editorials of the young editor at this time were copied with high approval by Charles Hammond, of the Cincinnati Gazette, undoubtedly the ablest editor of the West, and the only other editor who dared to utter a word condemnatory of the action of the rioters. Mr. Beecher entered on the defence of the persecuted negroes with all the enthusiasm of his nature.

In his last theological term he took a Bible class in the city of Cincinnati, and began studying and teaching the evangelists. With the course of this study and teaching came a period of spiritual clairvoyance. His mental perplexities were relieved, and the great question of

"WHAT TO PREACH,"

was solved. The shepherd boy laid aside his cumbrous armor, and found in a clear brook a simple stone that smote down the giant, and so from the clear waters of the gospel narrative, Mr. Beecher drew forth that "white stone with a new name," which was to be the talisman of his ministry. To present Jesus Christ, personally, as the Friend and Helper of Humanity, Christ as God impersonate, eternally and by a necessity of his nature helpful and remedial and restorative; the friend of each individual soul, and thus the friend of all society; this was the one thing which his soul rested on as a worthy object in entering the ministry.

He says of his feelings at this time: "I was like the man in the story to whom a fairy gave a purse with a single piece of money in it, which he found always came again as soon as he had spent it. I thought I knew at last one thing to preach; I found it included everything."

HIS MARRIAGE.

Immediately on finishing his course of study, Mr. Beecher received a call to the Presbyterian Church, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana—his father being then connected with the Presbyterian denomination. The youthful preacher made short work of the question of settlement, accepting the very first offer that was made him. It was work he wanted, and one place he thought about as

good as another. But before entering upon his pastoral duties he was married to Eunice White Bullard, daughter of Dr. Artemas Bullard, a physician, of Sutton, Mass. In her he found, in the highest sense, a helpmate, a true and noble wife—one who, in his own words touching her, "has made his house in hours of adversity a refuge from the storm and a tower of defence."

CHARACTER OF MRS. BEECHER.

Of her Miss Catharine Beecher says—in a letter which we shall quote in full in another place—"For nearly forty years she has proved a loving wife, the devoted mother of his ten children, an excellent housekeeper, an able amanuensis, a capable manager of his business affairs, and a successful authoress," "devoting herself to the comfort and amusement of Mr. Beecher's father with the most tender assiduity."

We may add that Mrs. Beecher, like her husband, belongs to a clerical family, all of her brothers having been ministers. The lamented Dr. A. Bullard, of St. Louis, was her brother. In every field where her husband has labored she has shared with him the affections of his people, and in his present charge she is the object of enthusiastic, almost idolatrous, attachment. In the stirring scenes of recent months, the mention of her name in any assemblage at Plymouth Church has been the signal for long-continued applause. Thus she reaps the reward of her single-hearted

devotion to the interests of her husband and his congregation.

LIFE AT LAWRENCEBURG.

The young people entered upon their married and pastoral life in the second story of a small house, the first floor of which was used as a store. We met the merchant who thus occupied the same dwelling with them, while travelling on the Mississippi. An enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Beecher, he filled many agreeable hours of steamboat life by detailing characteristic incidents of the youthful preacher. From the first his style of preaching was fresh and striking. The people of the straggling Ohio village were charmed and captivated. But the place was a most unattractive one—a street of houses without yards or gardens, run up for the most part in a cheap and flimsy manner, like the back suburbs of a great city.

Mr. Beecher speaks of himself, in his early ministry, as "in straits of health and money." But he took kindly to his mode of life, milked his cow, and gave himself unceasingly to promote the good of the people among whom his lot was cast.

CHAPTER V.

CALLED TO INDIANAPOLIS.

AFTER two years Mr. Beecher was transferred to the capital of the State, where he remained eight years. Here a wide door opened before him. His church was soon crowded, though the town numbered only three or four thousand people. Crowds were eager to hear the young preacher, whose vivid word-painting, and power in presenting Christ in his relations to humanity in all the forms of joy and sorrow, was something so new and impressive. From the beginning, his abundant life flowed out in other channels beside the regular work of the ministry.

For a few months before his ordination, he had edited the organ of the Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati, in the absence of its responsible editor; but at Indianapolis, in addition to his other duties, he undertook the editorship of an agricultural paper, and discussed, learnedly and interestingly too, the rotation of crops, manures, the best methods of cultivation, breeds of cattle, horses and swine, and other topics which most interest the farmer. He could not avoid, however, having a department for floriculture, and in that he poured out the wealth of his love of nature. The paper was popular, and reached a large circulation for a paper of that class.

HIS DOMESTIC LIFE.

He lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the town, where he worked in his garden, and gathered around him horse, cow and pig; all that wholesome suite of domestic animals which he had been accustomed to care for in early life. He was an enthusiast on all these matters, fastidious about breeds and blood, and each domestic animal was a pet and received his own personal attentions. In the note-books of this period, amid hints for sermons, come memoranda respecting his favorite Berkshire pig or Durham cow. He read on gardening, farming, and stock-raising, all that he could lay hands on; he imported from eastern cultivators all sorts of roses and all sorts of pear trees and grape vines, and the results of these studies and experiments were recorded in his paper.

All this was mainly the amusement of his leisure hours, as he preached always twice on Sunday, and held at an average five other meetings a week in different districts of the city. For three months of every year, by consent of his people, he devoted himself to missionary duty through the State, riding from point to point on horseback, and preaching every day of the week.

In his theological studies he had but just two volumes—the Bible and human nature—which he held to be indispensable to the understanding each of the other. He said to himself, "The Apostles who first preached Christ, made converts who

were willing to dare or do anything for him. How did they do this?" He studied all the recorded discourses of the Apostles in the book of Acts, in his analytical method, asking, to what principles of human nature did they appeal? What were their methods of statement? He endeavored to compose sermons on similar principles, and test them by their effect on men.

HIS STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

"He was an intense observer and student of men as they are. His large social talent, his predominating play of humor and drollery, were the shields under which he was constantly carrying on his inquiries into what man is, and how he can be reached. Seated in the places where men congregate to talk, he read his newspaper with his eyes and ears open to more than its pages. His preaching began to draw listeners as a new style of thing. Its studies into human nature, its searching analysis of men and their ways, drew constant listeners. His fame spread through the country, and multitudes, wherever he went, flocked to hear him. Still, Mr. Beecher did not satisfy himself. To be a popular preacher, to be well spoken of, to fill up his church, did not after all satisfy his ideal. It was necessary that the signs of an Apostle should be wrought in him by his having the power given to work the great, deep and permanent change which unites the soul to God. It was not till about the third year of his ministry

that he found this satisfaction in a great revival of religion in Terre Haute, which was followed by a series of such revivals through the State, in which he was for many months unceasingly active. When he began to see whole communities moving together under a spiritual impulse, the grog-shops abandoned, the votaries of drunkenness, gambling and dissipation reclaimed, reformed, and sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind, he felt that at last he had attained what his soul thirsted for, and that he could enter into the joy of the Apostles when they returned to Jesus, saying, "Lord, by thy name even the devils were made subject unto us."

His preaching of Christ at this time was spoken of as something very striking in its ceaseless iteration of one theme, made constantly new and various by new applications to human want and sin and sorrow.

A member of his church in Indianapolis, recently, in writing the history of the church with which he was connected, thus gives his recollections of him:

"In the early spring of 1842, a revival began, more noticeable, perhaps, than any that this church or this community has seen. The whole town was pervaded by the influences of religion. For many weeks the work continued with unabated power, and at three communion seasons, held successively in February, March and April, 1842, nearly one hundred persons were added to

the church on profession of their faith. This was God's work. It is not improper, however, to speak of the pastor in that revival, as he is remembered by some of the congregation, plunging through the wet streets, his trowsers stuffed in his muddy boot-legs, earnest, untiring, swift; with a merry heart, a glowing face, and a helpful word for every one; the whole day preaching Christ to the people where he could find them, and at night preaching still where the people were sure to find him. It is true that in this revival some wood and hay and stubble were gathered with the gold and silver and precious stones. As in all new communities, there was special danger of unhealthy excitement. But in general the results were most happy for the church and for the town. Some of those who have been pillars since, found the Saviour in that memorable time. Nor was the awakening succeeded by an immediate relapse.

Early in the following year, at the March and April communions, the church had large accessions, and it had also in 1845. There was, indeed, a wholesome and nearly continuous growth up to the time when the first pastor resigned, to accept a call to the Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, New York. This occurred August 24th, 1847, and on the nineteenth of the following month Mr. Beecher's labors for the congregation ceased.

The pastorate, thus terminated, had extended through more than eight years. During this time

much had been accomplished. The society had built a pleasant house of worship. The membership had advanced from thirty-two to two hundred and seventy-five. What was considered a doubtful enterprise, inaugurated as it had been amidst many prophecies of failure, had risen to an enviable position, not only in the capital but in the State. The attachment between pastor and people had become peculiarly strong. Mutual toils and sufferings and successes had bound them fast together. Only the demands of a wider field, making duty plain, divided them, and a recent letter proves that the pastor's early charge still keeps its hold upon his heart. It is not to be wondered at that the few of his flock who yet remain among us always speak of 'Henry' with beaming eyes and mellowed voices."

Every elderly man loved him as a son, and every young man as a brother. In this free Western air he lived a joyous life, and as he rode on horseback along the rolling prairie, sometimes up to his horse's head in flowers, he felt himself kindled with a sort of ecstasy. The prairies rolled and blossomed in his sermons, and asking a friend, "What sort of style am I forming?" "Well, I should call it the 'tropical style,'" was the reply.

Mr. Beecher's ecclesiastical brethren were companions of whom he never fails to speak with tender respect and enthusiastic regard. Some of them, like Father Dickey, were men who approached as near the apostolic ideal, in poverty,

simplicity, childlike sincerity, and unconquerable, persevering labor, as it is possible to do. They were all strong, fearless anti-slavery men, and the resolutions of the Indiana Synod were always a loud, unseparing and never-failing testimony against any complicity with slavery in the Presbyterian church.

OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

"As to the great theological controversy that divided the old and new school church, Mr. Beecher dropped it at once and forthwith, being in his whole nature essentially uncontroversial. It came to pass that some of his warmest personal friends were members of the old school church in Indianapolis, and offspring of the very fiercest combatants who had fought his father in Cincinnati.

Mr. Beecher was on terms of good fellowship with all denominations. There were in Indianapolis, Baptists, Methodists, and an Episcopal minister, but he stood on kindly social terms with all. The spirit of Western society was liberal, and it was deemed edifying by the common sense masses that the clergy of different denominations should meet as equals and brothers. Mr. Beecher's humorous faculty gave to him a sort of universal coin which passed current in all sorts of circles, making every one at ease with him. Human nature longs to laugh, and a laugh, as Shakespeare says, "done in the testimony of a good con-

science," will often do more to bring together wrangling theologians than a controversy.

CLERICAL JOKES.

There was a store in Indianapolis, where the ministers of all denominations often dropped in to hear the news, and where the free western nature made it always in rule to try each other's metal with a joke. No matter how sharp the joke, it was considered to be all fair and friendly.

On one occasion, Mr. Beecher, riding to one of the stations of his mission, was thrown over his horse's head in crossing the Miami, pitched into the water, and crept out thoroughly immersed. The incident of course furnished occasion for talk in the circles the next day, and his good friend, the Baptist minister, proceeded to attack him the moment he made his appearance.

"Oh, ho, Beecher, glad to see you! I thought you'd have to come into our ways at last! You've been immersed at last; you are as good as any of us now." A general laugh followed this sally.

"Poh, poh," was the ready response, "my immersion was a different thing from that of your converts. You see, I was immersed by a *horse*, not by an *ass*."

A chorus of laughter proclaimed that Beecher had got the better of the joke for this time.

A Methodist brother once said to him, "Well now, really, Brother Beecher, what have you against Methodist doctrines?"

"Nothing, only that your converts will practice them."

"Practice them?"

"Yes; you preach falling from grace, and your converts practice it with a vengeance."

One morning as he was sitting at table, word was brought in that his friend, the Episcopal minister, was at the gate, wanting to borrow his horse.

"Stop, stop," said he, with a face of great gravity, "there's something to be attended to first," and rising from table, he ran out to him and took his arm with the air of a man who is about to make a serious proposition.

"Now brother G—, you want my horse for a day? Well, you see, it lies on my mind greatly that you don't admit my ordination. I don't think it's fair. Now if you'll admit that I'm a genuinely ordained minister, you shall have my horse, but if not, I don't know about it."*

* Mr. Beecher's peculiar social talent, and his habits of close Shaksperian observation, gave him the key of human nature. Many a gambler or drunkard, in their better hours, were attracted towards a man who met them as a brother, and seemed to value and aim for the better parts of their nature. When Mr. Beecher left Indianapolis, some of his most touching parting gifts were from men of this class, whom he had followed in

* Mrs. Stowe.

their wanderings, and tried to save. Some he could save, and some were too far in the whirlpool for his arm to pull out. One of them said, when he heard of his leaving, "Before anything or anybody on earth, I do love Beecher.—I know he would have saved me if he could."

HIS FIRST BOOK.

A course of sermons preached in Indianapolis, and published under the title of "Lectures to young men," produced a great sensation. Mr. Beecher in a recent preface to a reprint of them, by Ford & Co., describes their origin and the manner of their preparation. He wrote them in the little six by ten room which formed his parlor, bed room and study. He hesitated long about printing them, but at last his scruples were overcome, they were given to the public, and met with an immense sale and unqualified success. This was his introduction to authorship.

Mr. Beecher took ground from the first that the pulpit is the place not only for the presentation of those views which tend to unite man's spiritual nature directly with God, but also for the consideration of all those specific reforms which grow out of the doctrine of Christ in society. He preached openly and boldly on specific sins prevailing in society, and dangerous practices which he thought would corrupt, or injure.

There was a strong feeling in Indianapolis

against introducing slavery into the discussions of the pulpit. Some of his principal men had made vehement declarations that the subject never should be named in the pulpit of any church with which they were connected. Mr. Beecher, among his earliest motions in Synod, however, introduced a resolution that every minister should preach a thorough exposition and condemnation of slavery. He fulfilled his part very characteristically, by preaching three sermons on the life of Moses, the bondage of the children of Israel under Pharaoh, and their deliverance. Under this cover he gained the ear of the people, for it has always been held both orthodox and edifying to bombard the vices and crimes of old Testament sinners, and to show no mercy to their iniquities. Before they were aware of it, however, his hearers found themselves listening to a hot and heavy attack on the existing system of American slavery, which he exposed in a most thorough, searching manner, and although the oppressor was called Pharaoh and the scene was Egypt, and so nobody could find fault with the matter of the discourse, the end and aim was manifest.

Nobody was offended, but many were convinced, and from that time Mr. Beecher preached anti-slavery sermons in his church just as often as he thought best, and his church became an efficient bulwark of the cause.

Meantime his reputation as a preacher was

growing. Eastern men, making a tour of the West, were attracted by the fame of the young Indianapolis pastor, went to hear him from curiosity, and were delighted. Some of these men being about to establish a new Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York, resolved to make the effort to obtain him for their pastor.

Their call was, after some hesitation, accepted, and in the autumn of 1847, he entered upon his labors with this new church in Brooklyn, to which the name of Plymouth Church had been given. They met at first, and till their church edifice was erected, in a rude, plain, but capacious "tabernacle;" and this was at once filled to overflowing. It very soon became the fashion to "go and hear Beecher;" and those who went once were very sure to come again. The boyish-looking pastor (for though thirty-four years old when he removed to Brooklyn, he had a very youthful appearance), with his easy, careless ways, had a faculty, when the inspiration was on him, of winning all hearts; now creating a smile by the aptness and homeliness of some illustration, or by the slight touch of humor which he could not wholly suppress, and anon melting them to tears by his deep pathos, and his vivid portrayal of the Divine love. When the church edifice was completed, that too was soon filled, nay, crammed, with eager listeners. People said that it would not last; that as soon as the excitement was over, his congregation would dwindle till it was no

larger than that of other pastors; but it has kept up to its first standard, or rather increased, for twenty-seven years. Repeated attempts have been made by other denominations to find a man who would draw to their churches such a body of worshippers, but in vain.

Meantime, Mr. Beecher never seemed elated by his success; he knew, of course, as every strong man does, his power, but it did not make him vain. His church grew in numbers, and has been, for years past the largest evangelical church in the country. In the Sunday-school, in the mission-schools, and in its ample support of all noble and good enterprises, Plymouth Church has been worthy of its pastor. When he was installed as pastor, the congregation gave him a yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars. They have increased it, till now, for two or three years past, it has been twenty thousand dollars.

As we have already said, Mr. Beecher does a vast amount of work outside of his duties as preacher and pastor. He has so much vitality, such a power for work in him, that he would be wretched if he could not expend his vital force on good and worthy objects. He has made good use of his physiological studies in keeping himself always in the best possible condition for efficient labor. When he works intellectually it is with all his might, and when he rests, he does it as thoroughly. His labors as contributor and editor of the Independent, his platform speeches, his

lectures, his efforts to benefit the city of his adoption, his active political canvass in 1856 and 1860, for Fremont and Lincoln, his great expenditure of time, strength, zeal and money in raising the Long Island regiment and other troops for the war, his constant and effective labors in behalf of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and the efforts necessary to keep so large a congregation at a white heat, in their interest in behalf of the war and its objects, though in him only the natural and easy manifestation of his great capacity for work, would have been of themselves more than most men could have endured. Yet except during his visit to England in 1863, he intermitted none of his ordinary pulpit labors during the war, nor did he manifest any less than his usual fervor and eloquence in them.*

* "Men of our Day."

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRUGGLE WITH SLAVERY.

DURING the ten years of anti-slavery fighting prior to the war—inaugurated by Mr. Webster's speech of 7th March, 1850—Mr. Beecher was in the fore-front of the battle. When pious cravens who are now charging him with cowardice were cringing on their knees before the South, to secure a few subscribers to their papers, or hold a few pew-holders in their churches, he was nobly battling for freedom. At one time it seemed as if some of his people were to be crushed financially by the "Union-savers." He preached and visited from house to house, holding up the courage of his people to resistance. At this time he carried the subject through New York and New England in lyceum lectures, and his "star papers," in the Independent, were widely read. Calhoun's secretary read one of these, entitled "Shall we Compromise?" to the dying statesman. "Read that again," said the old man, his eye lighting up, "that fellow understands his subject; he has gone to the bottom of it."

JOHN C. CALHOUN AND HUGH M'CULLOUGH ON BEECHER.

Hugh McCullough, Ex-secretary of the Treasury, who was a hearer of Mr. Beecher's at Indianapolis, and knew him well, gives it as his



MR. FRANK MOULTON, "THE MUTUAL FRIEND."

opinion that if the Plymouth pastor had been in political life, he would have been "the greatest statesman of the age." Men of mark from Europe, visiting this country, have repeatedly affirmed him to be not merely the greatest living preacher, but take him for all in all the greatest living man.

In 1856, Mr. Beecher's father, at his solicitation, removed to Brooklyn, where his closing years were passed. As the step-mother, the third wife of Dr. Beecher, was uncongenial to some members of Mr. Beecher's family, it was deemed best that a separate establishment should be provided, but the most frequent and favorite resort of the venerable man was to the parlor of his son, where he received every attention which the ingenuity and affection of his children could devise. The filial love of Mr. Beecher is one of those traits which have been so marked in him, and which, taken together, make him, in the view of those who know him well, almost a perfect man. His discourses abound with allusions to his father, humorous and pathetic, and analyses of his character and his influence upon himself. The doctor seems to have been almost destitute of æsthetic taste. On one occasion, for days together, his son had noticed him standing before a painting in his parlor. He thought the love of beauty had been awakened. But at last the old man broke out in a criticism upon some detail of the picture—he was fond of field sports—"the hunter or fisherman never would take any game so equipped."

Dr. Beecher died in 1868. We give below a "lecture room talk" of Henry Ward, after a visit to his father's grave.

AT DR. LYMAN BEECHER'S GRAVE.

"I do not know that it is always the most profitable thing to discuss absolute points, ethical questions. I fancy that there is sometimes both relief and benefit in the simple rehearsal of transient experiences. At any rate, all I shall say to-night will be in that vein.

I was called to go to New Haven to speak to the graduating class in the Divinity School, at Yale, last night,* and having the whole day to myself. I, in the morning after breakfast, very naturally turned my feet first to the cemetery.

I remember when that cemetery was far beyond the common graveyards of New England, which were such very meagre and miserable places, that, fortunately, everybody was dead that lived in them. At that early day it was a marvel of comfort for the dead. But since then it has been so surpassed that now we hear but little about it. Yet it is rich in memorials and names, rich in history, and richly suggestive—although it was not this that interested me in it. My father was buried there, and I went to the spot where his dust lies. It is the family ground of the late Dr. Taylor, Professor of Theology at Yale. It was my father's wish, for the last several years of his

* May 23th, 1870.

life, that he might be buried by the side of his beloved Dr. Taylor. This was his expression while he was able to speak out his mind in words. As he grew older, and less competent, and forgot himself more, he used to say, "I want to go where Taylor is." Then his mind became so obscured that he could not even say that; and on many occasions he said to me, "You remember I want to — I want to — go with him." I understood that there was but one *him* that he referred to, and always gave him assurance that his wish should be complied with.

There we carried him, and there he lies buried. Over his grave is a thick slab of granite, about seven feet long, and about three feet wide, and lifted from the ground two feet and a half or three feet, making a very solid and simple memorial. On the top is sculptured, from the stone itself, a cross; and on the end is the name, the date of his birth, and the date of his death—nothing more. This struck me as being eminently fitting to his nature, his work, and the simplicity of his character.

It was a time of reminiscence with me. I went back in my thought to the earliest day when I remember my father. I rehearsed to myself many of the scenes of my life, and, if I might so say, took a retrospect and an introspect of that life which he lived.

I think that never were children brought up in this world with a more intense and realizing sense

of the outward world and its qualities, than were my father's family with the feeling that the inward and spiritual world was the important one. I never heard a word in my family which led me to suppose but that to be religious was unspeakably more important than to be great, or strong, or rich, or wise, or anything else. The order of value was a thing so *of course* that I hardly imagined how anybody could feel in any other way.

As I look back on my father's life, I cannot remember, in all the retrospect, a single act of self-seeking on his part. I cannot remember ever to have heard him deary or severely criticise a brother in the ministry. I cannot remember to have heard him rehearse his own doings with eulogy, or praise, or conscious pride. His life was as simple as a child's; and it was as straightforward, and as honest, and as spiritually well-meaning as I can conceive a life to be. And now I can analyze, and see what I could not in my childhood—that it had a powerful influence on my mind. I cannot express what I owe to my father's silent example, and what a power it has been against doubt, as confirming and intensifying my consciousness of the reality of true and spiritual religion. The example of my father and mother are an everlasting bulwark to me against infidelity; so that if my reason were assaulted, if I could not meet the arguments that were raised against religion, I should still have, as it were in transfiguration, the memory of my parents,

who were an embodiment of piety; and that would hold me, if other things gave way, so that I needed anything to hold me. The vision has clung to me, just as, after the Master was transfigured on the mount, the vision of that scene clung to the men who witnessed it, although their senses seemed to show that they had been mistaken, and though facts seemed to rise against them. The bewitchment of that wonderful occurrence remained with them, and they clung to Christ when there were no external corroborating evidences of his existence. Blessed are they who have had a vision of transfiguration in childhood, and who never can get away from a belief in the reality of true religion.

But I remembered a great many other things. I remembered how many times those two old warriors of theology (for they were warriors) had sat and disputed, and discussed, and debated, until the hours grew small in the morning, on theological points. Dr. Taylor and Dr. Beecher—there they were still enough, quiescent enough; but I remember when they were active, and when there was not time enough in the day for their discussion.

I said to myself, "What has now become of all those themes and topics and matters that were so certain to them?" They were like clouds that form and give rain, and disappear. They left no landmarks behind. The mere intellectual part, the mere speculative portion, and what I may

call *the imaginative part*—the system weaving of religion—while it is very good exercise for the intellectual faculties, leaves but little behind. And I thought of all their doctrinal discussions, and fine discriminations, and “interlocked definitions and limitations,” as my dear old father used to say. And what influence have they had on me? Not a particle. But their godliness, their sincerity, their boundless faith, their life, which was a life “as seeing Him who is invisible,” what a grasp that had! I felt the electricity of it even down to the hour in which I then stood.

I thought of my father's friendships, and how they were impaired. There was good old Dr. Taylor; and there was “dear Brother Nettleton,” as father always called him; and there was Dr. Wood; and there was Professor Porter, formerly at Washington, Conn., and afterwards at Andover, Mass. And I went through and recalled the histories of these great and excellent men. I remember when, on purely doctrinal questions; they began to stand in jealousy of one another. I remember how many precious hours of my father's life were wasted in writing letters and endeavoring to make his theology straight, and to reconcile their fears and doubts and difficulties. I recollect how little by little, alienation and disintegration came in; and how, in the latter part of the lives of these men, who ought to have been the warmest friends, they were standing separate and apart, so that the cool wind might blow between them;

and how at last they went down to the grave, many of them, mourning over one another, each feeling that the other had departed from the faith, because they differed on certain points which the best and wisest men now-a-days scarcely bestow a thought upon. I thought how much they feared shadows and how much they gave up to shadows, and how, after all, it was the heart that made the man, and not the head; and how Paul is justified in his discourses, particularly those in the early chapters of Corinthians, where he puts philosophy over against the Spirit of God in the human soul, and gives the preference to the emotive, as distinguished from the doctrinal life.

I thought of my father's going to Boston, and recalled his great fight there. I recollect very vividly one scene in connection with it. I remember straying into his lecture room one night, and hearing him talk in one of his most inspired moments. And I never heard a man that had such power like a trumpet to thrill one through and through, and lift one almost off his feet. I scarcely ever saw him equalled, and never surpassed, in his better moments. He was speaking of a visit to the old burying ground on Copp's Hill, where the Mathers, Cotton and the others, and other old Puritan heroes of Boston were buried. It was at the time of the Unitarian defection; and he was put in the forefront ranks of the recuperating Orthodox churches; and he felt that he was

fighting the battle of the Lord. He said, he had been wandering that afternoon in the graveyard, and told of one name that he had read, and another, and another; and as the inspiration came, he lifted his glasses to the top of his head, and brought down his hand with great emphasis, and declared the vow which he had taken over these men's graves to rebuild the altars and restore the faith of the fathers. Then my young breath came quick and strong. How it inspired me!

Yesterday I said to myself, "Well, I am wandering in an analogous place. Here lie Dr. Dwight and Dr. Taylor, and a great many eminent men of Connecticut, both in civil and religious life, and what do I think of? What vows have I to make? What are my feelings as compared with his?" I wandered up and down the roads, and said to myself, "Since this world is the Lord's; since these trees are his, and these birds are his, and this sky is his, and all the sentiments which Nature inspires are divinely ordained, how beautiful is this world! And since Nature is God's right hand, how beautiful is Nature!

And then I said to myself, "It is not for me to fight the battle of doctrines; it is not for me, as it was for my father, to reassert and restate the great orthodox truths; but I have lived to see the Methodist Church rent and scattered; I have lived to see the Episcopal Church broken in two; I have lived to see the Presbyterian Church, in which my

ministry began, shattered; and I am rejoiced to know that the Episcopal Church is beginning to re-unite, that the Methodist Church is slowly coming together again, and that the Presbyterian Church is already re-united."

And under the inspiration of the scene, this thought arose in my mind: "Oh! for the unity of God's people! Oh! for the trust of man in man! Oh! for an intenser valuing of those things which the heart begets when the Spirit of God dwells in it, and less and less insistence upon those more ideal forms of truth which so often are of men." And I lifted my hand in the sunshine to God, and, amid the singing of birds and the waving of trees, said, "All the days of my life that are left I will work for the building up of heart-piety, and for the uniting of brethren, and their confidence one in another—not for division; not for envy; not for jealousy; not for offence; not for building and breaking down middle walls of partition. I will work to inspire, so far as I can, between brethren, the true spirit of Christian feeling. I will live for Christ."

And there came to me such a sense of the beauty which there is in Christ as I could not frame into words. I experienced one of those openings of the heart in which it seemed for a little while as if I was almost unconscious of my bodily organs, and as if I could almost discern the form of Him whom I loved. All things seemed to breathe the influence of Christ. The

birds sang it; the air wafted it; the trees whispered it; and my thoughts were full of it. The whole atmosphere was pervaded with one Spirit—the Spirit of Him that is *chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely*. Everything was pervaded by Christ.

And so I prayed, standing by the dust of my father, and in the ground where my father's fathers rest, that my ministry among you might be for the deepening of the true spirit of Christian love, fervent holiness, concord among brethren, and co-operative wisdom and labor for the great work of the renovation of the world, and the restoration of Christ's kingdom from shore to shore. I prayed for the General Assembly that was in session at Philadelphia. I prayed for all the sects that were divided. I prayed for that universal faith, without regard to name, which Christ is gathering and guiding and guarding, and which is to save the world.

And so, whether you have had a good time to-night or not, I had a good time yesterday morning. It is very poor translated into words, but it was very memorable in my experience.

New Haven, you know, is the home of my fathers. The family from whom I descended came there from the County of Kent, in England; and there they lived. The house is still standing—and I went up to pay my respects to it, though I did not enter it—in which my father was born. On a corner near by is the old oak tree under

which I believe the first sermon in New Haven was preached. There, in summer, my grandfather's anvil stood, and he did his blacksmithing. And in many respects the place is very dear to me, on account of these memories."

And while this good man was discoursing thus to his people—beautiful and grand in his simplicity—thinking only of love to all men, giving himself anew to the service of Christ and the good of the race, poor Tilton and his wife were wrangling, and

A MISERABLE SCANDAL WAS HATCHING.

We ask the reader to notice "what manner of man" this is, who is accused. Have you read what he wrote and preached in 1869-70, the period during which Tilton charges continuous crime, repeated acts of adultery, following deliberate and satanic seduction? Or what came from his heart in the four years of prolonged agony, 1870-74, while with heroic courage and self-sacrifice he was fighting this horrid scandal, and discharging faithfully every duty to his church and to the community?

HIS GUILT INCREDIBLE.

It is simply incredible that the man who thus wrote and lived, with the eyes of the world upon him, should be a liar, a sneak, a perjurer, a debauchee, and a confirmed, persistent hypocrite. The millions who during this long period have

been cheered and strengthened by his words cannot believe it.

At the close of this book we give a few of these words for the benefit of those who are not familiar with his writings, and we point them to his published works, that they may learn more fully the character of the man whose innocence they may have ignorantly doubted. We know that *pious talk* is possible for great scoundrels. But the simple utterance of the heart, unprofessionally, in all candor and honesty, is something that cannot be counterfeited. Witless public—you who do not read or think or judge—you have done what the race has often done—struck the heart that loves you!

MANLY EDITORS.

The "manly" editors of some of the religious journals, who deal out their weekly (weakly) stint of stereotyped "truth" to a few scores of readers, may call this "gush," and think that they and the devil have gained the day. But God is stronger than the devil, even when the latter is reinforced by recruits from the ranks of the clergy, as history shows has often been the case. The flings of a portion of the so-called religious press, the back-handed thrusts, the ill-concealed sneers at a sorrow that might move the hearts of demons, do not find an echo in the breasts of the better, albeit the more obscure class of ministers. Many men in out-of-the-way corners, have burned

with an irrepressible indignation at the dastardly conduct of those who assume to be the leaders of religious thought. To such, the words we use will not seem harsh or unjust. It is hard to conceive of anything more unchristian than the treatment of this Brooklyn scandal by some who arrogate to themselves the position of defenders of the faith, and conservators of sound doctrine and pure morals. Well has one religious paper said that none but "a fiend" could exult over the sorrow of Mr. Beecher. And the journals which have looked at this scandal with an "orthodox" eye, and dealt with it "impartially," shedding crocodile tears, and "hoping" Mr. Beecher would succeed in making his innocence appear, have done more than they are aware to drive pure and clear-headed men from the sects which these journals claim to represent. The "manliness" of striking a suffering brother is hard to see, and there are many who think that an orthodoxy which has no "bowels of mercy," and moreover is unjust and malignant, suffers when put beside a heresy that shows Christian fruits in the lives of its adherents.

With the theological views of those who honestly believe that men *en masse* are on the way to hell, and who act accordingly—pure-minded, unselfish men of whom the world is not worthy—we have no quarrel. Far be it from us to say a word that can give pain to these philanthropists and Christians. If their views of a stern God make them

not stern, but merciful to others—all aglow with love and zeal, saving men as by violence, pulling them out of the fire—we can have no dispute with them about their faith. But the thinly-veneered hypocrites, who eat their roast beef and suck their brandy bottles, and contentedly see the world sinking into hell, until they drop into their graves a mass of carbuncles through gluttony and habitual though unstagging drunkenness, and who meanwhile wallow to the arm-pits in scandal against men with whom in moral purity they can bear no comparison, deserve no favor at our hands.

SPEECHES IN ENGLAND.

We resume the thread of our narrative to speak of Mr. Beecher's visit to Europe in 1863. He went for the benefit of his health, which had been greatly broken by his excessive labors in the earlier part of the war. As far back as 1856, he had experienced very alarming symptoms. He went through the Fremont campaign, speaking in the open air three hours at a time, for three days in the week, preaching and excessively laboring otherwise. On renewing literary work, he felt that he must give way. Apoplexy or paralysis was threatened, and sudden death seemed before him. The same symptoms were brought on by his arduous labors during the war. He was incessantly occupied—in constant communication with Washington, and intimate with Secretary

Stanton. The first Long Island regiment was raised and equipped by his congregation, and many young men of the church went out in it. Mr. Beecher often visited their camp and preached to them. His eldest son was an officer in this regiment.

The burden of the war upon his spirits, his multiplied labors in writing, speaking, editorship, and above all his anxious solicitude for his country, bore down on his health. His voice, too, began to fail. He went to Europe for a respite. In England, after resisting repeated solicitations to speak, he at last felt it his duty to lift up his voice for his country. He accordingly prepared himself for what he always has felt to have been the greatest effort and severest labor of his life, to plead the cause of his country at the bar of the civilized world. A series of engagements was formed for him to speak in the principal cities of England and Scotland.

He opened Friday, October 9th, in the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, to a crowded audience of 6,000 people. The emissaries of the South had made every preparation to excite popular tumult, to drown his voice and prevent his being heard. Here he treated the subject on its merits, as being the great question of the rights of working men, and brought out and exposed the nature of the Southern confederacy as founded in the right of the superior to oppress the inferior race. Notwithstanding the roar and fury and interruptions

he persevered and said his say, and the London Times next day printed it all, with a column or two of abuse by way of condiment.

October 18th, he spoke in the City Hall at Glasgow, discussing slavery and free labor as comparative systems. The next day, October 14th, he spoke in Edinburgh in a great public meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall, where he discussed the existing American conflict from the historical point of view.

This was by far the most quiet and uninterrupted meeting of any. But the greatest struggle of all was of course at Liverpool. At Liverpool, where Clarkson was mobbed, and came near being thrown off the wharf and drowned, there was still an abundance of that brutal noisy population which slavery always finds it useful to stir up to bay and bark when she is attacked.

Mr. Beecher has a firmly knit vigorous physical frame, come down from back generations of yeoman, renowned for strength, and it stood him in good service now. In giving an account afterwards, he said, "I had to speak extempore on subjects the most delicate and difficult as between our two nations, where even the shading of my words was of importance, and yet I had to out-scream a mob and drown the roar of a multitude. It was like driving a team of runaway horses and making love to a lady at the same time."

The printed record of this speech, as it came from England, has constant parentheses of wild

uproars, hootings, howls, cat calls, clamorous denials and interruptions; but by cheerfulness, perfect fearless good humor, intense perseverance, and a powerful voice, Mr. Beecher said all he had to say in spite of the uproar.

Two letters, written about this time, show the state of his mind during this emergency:

SUNDAY, Oct. 18, 1863, LONDON.

MY DEAR THEODORE:

You know why I have not written you from England. I have been so full of work that I could not. God has been with me and prospered me. I have had health, and strength, and courage, and what is of unspeakably more importance, I have had the sweetest experience of love to God and to man, of all my life. I have been enabled to love our enemies. All the needless ignorance, the party perversions, the wilful misrepresentations of many newspapers, the arrogance and obstinacy too often experienced, and yet more the coolness of brethren of our faith and order, and the poisoned prejudices that have been arrayed against me by the propagation of untruths or distorted reports, have not prevented my having a love for old England, an appreciation of the good that is here, and a hearty desire for her whole welfare. This I count a great blessing. God awakened in my breast a desire to be a full and true Christian towards England, the moment I put my foot on her shores, and he has answered the prayers which he inspired. I have

spoken at Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, and am now in London, preparing for Exeter Hall, Tuesday next. I have been buoyant and happy. The streets of Manchester and Liverpool have been filled with placards, in black and white letters, full of all lies and bitterness, but they have seemed to me only the tracery of dreams. For hours I have striven to speak amid interruptions of every kind—yellings, hootings, cat calls, derisive yells, impertinent and insulting questions, and every conceivable annoyance—some personal violence. But God has kept me in perfect peace. I stood in Liverpool and looked on the demoniac scene, almost without a thought that it was *me* that was present. It seemed rather like a storm raging in the trees of the forests, that roared and impeded my progress, but yet had nothing personal or wilful in it, against me. You know, dear friend, how, when we are lifted by the inspiration of a great subject, and by the almost visible presence and vivid sympathy with Christ, the mind forgets the sediment and dregs of trouble, and sails serenely in an upper realm of peace, as untouched by the noise below as is a bird that flies across a battle-field. Just so I had at Liverpool and Glasgow, as sweet an inward peace as ever I did in the loving meetings of dear old Plymouth Church. And again and again, when the uproar raged, and I could not speak, my heart seemed to be taking of the infinite fulness of the Saviour's pity, and breathing it out upon those poor, trou-

bled men. I never had so much the spirit of continuing and unconscious prayer, or rather, of communion with Christ. I felt that I was his dear child, and that his arms were about me continually, and at times that peace that passeth all understanding has descended upon me that I could not keep tears of gratitude from falling for so much tender goodness of my God. For what are outward prosperities compared with these interior intimacies of God? It is not the path to the temple, but the *interior* of the temple that shows the goodness and glory of God. And I have been able to commit all to him, myself, my family, my friends, and in an especial manner the cause of my country. Oh, Theodore, I have felt an inexpressible wonder that God should give it to me to do something for the dear land! When sometimes the idea of being clothed with power to stand up in this great kingdom, against an inconceivable violence of prejudice and mistake, and clear the name of my dishonored country, and let her brow shine forth, crowned with liberty, glowing with love to man, Oh, I have seemed unable to live almost. It almost took my breath away!

I have not in a single instance gone to the speaking halls without all the way breathing to God unutterable desires for inspiration, guidance, success; and I have had no disturbance of *personality*. I have been willing, yea, with eagerness, to be myself contemptible in men's sight if only my disgrace might be to the honor of that cause

which is entrusted to our own thrice dear country. I have asked of God nothing but this—and this with uninterrupted heart-flow of yearning request—"Make me worthy to speak for God and man." I never felt my ignorance so painfully, nor the great want of moral purity and nobility of soul, as when approaching my tasks of *defending liberty* in this her hour of trial. I have an ideal of what a man should be that labors for such a cause, that constantly rebukes my real condition, and makes me feel painfully how little I am. Yet *that* is hardly painful. There passes before me a view of God's glory, so pure, so serene, uplifted, filling the ages, and more and more to be revealed, that I almost wish to lose my own identity, to be like a drop of dew that falls into the sea, and becomes a part of the sublime whole that glows under every line of latitude, and sounds on every shore! "*That God may be all in all,*"—that is not a prayer only, but a personal *experience*. And in all this time I have not had one unkind feeling toward a single human being. Even those who are opposers, I have pitied with undying compassion, and enemies around me have seemed harmless, and objects of charity rather than potent foes to be destroyed. God be thanked, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

My dear Theodore, when I sat down to write, I did it under this impulse—that I wanted somebody to know the secret of my life. I am in a

noisy spectacle, and seem to thousands as one employing merely worldly implements, and acting under secular motives. But should I die, on sea or land, I wanted to say to you, who have been so near and dear to me, that as God's own very truth, "the life that I have lived in the flesh, I have lived by faith of the Son of God." I wanted to leave it with some one to say for me that it was not in natural gifts, nor in great opportunities, nor in personal ambition, that I have been able to endure and labor, but that the secret and spring of my outward life has been an inward, complete, and all-possessing faith of God's truth, and God's own self working in me to will and to do of his own good pleasure!

There, now I feel better!

Monday, 19th. I do not know as you will understand the feeling which led to the above outburst. I had spoken four times in seven days to immense audiences, under great excitement, and with every effort of Southern sympathizers, the newspapers, street placards, and in every other way to prevent my being heard. I thought I had been through furnaces before, but this ordeal surpassed all others. I was quite alone in England. I had no one to consult with. I felt the burden of having to stand for my country in a half hostile land; and yet I never flinched for a moment, nor lost heart. But after resting twenty weeks, to begin so suddenly such a tremendous strain upon my voice, has very much

affected it. To-day I am somewhat fearful I shall be unable to speak to-morrow night in Exeter Hall. I *want* to speak there, if the Lord will only let me. I shall be willing to give up all the other openings in the kingdom. I cannot stop to give you any sort of insight into affairs here. One more good victory, and England will be immovable. The best *thinkers* of England will be at any rate.

I hope my people will feel that I have done my duty. I know that I have tried. I should be glad to feel that my countrymen approved, but above all others I should prize the knowledge that the people of Plymouth Church were satisfied with me.

I am as ever, yours,
H. W. BEECHER."

"OCT. 21, 1868. LONDON.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

Last night was the culmination of my labor, in Exeter Hall. It was a very fit close to a series of meetings that have produced a great sensation in England. Even an American would be impressed with the enthusiasm of so much of England as the people of last night represented for the North. It was more than willing, than hearty, than even eager, it was almost wild and fanatical. I was like to have been killed with people pressing to shake my hand; men, women, and children crowded up the platform, and ten

and twenty hands held over and stuck through like so many pronged spears. I was shaken, pinched, squeezed, in every way an affectionate enthusiasm could devise, until the police actually came to my rescue, and forced a way, and dragged me down into the retiring room, where a like scene began, from which an inner room gave me refuge, but no relief, for only with more deliberation, the gentlemen brought wives, daughters, sons, and selves for a God bless you! And when Englishmen that had lived in America, or had sons in our army, or had married American wives, took me to witness their devotion to our cause, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain of London, said that a few more meetings, and in some other parts of England, and the question would be settled! You will have sent to you abundant accounts, I presume.

Lastly; England will be enthusiastically right, provided we hold on and *gain victories*. But England has an intense and yearning sense of *the value of success*.

Yours, ever lovingly."

Mr. Beecher returned from England much exhausted by the effort. All the strength that he had accumulated he poured out in that battle.

At the close of the war, in company with Wm. Lloyd Garrison and a great company of others, he went down to Charleston, to assist in raising the old flag upon Fort Sumpter, and by request, deliv-

ered the address upon that occasion. While in South Carolina he preached to a great congregation of liberated slaves. The sermon is in one of his published volumes. When the war was over he was in favor of the formula of Mr. Greeley, "Universal Amnesty and Universal Suffrage," and was so much inclined to forgive the rebels, whom he supposed to be generally penitent, that he would have been disposed to accept the universal amnesty without the suffrage, for the present, believing that this would come by and by. He had full confidence, too, in Mr. Johnson's good faith and real desire for the reconstruction of the rebellious States on righteous and just principles. For a while these views alienated from him some of those who had long been his warmest friends, and caused those who had been his enemies to praise him, and to offer him political positions. It is needless to say that he had never, for an instant, faltered in his devotion to the great principles for which he and his friends had so long contended. But whatever may be thought of his opinions in the matter of political policy, there is no doubt that the immediate and strong impulse to *forgive*, which came to him at once when his party was triumphant, was from that source in his higher nature whence have come all the best inspirations of his life.

CHAPTER VII.

GROWTH OF THE SCANDAL.

For some months the air had been thick with rumors affecting the reputation of the distinguished pastor of Plymouth Church. At length there appeared in the "*World*," the following card from Mrs. Woodhull:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1871.

I know of one man, a public teacher of eminence, who lives in concubinage with the wife of another public teacher of almost equal eminence. All three concur in denouncing offences against morality. I shall make it my business to analyze some of these lives.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

She also wrote letters to him, seeking to use him to establish her position.

15 EAST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET,

19th 11th, 1871.

Rev. H. W. BEECHER,

DEAR SIR:—For reasons in which you are deeply interested, as well as myself and the cause of truth, I desire to have an interview with you, without fail, at some hour to-morrow. Two of your sisters have gone out of their way to assail my character and purposes, both by the means of the public press, and by numerous private letters

written to various persons, with whom they seek to injure me, and thus to defeat the political end at which I aim. You doubtless know that it is in my power to strike back, and in ways more disastrous than anything that can come to me; but I do not desire to do this. I simply desire justice from those from whom I have a right to expect it; and a reasonable course on your part will assist me to it. I speak guardedly, but I think you will understand me. I repeat that I must have an interview to-morrow, since I am to speak to-morrow evening at Tammany Hall, and what I shall or shall not say will depend largely upon the result of the interview.

Yours very truly,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

P.S.—Please return answer by bearer.

48 BROAD STREET, June 8, 1872.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,

MY DEAR SIR:—The social fight against me, being now waged in this city, is becoming rather hotter than I can well endure longer, standing unsupported and alone as I have until now. Within the past two weeks I have been shut out of hotel after hotel, and am now, after having obtained a place in one, hunted down by a set of males and females, who are determined that I shall not be permitted to live, even, if they can prevent it.

Now I want your assistance—I want to be sustained in my position in the Gilsey House, from

which I am ordered out, and from which I do not wish to go—and all this simply because I am Victoria C. Woodhull, the advocate of social freedom. I have submitted to this persecution just so long as I can endure to. My business, my projects, in fact everything for which I live, suffers from it, and it must cease. Will you lend me your aid in this?

Yours very truly,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

All parties concerned seem to have wished to make money out of Mr. Beecher's great name and fame, or to use him to achieve social position for themselves, and build up their decayed reputations. When Mr. Beecher and his sister withdrew their contributions from Bowen's paper, Mr. Beecher was a libertine and monster in the eyes of the latter, but with the prospect of getting back again as contributors those whose brains had given character to the "Independent," Mr. Beecher was a *good man again*, and his sermons fit reading for the public, and it was worth while to eat a good deal of dirt to get the liberty of publishing them.

The following communication appeared in the *New York Times* of May 30th, 1873:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

It is high time that the torrent of slander against Henry Ward Beecher be arrested. I have in my possession a copy of a disavowal of all the

charges and imputations against Mr. Beecher ever made by Henry C. Bowen, which was executed on the 2d of April, 1872. Without Mr. Beecher's knowledge, I have held this in my hands from that time to this; and now, without his knowledge, I give this document to the world, and estop and convict the principal offender against truth, public decency and the rights of reputation.

My inducement to do this is the fact that Mr. Bowen has of late repeatedly declared that he had never disavowed his charges against Mr. Beecher, but that he yet insisted on their truth. And now the public can understand the brave silence which the great preacher has kept under this protracted storm of slander. He had covenanted to bury the past and maintain peace and brotherhood. The violation of that agreement by Henry C. Bowen, unseals my mouth, if it does not open the lips of the pastor of Plymouth Church.

SUFFOLK.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1878.

THE COVENANT.

We three men, earnestly desiring to remove all causes of offence existing between us, real or fancied, and to make Christian reparation for injuries done, or supposed to be done, and to efface the disturbed past, and provide concord, good will, and love for the future, do declare and covenant each to the other as follows:

1. I, Henry C. Bowen, having given credit,

perhaps without due consideration, to tales and innuendoes affecting Henry Ward Beecher; and, being influenced by them, as was natural to a man who receives impressions suddenly, to the extent of repeating them (guardedly, however, and within limitations, and not for the purpose of injuring him, but strictly in the confidence of consultation), now feel that therein I did him wrong. Therefore, I disavow all the charges and imputations that have been attributed to me as having been by me made against Henry Ward Beecher; and I declare fully, and without reserve, that I know nothing which should prevent me from extending to him my most cordial friendship, confidence, and Christian fellowship. And I expressly withdraw all the charges, imputations and innuendoes imputed as having been made and uttered by me, and set forth in a letter written to me by Theodore Tilton on the first day of January, 1871 (a copy of which letter is hereto annexed), and I sincerely regret having made any imputations, charges, or innuendoes unfavorable to the Christian character of Mr. Beecher. And I covenant and promise that for all future time I will never, by word or deed, recur to, repeat, or allude to any or either of said charges, imputations and innuendoes.

2. And I, Theodore Tilton, do of my free will and friendly spirit toward Henry C. Bowen and Henry Ward Beecher, hereby covenant and agree that I will never again repeat by word of mouth, or otherwise, any of the allegations or imputations

or innuendoes contained in my letter hereunto annexed, or any other injurious imputations or allegations suggested by or growing out of these; and that I will never again bring up or hint at any cause of difference or ground of complaint heretofore existing between the said Henry C. Bowen and myself, or the said Henry Ward Beecher.

8. And I, Henry Ward Beecher, put the past forever out of sight and out of memory. I deeply regret the causes of suspicion, jealousy and estrangement which have come between us. It is a joy to me to have my old regard for Henry C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton restored, and a happiness to me to resume the old relations of love, respect and reliance to each and both of them. If I have said anything injurious to the reputation of either, or have detracted from their standing and fame as Christian gentlemen and members of my church, I revoke it all, and heartily covenant to repair and reinstate them to the extent of my power.

H. C. BOWEN,
THEODORE TILTON,
H. W. BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, April 2, 1872.

BROOKLYN, January 1, 1871.

MR. HENRY C. BOWEN,

SIR:—I received last evening your sudden notices breaking my two contracts, one with the *Independent*, the other with the *Brooklyn Union*.

With reference to this act of yours, I will make a plain statement of facts. It was during the early part of the rebellion, if I recollect aright, when you first intimated to me that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had committed acts of adultery, for which, if you should expose him, he would be driven from the pulpit. From that time onward, your references to the subject were frequent, and always accompanied with deep-seated injury to your heart. In a letter which you addressed to me from Woodstock, June 16th, 1863, referring to this subject, you said: "I sometimes feel that I must break silence; that I must no longer suffer as a dumb man, and be made to bear a load of grief most unjustly. One word from me would make a rebellion throughout Christendom, I had almost said, and you know it. You have just a little of the evidence from the great volume in my possession. I am not pursuing a phantom, but solemnly brooding over an awful reality."

Subsequent to this letter, and on frequent intervals from this till now, you have repeated the statement that you could at any moment expel Henry Ward Beecher from Brooklyn. You have reiterated the same thing not only to me, but to others. Moreover, during the year just closed, your letters on the subject were marked with more feeling than heretofore, and were not unfrequently coupled with your emphatic declaration that Mr. Beecher ought not to be allowed to occupy a position as a Christian teacher and preacher.

On the 25th of December, 1870, at an interview in your house, at which Mr. Oliver Johnson and I were present, you spoke freely and indignantly against Mr. Beecher as an unsafe visitor in the families of his congregation. You alluded by name to a woman, now a widow, whose husband's death you did not doubt was hastened by his knowledge that Mr. Beecher had maintained with her an improper intimacy. As if to leave no doubt on the minds of either Mr. Johnson or myself, you informed us that Mr. Beecher had made to you a confession of guilt, and had with tears implored your forgiveness. After Mr. Johnson retired from this interview, you related to me the case of a woman of whom you said (as nearly as I can recollect your words), that "Mr. Beecher took her in his arms by force, threw her down upon the sofa, accomplished upon her his deviltry and left her."

During your recital of this tale you were filled with anger toward Mr. Beecher. You said, with terrible emphasis, that he ought not to remain a week longer in his pulpit. You immediately suggested that a demand should be made upon him to quit his sacred office. You volunteered to bear to him such a demand in the form of an open letter, which you would present to him with your own hand, and you pledged yourself to sustain the demand which the letter should make—namely, "that he should, for reasons which he explicitly knew, immediately cease from his ministry at

Plymouth Church and retire from Brooklyn." The first draft of this letter did not contain the phrase "for reasons that he explicitly knew," and these words, or words to this effect, were incorporated in a second at your motion. You urged, furthermore, very emphatically, that the letter should demand not only Mr. Beecher's abdication of his pulpit, but the cessation of his writing for the *Christian Union*, a point on which you were overruled. This letter you presented to Mr. Beecher at Mr. Freeland's house. Shortly after its presentation, you sought an interview with me at the editorial office of the *Brooklyn Union*, during which, with unaccountable emotion in your manner, your face livid with rage, you threatened with loud voice that if ever I should inform Mr. Beecher of the statements which you made concerning his adultery, or should compel you to adduce the evidence on which you agreed to sustain the demand for Mr. Beecher's withdrawal from Brooklyn, you would immediately deprive me of my engagement to write for the *Independent*, and to edit the *Brooklyn Union*, and that in case I should ever attempt to enter the offices of those journals, you would have me ejected by force. I told you that I should inform Mr. Beecher or anybody else, according to the dictates of my judgment, uninfluenced by any authority from my employers. You then excitedly retired from my presence. Hardly had your violent words ceased ringing in my ears, when I received your

summary notices breaking my contract with the *Independent* and the *Brooklyn Union*. To the foregoing narrative of fact, I have only to add my surprise and regret at the sudden interruption by your own act of what has been on my part a faithful service of fifteen years.

Truly yours,

THEODORE TILTON.

BROOKLYN, June 8, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I have maintained silence respecting the slanders which have for some time past followed me. I should not speak now but for the sake of relieving another of unjust imputation. The document which was recently published bearing my name, with others, was published without consultation either with me or with Mr. Tilton, nor with any authorization from us. If that document should lead the public to regard Mr. Tilton as the author of the calumnies to which it alludes, it will do him great injustice. I am unwilling that he should even seem to be responsible for injurious statements whose force was derived wholly from others.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, July 1, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN EAGLE:

In a long and active life in Brooklyn, it has rarely happened that the *Eagle* and myself have been in accord on questions of common concern

to our fellow-citizens. I am for this reason impelled to acknowledge the unsolicited confidence and regard to which the columns of the *Eagle* of late bear testimony. I have just returned to the city to learn that application has been made to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for letters of mine, supposed to contain information respecting certain infamous stories against me. I have no objection to have the *Eagle* state, in any way it deems fit, that Mrs. Woodhull, or any person or persons who may have letters of mine in their possession, have my cordial consent to publish them. In this connection, and at this time, I will only add that the stories and rumors which have for some time past been circulated about me are grossly untrue, and I stamp them in general and in particular as utterly false.

Respectfully,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ACTION OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

T. W. Talmadge, Clerk of the Examining Committee, submitted a report October 31st, 1878, which was read. It stated that in answer to certain charges preferred against Mr. Tilton, he had said: "I never considered myself a member of Plymouth Church, and I do not now, nor does the pastor of this church consider me a member, and I do not hold myself amenable to the church." The committee therefore recommended that his name be dropped from the roll of members.

Mr. Tilton addressed the meeting at length, saying that a story had been spread broadcast through the land that he had slandered Mr. Beecher, his minister. He had come to say to Mr. Beecher, surrounded here by his friends, that if he had slandered him he was ready to answer for it. "Let him now speak, and I will answer, as God is my judge."

Mr. Beecher replied that he had no charge to make against Mr. Tilton, that whatever difficulties they might have had were amicably settled, and, so far as he was concerned, buried, and, so far as Mr. Tilton was concerned, buried. His judgment was against taking up this matter at all, as it would only stop the proper business of the church. The committee's report was adopted.

A CONFERENCE DECLINED BY PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

On the 28th of November, the members of Plymouth Church met to take action in reference to the letters of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Budington, taking exception to the mode in which Mr. Tilton's name was dropped, and proposing a conference in regard to this matter. The meeting passed resolutions declining the proposed conference.

Rev. H. W. Beecher addressed the meeting, explaining the broad principles on which membership in Plymouth Church was founded. He concluded by saying that whether they let him go or whether he stayed, he lived for the love of all mankind and for the glory of God, and not for quarrels and squabbles.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROOKLYN COUNCIL.

At the Friday evening prayer-meeting, held on January 2d, 1874, the answer of Plymouth Church to the letters of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Budington was read, maintaining "the principle of its solemn and sole responsibility to the Master for the management of its own affairs." This led to the council on church discipline, which was opened March 24th, 1874, at Dr. Budington's church. Plymouth Church declined to take part in the deliberations of the council.

TO THE COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES
NOW SITTING IN THE CITY OF BROOKLYN, PLYMOUTH CHURCH SENDETH GREETING:

Reverend and Beloved Brethren and Fathers in God:

Having been notified by the Church of the Pilgrims and the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, of your assemblage, under their call, for purposes specified in their letters-missive, and having received from those churches an invitation to appear before you by our pastor and a committee, simply for the purpose of correcting any statements of fact which might seem to us erroneous, and furnishing any other and specific information which you might request; and having declined

this invitation on the ground that these churches thus called us before a council in the convening of which we had been permitted to take no part, in which we had never been offered the rights of equal members, and in which it was not proposed now to give us the rights even of ordinary defendants, we nevertheless desire, out of our respect and love for you, beloved brethren and venerable fathers to make a brief statement of our position, and to lay this our solemn protest before you.

It is not against your convening or organizing as a council that we desire to remonstrate. So far as the letters-missive, under which you have assembled, state matters which do not relate to any other church than the two churches issuing those letters, we make no complaint. We do not even object to the consideration in your body of the question whether those two churches have made a mistake in their manner of approaching us, and therefore owe us an apology, instead of our owing them an explanation. Although this is a question in which we, as a church, have some interest, yet an *ex parte* discussion of that point, for the sole enlightenment of those brethren, may be of great profit to them, and cannot seriously encroach upon the rights of Congregational churches at large.

Neither do we object to the consideration of the abstract questions submitted to your body. Bearing, as these questions doubtless do, upon the internal economy of the two churches which have

called you, it is for you to decide whether there are difficulties arising, or likely to arise, within those churches, of sufficient importance to justify their asking for advice upon those points, in the light of which they may judge of their own past acts, and guide their future course. We are bound to presume that such is the case.

But when they call upon you to examine into our action for *their* edification, a far different issue is presented. You have been called to determine whether the action of *Plymouth Church*, in a specified case, was justifiable, whether our Pastor's name was left without proper vindication, and whether we are to be retained in the fellowship of Congregational churches.

Brethren, we approach this part of your duties, if we know anything of our own hearts, in a spirit free from all personal motives. We will not pretend that, at all times past, we have felt unconcerned for ourselves as a church, or for that member of our church who, by reason of long and faithful service, and of his signal success in bringing home to our hearts a living and ever-present Saviour, has become to us the best beloved of men. But these things are of the past. The Lord hath given us peace and strength; and we rest in Him, with absolute confidence and absolute content.

But we still owe a duty to our weaker brethren. Not every church could pass through such a storm in safety. Not every church could withstand the decrees of a council so worthy of respect as yours,

even though the Council were known to have been called *ex-parte*, and erroneously. Lest, therefore, our silence should leave the way open for oppression of other churches, less powerful and less united than our own, we speak.

In the name of our congregational polity—in the name of our feeblers brethren—in the name of justice, even as administered by those who know not God—but above all, in the name of that God whose throne is seated in justice and judgment, we protest against any action whatever by this council, upon any issue relating to Plymouth Church."

The document then proceeds to enforce this protest by presenting a number of cogent reasons, saying, among other things, "While we do not assume that such threats" (as have been specified) "will intimidate you any more than the threats which for nearly a year past have been uttered from the same quarter intimidated us; yet we conceive it possible in the future that a combination of large and powerful churches might select a council of weak and dependent ones for the purpose of crushing one still weaker; and in such case, menaces like these would have a controlling and disastrous effect. We resist them now, when they seem to us idle and vain, lest they should be left by our silence to be drawn into a precedent fatal to the liberty of other churches."

SPEECH OF DR. STORRS.

Dr. Storrs spoke with eloquence and earnestness for nearly three hours. In his introduction he referred to measureless misrepresentations which had been heaped upon the committees and churches he represented, and which they had never sought to answer or explain, since they had bided their time. The assertion that the council had been packed, he declared to be "a deliberate lie;" saying that it had been picked as generals, judges, and editors are picked, for their fitness, wisdom, weight, and impartiality. The statement that delegates had been corresponded with, for the purpose of ascertaining how they stood, he denied absolutely. The two pastors had been the tried and true friends of Mr. Beecher for many years, and nothing had occurred, except in connection with this question, to change their feelings. Nor did they desire to instigate any scandal, to handle pitch which did not belong to them. Plymouth Church had thrown away the opportunity to investigate and vindicate; it was too late now; the council was not asked to do it; it might as well investigate the history of the late Mayor of New York, or the secret proceedings of the late James Fisk, Jr. One other misconception he deemed it necessary to refute—the idea that the issues in this case had been magnified. On the contrary, the case itself had startled his church like the outbreak of a new volcano, and involved most important principles. It was their

deliberate conviction that if the principles applied by Plymouth Church were accepted as the principles of Congregationalism in this country, the system has gone to pieces already.

Dr. Budington earnestly besought and demanded an explicit, unmistakable reply from the council on the points which had been laid before them, placing on the council the responsibility for completing the labor which the two churches had taken upon themselves, and asking an advice which should be "clear-toned, unambiguous, and self-consistent."

THE DECISION OF THE COUNCIL.

The council has listened carefully to the committees of the churches by which it was convened, and has received from them a clear and earnest statement of the aims and principles which have determined the action of these churches in the proceedings which they ask us to review.

We have also received from the Plymouth Church a communication declining an invitation from this council, as well as from the two churches, to appear by its pastor and the committee and assist in the presentation and discussion of the questions before us, but at the same time offering suggestions and arguments which we have carefully and candidly considered.

We cannot doubt the right of these two churches to ask advice of us concerning the regularity and Christian character of what they have

done in their dealings with the Plymouth Church. No church is beyond the reach of the public opinion of other churches, expressed either directly or through an ecclesiastical council.

Any church in its essential and inalienable independence may, in the exercise of a reasonable discretion, consider any public action of any other church; may, in proper methods, express its approval or disapproval, and may make that public action the subject of friendly correspondence and remonstrance, or, if need be, the ground of a temporary or permanent cessation of acts of intercommunion.

There has been laid before us a series of letters that have passed between these two churches and the Plymouth Church. On that correspondence it is our unquestionable right to have an opinion and to express it, though we have no right to try the Plymouth Church as a party before us. We have to say, then, that the letter of remonstrance and admonition with which the correspondence began was not uncalled for.

The churches throughout the United States, and the general public also, felt a painful anxiety on a question imminent and urgent in this city of Brooklyn, and involving the honor, not of the Congregational churches only, but of Christianity itself.

Without any explicit reference to that question, it will suffice to say that in the Plymouth Church a complaint was brought against a member that

he had "circulated and promoted scandals derogatory to the Christian integrity of the pastor and injurious to the reputation of the church." The person complained of appeared in the church-meeting and declared that four years before that time he had by his own volition terminated his connection with the church; and thereupon his name was, by a vote of the church, dropped from the catalogue of its members. That action of the Plymouth Church was the occasion on which these two churches interposed, and with a request for a friendly conference.

In this act they represented the interests of the fraternity of Congregational churches, whose principles of discipline and whose fair Christian fame were endangered by the course which Plymouth Church seemed to be pursuing.

For this moral heroism they deserve thanks, even should errors of judgment be traceable in some of the details of their procedure. In our consideration of the letter then addressed to the Plymouth Church, we find that the impression made by it was in some measure different from what was intended by its authors. Written under the pressure of apprehensions and anxieties long suppressed, it seems to have impinged more faithfully than was intended on the sensibilities of those to whom it was addressed. To many the letter seems entirely unexceptionable in matter and in manner, and entirely appropriate to the occasion; while to others it seems unnecessarily

severe in the tone of its condemnation of the proceeding complained of. In their second letter the complaining churches, having found what impression they had made by their remonstrance, offered an explanation, which, we trust, was not unacceptable. Concerning the reply of Plymouth Church to that letter, we say nothing more than that an ingenious explanation of the reasons which had prompted Plymouth Church to rid itself of an offending member by an exceptional method might have brought the correspondence to an early and happy determination. We can see no sufficient reason why the request of the complaining churches for a fraternal conference should not have been granted.

In the subsequent correspondence, we see on the part of the complaining churches an expression of their desire to unite with the Plymouth Church in referring the points of difference to the advice of a council.

We find on the part of Plymouth Church no definite expression either of consent or refusal. Yet, inasmuch as the Plymouth Church did not distinctly refuse to unite in a reference to a council, we cannot but regret that the complaining churches did not urge their request till a refusal or an evasion should have become unequivocal.

We are not invited, nor do we take it upon ourselves to advise the Plymouth Church concerning its methods of dealing with offenders. But we

are invited to advise these two churches on certain questions.

Therefore, we say distinctly that the idea of membership in a Congregational Church is the idea of a covenant between the individual member and the church; that by virtue of that covenant the member is responsible to the church for his conformity to the law of Christ, and the church is responsible for him; and that this responsibility does not cease till the church, by some formal and corporate act has declared the dissolution of the covenant. The covenant may be broken by the member. He may offend, and when duly admonished, may give no satisfactory evidence of repentance. In that case he is cut off from communion; the church having given its testimony is no longer responsible for him, and he can be restored only by the removal of the censure. Voluntary absence of a resident member from the communion of the church, and from its public worship, does not dissolve the covenant, but is a reasonable ground of admonition, and, if persisted in, of final censure.

When a regular complaint is made against such a member that in some other respect he violates the laws of the Church, and especially when the complaint is that he has circulated and promoted scandals derogatory to the Christian integrity of the pastor and injurious to the reputation of the church, the consideration that he has long ago

forsaken the church is only an aggravation of his alleged fault.

In regard to the future relations between these churches and Plymouth Church, we express our hope that the very extraordinary proceeding which gave occasion for the correspondence and for this council, will not be a precedent for the guidance of that church hereafter. Could we suppose that such proceedings will be repeated, we should feel that the disregard of the first principles involved in the idea of church membership, and the idea of the fellowship of churches with each other, would require the strongest possible protest. But the communication from the Plymouth Church to this council makes professions and declarations which justify the hope, that such deviation from the orderly course of discipline will not be repeated.

The accused person in that case has not been retained in the church, nor commended to any other church.

We recite some of those declarations from the Plymouth Church which encourage the hope we have expressed: "We rejoice," says the Plymouth Church, "to live in affectionate fellowship with all churches of the Lord Jesus, and especially with those who are in all things like-minded with us, holding to the same faith and order, not only in things fundamental, but in things less essential yet dear to us by conviction or association." "We cheerfully admit, that whenever any church

shall openly and avowedly change the essential conditions upon which it was publicly received into the fellowship of neighboring churches, or shall by flagrant neglect exert a pernicious and immoral influence upon the community, or upon sister churches, it is their right, either by individual action or by council, to withdraw their fellowship. We hold, that preceding disfellowship in all such cases there should be such affectionate and reasonable inquiry as shall show that the evil is real, that the causes of it are within the control of the church, that the evil is not a transient evil, such as may befall any church, but is permanent, and tending to increase rather than diminish."

These professions on the part of Plymouth Church may be accepted by other churches as indicating its intention to maintain an efficient discipline, and to regard the mutual responsibility of churches. At the same time the council feels constrained to declare that these declarations seem to us inconsistent with the resolution of interpretation, adopted by Plymouth Church, December 5th, 1878, and with other acts and statements appearing in the published documents. We think that the action of that church, as presented in these documents, if unmollified, would justify these churches in withdrawing fellowship. Yet, inasmuch as the Plymouth Church seems to us to admit, in its communication to us, the Congregational principles of discipline and fellowship, we advise

the churches convening this council to maintain with it the relations of fellowship as heretofore, in the hope that Plymouth Church may satisfy these churches of its acceptance of the principles which it has been supposed to disavow.

We also desire in this connection to reaffirm and emphasize the doctrine laid down in all our platforms of the obligations of Fellowship. This duty applies to all Christian churches. In the case of those instituted and united in accordance with the Congregational polity, it involves that more intimate communion which is exercised in asking and giving counsel, in giving and receiving admonition, and other acts relating to doctrine, order, and discipline.

This mutual responsibility of the Congregational churches has characterized their system from the beginning, distinguishing it from simple independency.

We appreciate and honor their fidelity to those principles under circumstances of peculiar and severe trial, and we offer our earnest prayer to the great Head of the Church, that he may bestow upon them, and the pastor and church with which they have been in correspondence, wisdom and grace; that he may guide them in all their actions, and that he may quicken in all our churches, through these painful trials, a spirit of renewed fidelity to the sacred obligations of our covenants and our church communion, and we pray that He to whom all power in heaven and

on earth is given, and who has promised to be with his church always, even to the end of the world, and who, under the inspiration of his spirit and his truth has joined these churches in a grand and memorable past, standing shoulder to shoulder in the great moral and spiritual battles of the age, may again unite them in the future conflicts and victories of his kingdom.

LEONARD BACON,
Moderator.

BROOKLYN, March 28, 1874.

THE RESULT OF THE COUNCIL.

This council was avowedly not a mutual council; it long doubted and debated whether it was *ex parte* or advisory; but after wrestling with that question a day or two, the members, without coming to a vote about it, settled practically upon the ground that it was an advisory council. No one familiar with its proceedings will doubt that, in fact, it took the liberty of playing back and forth between the position of an advisory and that of an *ex parte* council. Nor does any one doubt that it was from the beginning adverse to the views of Plymouth Church. It was called under extraordinary circumstances, which would vitiate the decision of any court on earth. It was not "packed," but "picked." With a few exceptions, the delegates were not consulted in advance as to their opinion of the special case in prospect; but they were so selected that the well-

known advocates of a stringent covenant should greatly outnumber the representatives of churches holding the other view.

The members of the council thus selected were plied beforehand with a partial and partisan statement, designed to arouse their apprehensions for the view of Congregationalism which they held, and to fix them in opinions hostile to Plymouth Church. As a result of these careful preparations, the council came together with an unquestionably large working majority on the side of the churches that called it.

Day by day during its sessions this majority waned in numbers and weakened in the intensity of its demands. Probably the intemperate presentation of the case by the pastors of the complaining churches began a reaction which the secret debates continued. The net result is, that by a vote of eighty-seven yeas, eight nays, and twenty-three abstaining, the council endorsed the stringent view of the *covenant*, but accepted as Congregational the statements of Plymouth Church as to both *discipline* and *fellowship*.

On the whole, the history and result of the council constitute a practical vindication of Plymouth Church as a Congregational Church. The declared purpose was to excommunicate that church. It was pushed with desperate perseverance through hours and days of debate, and it could not be executed. The fact of failure is more

significant than all the explanations of it that can be offered.

Our readers must remember these facts in judging the decision. It is an expression of opinion drawn forth from a perplexed majority, whose sympathies were from the beginning adverse to Plymouth Church. It is to be compared, not with the probable verdict of a tribunal differently called, rightfully inquiring and fully informed, but with the utterance which was desired, demanded and expected of this tribunal. We do not hesitate to say that the final decision of this council is as different from that which Drs. Storrs and Budington and their friends urged upon it, as light from darkness.

Since the council accepts the position of Plymouth Church with regard to fellowship, we will quote the essential part of it:

"Our doctrine of church fellowship is in like manner gravely misinterpreted. We have never claimed (as asserted) that 'fellowship binds to silence the churches which have pledged it.' We have never denied the right of churches to offer to each other advice in a Christian spirit, nor the duty of churches to receive such an offer in the spirit of brotherhood. We have asserted the right of every church, acting in the like spirit of fraternal love, while receiving the offer, to decline the advice and to judge for itself when, according to the laws of Christ, an occasion has arisen for exercising this right. And, having received an

offer of advice which seemed to us to be tendered in a spirit not according to the mind of Christ, we did decisively exercise our right, by declining to listen to advice conceived in such a spirit. Nor can we ever assent to any doctrine of church fellowship which shall be destructive of the liberty of the local church, or which shall convert that which the Lord ordained as a safeguard and an instrument of sympathy, into an irritating espionage and an instrument of oppression.

Yet we cheerfully admit that, whenever any church shall openly and avowedly change the essential conditions upon which it was publicly received into the fellowship of neighboring churches, or shall, by flagrant neglect, exert a pernicious and immoral influence upon the community, or upon sister churches, it is their right, either by individual action or by council, to withdraw their fellowship.

We hold that, preceding disfellowship, in all such cases, there should be such affectionate and reasonable inquiry as shall show that the evil is real; that the causes of it are within the control of the church; that the evil is not a transient evil, such as may befall any church, but is permanent, and tending to increase rather than to diminish.

It was with this meaning, and reasoning from this point of view, that we used the word "responsibility." We do maintain that we are responsible for no other church, and to no other church. But

we use these words in their ordinary and popular sense, and not with reference to all those shadowy grades of meaning which may possibly be attached to them. In short, we used this language for the purpose of repelling dictation, and relieving the conscience of other churches from a sense of any such responsibility as necessarily implied the right to dictate. The responsibility of *affection* we gladly accept,—the responsibility of *authority*, even in its lightest touch, we utterly repudiate."

The calling of a council in such a manner is one of the most dangerous precedents that can be set. The results at which it arrived after so much labor and trouble are meager. The churches that believed in a stringent covenant will believe so still; while those who believe in a larger liberty will find nothing derived from the Word of God—the only final authority—nothing from any reasons given by the council, nothing from the usages of antiquity, to prevent their accepting such process and administration in the local church as God by his Spirit may show to them to be wise and necessary.

No council can bind Congregational churches hand and foot, and deny to them the liberty of growth towards methods of administration suited to the day and the land in which we live. Plymouth Church will bear with meekness, we believe, the criticisms and judgments which have been expressed by the council; and we trust that the members of the council also will accept in a spirit

of meekness and candor those criticisms and judgments to which they are themselves unquestionably to be subjected in the future.

The council takes pleasure in believing that Plymouth Church will not repeat in the future the course which it is conceived to have taken in the past. It gives us, on the other hand, pleasure to believe that the experience of these brethren in Brooklyn was such as to discourage all farther attempts like that in which they were entangled. They narrowly escaped inflicting upon the Congregational churches irreparable injury; and they would doubtless now confess as individuals, what we desire, for the sake of the Congregational polity, to see generally acknowledged, that the hazardous experiment of disguising an *ex-parte* council under another name, in order to get rid of wholesome safeguards, ought never to be repeated.
—*Christian Union*, April 1st, 1874.

CHAPTER IX.

TILTON'S LETTER TO BACON.

THE Rev. Dr. Bacon, ex-moderator of the Brooklyn council, having put Tilton, as the latter supposed, in "the attitude of a knave and a dog," Mr. Tilton, to place himself right before the world, published a letter in the *Golden Age*, alluding vaguely to an offence committed against himself by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. After speaking in general terms of the existing scandal, he continues:

"The rules of Plymouth Church afforded me a choice between two methods of retirement—one to ask for a formal letter of dismissal; the other to dismiss myself less formally by prolonged absence. I chose the latter. In so doing my chief desire was to avoid giving rise to curious inquiries into the reasons for my abandoning a church in which I had been brought up from boyhood; and, therefore, I did not invite attention to the subject by asking for a dismissory letter, but adopted the alternative of silently staying away—relying on the rule that a prolonged absence would finally secure to me a dismissal involving no publicity to the case."

Mr. Tilton enumerates various consequences of this act, and adds:

"At length, after many calumnious whisperings

near and far (since evil tales magnify as they travel), a weekly paper in New York, in November, 1872, published a wicked and horrible scandal—a publication which some persons in the church ignorantly attributed in its origin and animus to me; whereas, I had previously spent many months of constant and unremitting endeavor to suppress it; an endeavor in which, with an earnest motive but a foolish judgment, I made many ill-directed sacrifices of my reputation, position, money, and fair prospects in life. For all of which losses of things precious, since mine alone was the folly, let mine alone be the blame."

He then states the church proceedings which brought about the council of which Dr. Bacon was the chief officer, and corrects a statement of that gentleman that in retiring from Plymouth Church he had given no notice to the proper officer of the church. He quotes an interview published in a Brooklyn paper, in which Mr. Shearman, clerk of Plymouth Church, refers to Mr. Tilton as "out of his mind—off his balance," and Mrs. Tilton, "who had occasioned the whole trouble while in a half-crazed condition. She had mediumistic fits, and while under the strange power that possessed her, often spoke of the most incredible things, declared things possible that were impossible, and among the rest had slandered Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton himself had acknowledged that all the other things she had told him in her mediumistic trance were false and impossible; then why, asked Mr. Shear-

man, should the scandal on Mr. Beecher be the only truth in her crazy words?" He says:

"My attention was not called to the above paragraph until after the council had adjourned and its members had gone to their homes. At first I was not willing to believe that the clerk of Plymouth Church—the same officer whose name had been officially signed to all the documents which the church had just been sending to the council—could have been guilty of so great an outrage against truth and decency as the above paragraph contained—particularly against a lady whose devout religious faith and life are at the furthest possible remove from spiritualism and fanaticism of any kind."

After arraigning Plymouth Church and its clerk, Mr. Shearman, for prevarication and sharp practice, putting him in a false position before the public, Mr. Tilton quotes Mr. Beecher, saying:

"I am at last forced to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing a reply in his own words, as follows:

"BROOKLYN, Jan. 1, 1871.

I ask Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead.

H. W. BEECHER."

"The above brief extract from Mr. Beecher's own testimony will be sufficient, without adducing the remainder of the document, to show that I have just ground to resist the imputation that I am the creature of his magnanimity."

Mr. Tilton concludes by asking Dr. Bacon, as the recognized historian of this case, to correct what he considers a false and injurious presentation of his actions and character in connection with his relations with Plymouth Church and its pastor.

The gist of this letter of Tilton's, and the damaging fact before the public, was the so-called letter of apology. Of this Mr. Beecher speaks as follows in his statement before the committee:

"I gave vent to my feelings without measure. I disclaimed with the greatest earnestness any intent to harm Theodore in his home or his business. Mr. Moulton was apparently affected by my soliloquy, for it was that rather than a conversation. He said that if Mr. Tilton could really be persuaded of the friendliness of my feelings towards him, he was sure there would be no trouble in procuring a reconciliation. I gave him leave to state to Theodore my feelings. He proposed that I should write a letter. I declined, but said that he could report our interview. He then prepared to make a memorandum of the talk, and sat down at my table and took down, as I supposed, a condensed report of my talk, for I went on still pouring out my wounded feelings

over this great desolation in Mr. Tilton's family. It was not a dictation of sentence after sentence—he a mere amanuensis, and I composing for him. Mr. Moulton was putting into his own shape parts of that which I was saying in my own manner, with profuse explanations. This paper of Mr. Moulton's was a mere memorandum of parts to be used by him in setting forth my feelings. That it contains matter and points derived from me is without doubt, but they were put into sentences by him and expressed as he understood them, to be used by him in conversing with Mr. Tilton. He did not read the paper to me, nor did I read it, nor have I ever seen it, or heard it read, that I remember, until the publication of Mr. Tilton's recent documents; and now reading it, I see in it thoughts that point to the matter of my discourse. But it is not my paper, nor are those my sentences, nor is it a correct report of what I said. It is a mere string of hints, hastily made by an unpractised writer, as helps to his memory in representing to Mr. Tilton how I felt towards his family. If more than this be claimed—if it be set forth as in any proper sense my letter, I then disown and denounce it. Some of the sentences, and particularly that in which I am made to say that I had obtained Mrs. Tilton's forgiveness, I never could have said, even in substance. I had not obtained nor asked any forgiveness from her; nobody pretended that I had done so. Neither could I ever have said that I humbled myself

before Tilton as before God, except in the sense that both to God and to the man I thought I had deeply injured, I humbled myself, as I certainly did. But it is useless to analyze a paper prepared as this was. The remainder of my plain statement concerning it will be its best comment. This document was written on three separate half-sheets of large letter-paper. After it was finished Mr. Moulton asked me if I would sign it. I said, 'No; it is not my letter.' He replied that it would have more weight if I would in some way indicate that he was authorized to explain my statement. I took my pen and, at some distance below the writing, and upon the lower margin, I indicated that I had committed the document in trust to Mr. Moulton, and I signed the line thus written by me. A few words more as to its further fate. Mr. Moulton, of his own accord, said that, after using it, he would, in two or three days, bring the memorandum back to me, and he cautioned me about disclosing in any way that there was a difficulty between Mr. Tilton and me, as it would be injurious to Mr. Tilton to have it known that I had quarrelled with him, as well as to me to have such rumors afloat. I did not trouble myself about it until more than a year afterwards, when Mr. Tilton began to write at his case, and was looking up documents. I wondered what was in the old memorandum, and desired to see it for a greater certainty; so, one day, I suddenly asked Mr. Moulton for that memorandum, and said,

'You promised to return it to me.' He seemed confused for a moment, and said, 'Did I?' 'Certainly,' I answered. He replied that the paper had been destroyed. On my putting the question again, 'That paper was burnt up long ago,' and during the next two years, in various conversations, of his own accord he spoke of it as destroyed. I had never asked for, nor authorized the destruction of this paper, but was not allowed to know that the document was in existence, until a distinguished editor in New York, within a few weeks past, assured me that Mr. Moulton had shown him the original, and that he had examined my signature to be sure of its genuineness. I know there was a copy of it since this statement was in preparation.

While I rejected this memorandum as an accurate condensation of my statements, it does undoubtedly correctly represent that I was in profound sorrow, and that I blamed myself with great severity for the disasters of the Tilton family. I had not then the light that I now have. There was much then that weighed heavily on my heart and conscience which now weighs only on my heart. I had not the light which analyzes and discriminates things. By one blow there opened before me a revelation full of anguish—an agonized family, whose inmates had been my friends, greatly beloved. The husband, deceived in worldly prospects; the household crumbling to pieces; the woman by long sickness and suffering either cor-

rupted to deceit, as her husband alleged, or so broken in mind as to be irresponsible, and either way it was her enthusiasm for her pastor, as I was made to believe, that was the germ and beginning of the trouble. It was for me to have forestalled and prevented that mischief. My age and experience in the world should have put me more on my guard with the family. But once or twice I went there, soon after my reconciliation with Mr. Tilton, and at his request."

RAYMOND ON TILTON.

Soon after the publication of the Tilton-Bacon letter, Prof. Raymond, a distinguished member of the Plymouth Church, was interviewed, with the following result:

"We know our pastor, and we uphold him. You may say that, for yourself or the outside public you represent, sentiment is no convincing argument, but facts must be relied on to repel such charges. It is a fact that Beecher is no sneak. He has his faults. Skulking is not one of them. Tilton charges him with skulking. We know Tilton from the egg. We saw him hatched. Tilton has patched up a nondescript story of grievances in a book which he has hawked about the country for months like a sewing machine or insurance agent, and it was this precious volume which unsettled the friendly minds of Drs. Storrs and Budington, and precipitated the famous Congregational Council, which kept us all in such hot

water for a while. Our faith in Beecher is abiding. We love him, and we have reason to, and so have the American people. Now, sir, you have the fullest expression of our opinion, for mine but expresses what is felt by every member of this church.'

In letters which we give below, Mr. Beecher promptly brought the whole matter before his church—the proper body, under Congregational rules, to investigate any charges affecting his reputation.

BROOKLYN, *June 27, 1874.*

GENTLEMEN:—In the present state of the public feeling, I owe it to my friends and to the church and the society over which I am pastor, to have some proper investigation made of the rumors, insinuations, or charges made respecting my conduct, as compromised by the late publications made by Mr. Tilton. I have thought that both the church and the society should be represented, and I take the liberty of asking the following gentlemen to serve in this inquiry, and to do that which truth and justice may require. I beg that each of the gentlemen named will consider this as if it had been separately and personally sent to him, namely:

From the Church—Henry W. Sage, Augustus Storrs, Henry M. Cleveland.

From the Society—Horace B. Claflin, John Winslow, S. V. White.

I desire you, when you have satisfied yourselves by an impartial and thorough examination of all

sources of evidence, to communicate to the Examining Committee, or to the church, such action as then may seem to you right and wise.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The committee named, having signified their willingness to serve in the grave matters so referred to them, Mr. Beecher sent the following letter to the Examining Committee of Plymouth Church:

July 6, 1874.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I enclose to you a letter, in which I have requested three gentlemen from the church, and three from the society of Plymouth Church (gentlemen of unimpeachable repute, and who have not been involved in any of the trials through which we have passed during the year), to make a thorough and impartial examination of all charges or insinuations against my good name, and to report the same to you; and I now respectfully request that you will give to this committee the authority to act in your behalf also. It seemed wise to me that the request should proceed from me, and without your foregoing knowledge, and that you should give to it authority to act in your behalf in so far as a thorough investigation of the facts should be concerned.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Thereupon the Examining Committee duly authorized the committee named in the letter of June 27th, to act in their behalf also.

A FRIEND OF MR. BEECHER

presented the following view of the letter of apology to a reporter of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Judging from my personal knowledge of certain persons involved, and from a careful study of the cross-examination of Mr. Tilton, I think a correct understanding of Mr. Beecher's apologetic letter may be arrived at. Let it be remembered that Mrs. Tilton made a confidant of Mr. Beecher, relating all her sorrows and her husband's infidelity to his marriage vows and treatment of her; that from the representations of his wife, and what he had learned from Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Beecher did advise a separation, unless she thought she could reform him; that Mrs. Beecher, who is a very decided character, took the matter in hand. Through her instrumentality, and from information coming from her concerning Mr. Tilton, and the opinions of Mr. Beecher about the matter, Mr. Tilton was displaced from the *Independent* and *Brooklyn Daily Union*; that Mr. Tilton was highly indignant at his wife, who was called home from the country. His rage and abuse caused her sickness and a miscarriage. She wrote from her sick bed a note to Mr. Beecher, by Mr. Moulton, seeking to reconcile matters. This note appears to have been lost. Overcome with grief and sorrow at the family rupture and disaster, Mr. Beecher spoke burning words of sorrow and contrition to Mr. Moulton. It was then dusk, and Mr. Moulton took down some of them to give to

Mr. Tilton. In perfect trust and good faith, Mr. Beecher signed his name without reading what had been taken down, some distance away from the close of the notes taken by Mr. Moulton, who took it to Tilton. Now in view of the above facts, how easy of explanation is the apology! Is there anything so very wonderful in the apology, except that it was more than the occasion called for? Yet let it be remembered that Mrs. Tilton was sick unto death, and that his heart bled for her and her threatened family, and that Mr. Beecher had set himself to bind and heal the wounds of the broken family."

CHAPTER X.

MR. TILTON'S STATEMENT.

WHEREAS, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has instigated the appointment of a committee consisting of six members of his church and society, to inquire and report upon alleged aspersions upon his character by Theodore Tilton; and whereas, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, formerly the wife of Mr. Tilton, has openly deserted her home, in order to co-operate with Mr. Beecher in a conspiracy to overthrow the credibility and good repute of her late husband as a man and a citizen, therefore, Theodore Tilton, being thus authorized and required, and by the published demand made upon him by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and being now and hereafter released by act of Mrs. Tilton from further responsibility for concealment of the truth touching her relations with Mr. Beecher—therefore, Theodore Tilton hereby sets forth, under solemn oath, the following facts and testimony:

First. That on the 2d of October, 1855, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a marriage between Theodore Tilton and Elizabeth R. Richards was performed by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which marriage, thirteen years afterward, was dishonored and violated by this clergyman through the criminal seduction of this wife and mother, as hereinafter set forth.

Second. That for a period of about fifteen years, extending both before and after this marriage, an intimate friendship existed between Theodore Tilton and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which friendship was cemented to such a degree that in consequence thereof, the subsequent dishonoring by Mr. Beecher of his friend's wife was a crime of uncommon wrongfulness and perfidy.

Third. That about nine years ago, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher began, and thereafter continued, a friendship with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, for whose native delicacy and extreme religious sensibility he often expressed to her husband a high admiration; visiting her from time to time for years, until the year 1870, when, for reasons hereinafter stated, he ceased such visits; during which period, by many tokens and attentions, he won the affectionate love of Mrs. Tilton; whereby, after long moral resistance by her, and after repeated assaults by him upon her mind with overmastering arguments, accomplished the possession of her person; maintaining with her thenceforward, during the period hereinafter stated, the relation called criminal intercourse; this relation being regarded by her during that period as not criminal or morally wrong—such had been the power of his arguments as a clergyman to satisfy her religious scruples against such violation of virtue and honor.

Fourth. That on the evening of October 10th, 1868, or thereabouts, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton

held an interview with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at his residence, she being then in a tender state of mind, owing to the recent death and burial of a young child; and during this interview an act of criminal commerce took place between this pastor and this parishioner, the motive on her part being, as hereinbefore stated, not regarded by her at the time criminal or wrong; which act was followed by a similar act of criminality between these same parties at Mr. Tilton's residence, during a pastoral visit paid by Mr. Beecher to her on the subsequent Saturday evening, followed also by other similar acts on various occasions from the autumn of 1868 to the spring of 1870, the places being the two residences aforesaid, and occasionally other places to which her pastor would invite and accompany her, or at which he would meet her by previous appointment, these acts of wrong being, on her part, from first to last, not wanton or consciously wicked, but arising through a blinding of her moral perceptions, occasioned by the powerful influence exerted on her mind at that time to this end by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as her trusted religious preceptor and guide.

Fifth.—That the pastoral visits made by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to Mrs. Tilton during the year 1868, became so frequent as to excite comment, being in marked contrast with his known habit of making few pastoral calls on his parishioners, which frequency in Mrs. Tilton's

case is shown in letters written to her husband during his absence in the West, these letters giving evidence that during the period of five or six weeks twelve different pastoral calls on Mrs. Tilton were made by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which calls became noticeably infrequent on Mr. Tilton's return to his home.

Sixth.—That previous to the aforesaid criminal intimacy, one of the reasons which Mrs. Tilton alleged for her encouragement of such exceptional attentions from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was the fact that she had been much distressed with rumors against his moral purity, and wished to convince him that she could receive his kindness and yet resist his solicitations; and that she could inspire in him, by her purity and fidelity, an increased respect for the chaste dignity of womanhood. Previous to the autumn of 1868, she maintained with Christian firmness towards her pastor this position of resistance, always refusing his amorous pleas, which were strong and oft-repeated; and in a letter to her husband, dated February 3d, 1868, she wrote as follows: "To love is praiseworthy, but to abuse the gift is sin. Here I am strong. No demonstrations or fascinations could cause me to yield my womanhood."

Seventh.—That the first suspicion which crossed the mind of Theodore Tilton that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was abusing, or might abuse, the affection and reverence which Mrs. Tilton bore towards her pastor, was an improper caress given

by Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tilton by the while seated by her side on the floor of his library overlooking engravings. Mr. Tilton, a few hours afterwards, asked of his wife an explanation of her permission of such a liberty, whereat she at first denied the fact, but then confessed it, and said that she had spoken chidingly to Mr. Beecher concerning it. On another occasion, Mr. Tilton, after leaving his house in the early morning, returned to it in the forenoon, and, on going to his bed-chamber, found the door locked, and when, on knocking, the door was opened by Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Beecher was seen within, apparently much confused and exhibiting a flushed face. Mrs. Tilton afterwards made a plausible explanation, which, from the confidence reposed in her by her husband, was by him deemed satisfactory.

Eighth.—That in the spring of 1870, on Mr. Tilton's return from a winter's absence, he noticed in his wife such evidences of the absorption of her mind in Mr. Beecher, that in a short time an estrangement took place between her husband and herself, in consequence of which she went into the country earlier than usual for a summer sojourn. After an absence of several weeks she voluntarily returned to her home in Brooklyn. On the evening of July 8d, 1870, when, and then and there, within a few hours after her arrival, and after exacting from her husband a solemn promise that he would do the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher no harm, nor communicate to him what

she was about to say, she made a circumstantial confession to her husband of the criminal facts hereinbefore stated, accompanied with citations from Mr. Beecher's arguments and reasonings with her to overcome her long maintained scruple against yielding to his desires, and declaring that she had committed no wrong to her husband or her marriage vow, quoting, in support of this opinion, that her pastor had repeatedly assured her that she was spotless and chaste, which she believed herself to be. She further stated that her sexual commerce with him had never proceeded from low or vulgar thoughts either on her part or his, but always from pure affection and a high religious love. She stated, furthermore, that Mr. Beecher habitually characterized their intimacy by the term "nest-hiding," and he would suffer pain and sorrow if his hidden secret were ever made known. She said that her mind was often burdened by the deceit necessary for her to practise in order to prevent discovery, and that her conscience had many times impelled her to throw off this burden of enforced falsehood by making a full confession to her husband, so that she would no longer be living before him a perpetual lie. In particular, she said that she had been on the point of making this confession a few months previously, during a severe illness, when she feared she might die. She affirmed also that Mr. Beecher had assured her repeatedly that he loved her better than he had ever loved any other woman, and she

felt justified before God, in her intimacy with him, save the necessary deceit which accompanied it, and at which she frequently suffered in her mind.

Ninth.—That after the above-named confession by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, she returned to the country to await such action by her husband as he might see fit to take, whereupon, after many considerations, the chief of which was that she had not voluntarily gone astray, but had been artfully misled, through religious reverence for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as her spiritual guide, together also from a desire to protect the family from open shame, Mr. Tilton condoned the wrong, and he addressed to his wife such letters of affection, tenderness, and respect, as he felt would restore her wounded spirit, and which did partially produce that result.

Tenth.—That in December, 1870, differences arose between Theodore Tilton and Henry C. Bowen, which were augmented by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher; in consequence whereof, and at the wish of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, expressed in writing in a paper put into the hands of Mr. Francis D. Moulton, with a view to procure a harmonious interview between Mr. Tilton and Mr. Beecher, such an interview was arranged and carried out by Mr. Moulton at his then residence on Clinton street; Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton meeting and speaking then and there for the first time since Mrs.

Tilton's confession of six months before. The paper in Mr. Moulton's hands was a statement by Mrs. Tilton of the substance of the confession which she had before made, and of her wish and prayer for reconciliation and peace between her pastor and her husband. This paper furnished to Mr. Beecher the first knowledge which he had as yet received that Mrs. Tilton had made such a confession. At this interview between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, permission was sought by Mr. Beecher to consult with Mrs. Tilton on that same evening. This permission being granted, Mr. Beecher departed from Mr. Moulton's house, and in about half an hour returned thither expressing his remorse and shame, and declaring that his life and work seemed brought to a sudden end. Later in the same evening Mr. Tilton, on returning to his house, found his wife weeping and in great distress, saying that what she had meant for peace had only given pain and anguish; that Mr. Beecher had just called on her, declaring that she had slain him, and that he would probably be tried before a council of ministers unless she would give him a written paper for his protection. Whereupon she said he dictated to her, and she copied in her own handwriting, a suitable paper for him to use to clear himself before a council of ministers. Mrs. Tilton having kept no copy of this paper, her husband asked her to make a distinct statement in writing of her design and meaning in giving it, whereupon she wrote as follows:

Dec. 30, 1870—Midnight.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—I desire to leave with you, before going to bed, a statement that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher called upon me this evening, and asked me if I would defend him against any accusation in a council of ministers, and I replied, solemnly, that I would, in case the accuser was any other person than my husband. He (H. W. B.) dictated a letter, which I copied as my own, to be used by him as against any other accuser except my husband. This letter was designed to vindicate Mr. Beecher against all other persons save only yourself. I was ready to give him this letter, because he said with pain that my letter in your hands addressed to him, dated December 29th, "had struck him dead and ended his usefulness." You and I are pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxieties.

Affectionately,

ELIZABETH.

On the next day, namely, December 31st, 1870, Mr. Moulton, on being informed by Mr. Tilton of the above-named transaction, by Mr. Beecher, called on him (Mr. Beecher) at his residence and told him that a reconciliation seemed suddenly made impossible by Mr. Beecher's nefarious act in procuring the letter which Mrs. Tilton had thus been improperly persuaded to make falsely. Mr. Beecher promptly, through Mr. Moulton, returned the letter to Mr. Tilton, with an expression of

shame and sorrow for having procured it in the manner he did. The letter was as follows:

December 30, 1870.

Wearied with importunity, and weakened by sickness, I gave a letter implicating my friend, Henry Ward Beecher, under assurances that that would remove all difficulties between me and my husband. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to it—almost forced—when I was in a weakened state of mind.

I regret and recall all its statements.

E. R. TILTON.

I desire to say explicitly, Mr. Beecher has never offered any improper solicitation, but has always treated me in a manner becoming a Christian and a gentleman.

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

At the time of Mr. Beecher's returning the above document to Mr. Tilton through Mr. Moulton, Mr. Beecher requested Mr. Moulton to call at his residence in Columbia street, on the next day, which he did on the evening of January 1st, 1871. A long interview then ensued, in which Mr. Beecher expressed to Mr. Moulton great contrition and remorse for his previous criminality with Mrs. Tilton, taking to himself shame for having misused his sacred office as a clergyman to corrupt her mind; expressing a determination to kill himself in case of exposure, and begging Mr. Moulton to take a pen and receive from his (Mr.

Beecher's) lips an apology to be conveyed to Mr. Tilton, in the hope that such an appeal would secure Mr. Tilton's forgiveness. The apology which Mr. Beecher dictated to Mr. Moulton was as follows:

MR. BEECHER'S APOLOGY.

[In trust with F. D. Moulton.]

MY DEAR FRIEND MOULTON:—I ask, through you, Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remombor all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead. But others must live to suffer. I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running out toward my friends, and toward the poor child lying there, and praying, with her folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God to put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me.

(I have trusted this to Moulton, in confidence.)

H. W. BEECHER.

In the above document, the last sentence and the signature are in the handwriting of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Eleventh. That Mrs. Tilton wrote the following letter to a friend:

No. 174 LIVINGSTON STREET,
BROOKLYN, January 5, 1871.

DEAR FRIEND:—A cruel conspiracy has been formed against my husband, in which my mother and Mrs. Beecher have been the chief actors

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

Twelfth. That in the following month Mr. Moulton, wishing to bind Mr. Tilton and Mr. Beecher by mutual expressions of a good spirit, elicited from them the following correspondence:

MR. TILTON TO MR. MOULTON.

BROOKLYN, February 7, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—In several conversations with you, you have asked about my feelings toward Mr. Beecher; and yesterday you said the time had come when you would like to receive from me an expression of this kind in writing.

I say, therefore, very cheerfully, that notwithstanding the great suffering which he has caused to Elizabeth and myself, I bear him no malice, shall do him no wrong, shall discountenance every project (by whomsoever proposed) for any exposure of his secret to the public, and (if I know myself at all) shall endeavor to act toward Mr. Beecher as I would have him in similar circumstances act toward me.

I ought to add, that your own good offices in

this case have led me to a higher moral feeling than I might otherwise have reached.

Ever yours, affectionately,

THEODORE.

To Frank Moulton.

On the same day, Mr. Beecher wrote to Mr. Moulton the following:

MR. BEECHER TO MR. MOULTON.

February 7, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND MOULTON:—I am glad to send you a book, etc.

* * * * *

Many, many friends has God raised up to me, but to no one of them has He ever given the opportunity and the wisdom so to serve me as you have.

You have also proved Theodore's friend and Elizabeth's. Does God look down from heaven on three unhappier creatures that more need a friend than these? Is it not an intimation of God's intent of mercy to all, that each one of these has in you a tried and proved friend? But only in you are we thus united. Would to God, who orders all hearts, that by His kind mediation Theodore, Elizabeth and I could be made friends again.

Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case; but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things?

I wonder if Elizabeth knows how generously he

has carried himself toward me? Of course, I can never speak with her again without his permission, and I do not know that even then it would be best. * * * * *

Mr. Moulton, on the same day, asked Mr. Tilton if he would permit Mr. Beecher to address a letter to Mrs. Tilton, and Mr. Tilton replied in the affirmative, whereupon Mr. Beecher wrote as follows:

MR. BEECHER TO MRS. TILTON.

BROOKLYN, February 7, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. TILTON:—When I saw you last I did not expect ever to see you again, or to be alive many days. God was kinder to me than were my own thoughts. The friend whom God sent to me, Mr. Moulton, has proved above all friends that I ever had, able and willing to help me in this terrible emergency of my life. His hand it was that tied up the storm that was ready to burst on our heads.

You have no friend (Theodore excepted) who has it in his power to serve you so vitally, and who will do it with such delicacy and honor.

It does my sore heart good to see in Mr. Moulton an unfeigned respect and honor for you. It would kill me if I thought otherwise. He will be as true a friend to your honor and happiness as a brother could be to a sister's.

In him we have a common ground. You and I may meet in him. The past is ended. But

is there no future?—no wiser, higher, holier future? May not this friend stand as a priest in the new sanctuary of reconciliation, and mediate and bless Theodore and my most unhappy self? Do not let my earnestness fail of its end. You believe in my judgment. I have put myself wholly and gladly in Moulton's hand, and there I must meet you.

This is sent with Theodore's consent, but he has not read it. Will you return it to me by his own hand? I am very earnest in this wish for all our sakes, as such a letter ought not to be subject to even a chance of miscarriage.

Your unhappy friend,

H. W. BEECHER.

Thirteenth. That about a year after Mrs. Tilton's confession, her mind remained in the fixed opinion that her criminal relations with Mr. Beecher had not been morally wrong, so strongly had he impressed her to the contrary; but at length a change took place in her convictions on this subject, as noted in the following letter addressed by her to her husband:

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

SCHOHARIE, *June 29, 1871.*

MY DEAR THEODORE:—To day, through the ministry of Catharine Gaunt, a character of fiction, my eyes have been opened for the first time in my experience, so that I see clearly my sin. It was when I knew that I was loved to

suffer it to grow to a passion. A virtuous woman should check instantly an absorbing love. But it appeared to me in such false light. That the love I felt and received could harm no one, not even you, I have believed unalteringly, until four o'clock this afternoon, when the heavenly vision dawned upon me. I see now, as never before, the wrong I have done you, and hasten immediately to ask your pardon, with a penitence so sincere that henceforth (if reason remains) you may trust me implicitly. Oh, my dear Theodore! though your opinions are not restful or congenial to my soul, yet my own integrity and purity are a sacred and holy thing to me. Bless God, with me, for Catharine Gaunt, and for all the sure leadings of an all-wise and loving Providence. Yes; now I feel quite prepared to renew my marriage vow with you, to keep it as the Saviour requireth, who looketh at the eye and the heart. Never before could I say this. When you yearn towards me with true feeling, be assured of the tried, purified and restored love of

ELIZABETH.

Mrs. Tilton followed the above letter with these:

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

July 4, 1871.

Oh, my dear husband! may you never need the discipline of being misled by a good woman as I was by a good man,

[No date.]

I would mourn greatly if my life was to be made known to father. His head would be bowed indeed to the grave.

[No date.]

Do not think my ill health is on account of my sin and its discovery. My sins and life-record I have carried to my Saviour. No; my prostration is owing to the suffering I have caused you.

Fourteenth. That about one year after Mrs. Tilton's confession, and about half a year after Mr. Beecher's confirmation of the same, Mrs. V. C. Woodhull, then a total stranger to Mr. Tilton, save that he had been presented to her in a company of friends a few days previous, wrote in the *World*, Monday, May 22d, 1871, the following statement, namely:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1871.

I know of one man, a public teacher of eminence, who lives in concubinage with the wife of another public teacher of almost equal eminence. All three concur in denouncing offences against morality. I shall make it my business to analyze some of these lives.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

On the day of the publication of the above card in the *World*, Mr. Tilton received from Mrs. Woodhull a request to call on imperative business at her office; and on going thither a copy of the

above card was put into his hand by Mrs. Woodhull, who said that "the parties referred to therein were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the wife of Theodore Tilton." Following this announcement, Mrs. Woodhull detailed to Mr. Tilton, with vehement speech, the wicked and injurious story which she published in the year following. Meanwhile Mr. Tilton, desiring to guard against any possible temptation to Mrs. Woodhull to publish the grossly distorted version which she gave to Mr. Tilton (and which she afterwards attributed to him), he sought by many personal services and kindly attentions to influence her to such a good will towards himself and family as would remove all disposition or desire in her to afflict him with such a publication. Mr. Tilton's efforts and association with Mrs. Woodhull ceased in April, 1872, and six months afterwards, namely, November 2d, 1872, she published the scandal which he had labored to suppress.

Fifteenth. That on the third day thereafter, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., wrote as follows:

ELMIRA, Nov. 5, 1872.

Mrs. Woodhull only carries out Henry's philosophy, against which I recorded my protest twenty years ago.

Sixteenth. That in May, 1873, the publication by one of Mr. Beecher's partners of a tripartite covenant between H. C. Bowen, H. W. Beecher and Theodore Tilton, led the press of the country

to charge that Mr. Tilton had committed against Mr. Beecher some heinous wrong, which Mr. Beecher had pardoned, whereas the truth was the reverse. To remedy this false public impression Mr. Moulton requested Mr. Beecher to prepare a suitable card, relieving Mr. Tilton of this injustice. In answer to this request Mr. Beecher pleaded his embarrassments, which prevented his saying any thing without bringing himself under suspicion. Mr. Tilton then proposed to prepare a card of his own, containing a few lines from the recently quoted apology, for the purpose of showing that Mr. Beecher, instead of having had occasion to forgive Mr. Tilton, had had occasion to be forgiven by him. Mr. Beecher then wrote a letter to Mr. Moulton, which, on being shown to Mr. Tilton, was successful in appealing to Mr. Tilton's feelings. Mr. Beecher said in it, under date of Sunday morning, June 1st, 1873:

MR. BEECHER TO MR. MOULTON.

MY DEAR FRANK:—I am determined to make no more resistance. Theodore's temperament is such that the future, even if temporarily earned, would be absolutely worthless, and rendering me liable at any hour of the day to be obliged to stultify all the devices by which we saved ourselves. It is only fair that he should know that the publication of the card which he proposes would leave him worse off than before. The agreement (viz., the "tripartite covenant") was made after my

letter through you to him (viz., the "apology") was written. He had had it a year. He had condoned his wife's fault. He had enjoined upon me, with the utmost earnestness and solemnity, not to betray his wife nor leave his children to a blight. . . . With such a man as Theodore Tilton there is no possible salvation for any that depend upon him. With a strong nature, he does not know how to govern it. . . . There is no use in trying further. I have a strong feeling upon me—and it brings great peace—that I am spending my last Sunday and preaching my last sermon."

The hopelessness of spirit which the foregoing letter portrayed on the part of its writer, led Mr. Tilton to reconsider the question of defending himself at the cost of producing misery to Mr. Beecher, which determination by Mr. Tilton to allow the prevailing calumnies against himself to go unanswered was further strengthened by the following note received by him two days thereafter from the office editor of Mr. Beecher's journal:

OLIVER JOHNSON TO THEODORE TILTON.

128 EAST TWELFTH STREET, June 4, 1873.

MY DEAR THEODORE:—May I tell you frankly that when I saw you last you did not seem to me to be the noble young man who inspired my warm affections so many years ago? You were yielding to an act which I could not help thinking would be dishonorable and perfidious, and although it is

easy for me to make every allowance for the circumstances that had wrought you to such a frenzy, I was dreadfully shocked. My dear Theodore, let me, as an old friend whose heart is wrung by your terrible suffering and sorrow, tell you that you were then acting ignobly, and that you can never have true peace of mind till you conquer yourself and dismiss all purpose and thought of injuring the man who has wronged you. Of all the promises our lips can frame none are so sacred as those we make to those who have injured us and whom we have professed to forgive; and they are sacred just in proportion as their violation would work injury to those to whom they are made. You cannot paint too blackly the wrongs you have suffered. On that point I make no plea in abatement, but I beg you to remember that nothing can change the law which makes forgiveness noble and godlike.

I have prayed for you night and day, with strong crying and tears, beseeching God to restrain you from wronging yourself by violating your solemn engagements. To-night I am happy in the thought that you have been preserved from committing the act which I so much dreaded."

In a letter written by Mr. Beecher, in order to be shown to Mr. Tilton, Mr. Beecher spoke as follows:

MR. BEECHER TO MR. MOULTON.

No man can see the difficulties that environ me unless he stands where I do. To say that I have

a church on my hands is simple enough, but to have the hundreds and thousands of men pressing me, each one with his keen suspicion, or anxiety, or zeal; to see the tendencies which, if not stopped, would break out into a ruinous defence of me; to stop them without seeming to do it; to prevent any one questioning me; to meet and allay prejudices against T., which had their beginnings years before; to keep serene, as if I was not alarmed or disturbed; to be cheerful at home and among friends when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet to come up fresh and fair for Sunday—all this may be talked about, but the real thing cannot be understood from the outside, nor its wearing and grinding on the nervous system.

In still another letter, written for the same purpose as the above, Mr. Beecher said:

MR. BEECHER TO MR. MOULTON.

If my destruction would place him (Mr. Tilton) all right, that shall not stand in the way; I am willing to step down and out. No one can offer more than that. That I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation, if you can clearly see your way to his safety and happiness thereby. In one point of view I could desire the sacrifice on my part. Nothing can possibly be so bad as the power of great darkness in which I spend much of my time. I look upon death as sweeter far than any friend

I have in the world. Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered. But to live on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on an appearance of serenity and happiness, cannot be endured much longer. I am well nigh discouraged. If you cease to trust me, to love me, I am alone—I do not know any person in the world to whom I could go.

Mr. Tilton yielded to the above quoted and other similar letters, and made no defence of himself against the public odium which attaches to him unjustly.

Seventeenth. That the marriage union between Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, until broken by Mr. Beecher, was of more than common harmony, affection and mutual respect. Their house and household were regarded for years by all their guests as an ideal home. As an evidence of the feeling and spirit which this wife entertained for her husband up to the time of her corruption by Mr. Beecher, the following letters by Mrs. Tilton, written only a few months before her loss of honor, will testify:

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

TUESDAY MORNING, Jan. 28, 1868.

MY BELOVED:—Don't you know the peculiar phase of Christ's character as a lover is so precious to me because of my consecration and devotion to you? I learn to love you from my love to Him. I have learned to love Him from loving you. I

couple you with Him. Nor do I feel it one whit irreverent. And as every day I adorn myself, consciously, as a bride to meet her bridegroom, so, in like manner, I lift imploring hands that my soul's love may be prepared. I, with the little girls, after you left us, with overflowing eyes and hearts, consecrated ourselves to our work and to you. My waking thoughts last night were of you. My rising thoughts this morning were of you. I bless you; I honor you; I love you. God sustain us and help us both to keep our vows.

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 1, 1868.

Oh, well I know, as far as I am capable, I love you. Now to keep this fire high and generous is the ideal before me. I am only perfectly contented and restful when you are with me. Those latter months I have thought, looked, and yearned for the hour when you would be at home, with longings unutterable.

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

MONDAY, Feb. 8, 1868, 9 o'clock A. M.

What may I bring to my beloved this bright morning? A large, throbbing heart full of love, single in its aim and purpose to bless and cheer him? Is it acceptable, sweet one?

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 24, 1868.

Do you wonder that I couple your love, your

presence and relation to me with the Saviour's? I lift you up sacredly and keep you in that exalted and holy place where I reverence, respect, and love with the fervency of my whole being.

Whatever capacity I have I offer it to you. The closing lines of your letter are these words: "I shall hardly venture again upon a great friendship; your love shall be enough for the remaining days." That word "enough" seems a stoicism on which you have resolved to live your life; but I pray God he will supply you with friendships pure, and with wifely love which your great heart demands, withholding not Himself as the Chief Love which consumeth not, though it burn, and whose effects are always perfect rest and peace.

Again, in one of your letters you close with, "Faithfully yours." That word "faithful" means a great deal. Yes, darling, I believe it, trust it, and give you the same surety with regard to myself. I am faithful to you, have been always, and shall forever be, world without end. Call not this assurance impious. There are some things we know. Blessed be God!

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

HOME, *Feb. 29, 1868,*
SATURDAY EVENING.

Ah, did ever man ever love so grandly as my beloved? Other friendships, public affairs, all "fall to naught" when I come to you. Though you are in Dakota to-night, yet I have felt your love,

and am very grateful for it. I had not received a line since Monday, and was so hungry and lonesome that I took out all your letters and indulged myself as at a feast, but without satiety. And now I long to pour out into your heart of my abundance. I am conscious of three jots to the fountain of my soul—to the Great Lover and yourself—to whom as one I am eternally wedded, my children, and the dear friends who trust and love me. I do not want another long separation. While we are in the flesh let us abide together.

MRS. TILTON TO MR. TILTON.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, *March, 1868.*

Oh, how almost perfectly could I minister to you this winter, my heart glows so perpetually! I am conscious of great inward awakening toward you. If I live I shall teach my children to begin their loves where now I am. I cannot conceive of anything more delicious than a life consecrated to a faithful love. I insist that I miss you more than you do me, but soon I shall see my beloved.

YOUR OWN DEAR WIFE.

In addition to the above, many other letters by Mrs. Tilton to her husband, prior to her corruption by Mr. Beecher, served to show that a Christian wife, loving her husband to the extreme degree set forth, could only have been swerved from the path of rectitude by artful and powerful persuasions, clothed in the phrases of religion and enforced

by strong appeals from her chief Christian teacher and guide.

Eighteenth. That the story purporting to explain Mr. Beecher's apology, as having been written because he had offended Mr. Tilton, by engaging his wife in the project of a separation from her husband, is false, as will be seen by the following letter, written only three days after the date of the apology:

MRS. TILTON TO MR. MOULTON.

No. 174 LIVINGSTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Jan. 4, 1871.

MR. FRANCIS D. MOULTON,

MY DEAR FRIEND:—In regard to your question whether I have ever sought a separation from my husband, I indignantly deny that such was ever the fact, as I have denied it a hundred times before. The story that I wanted a separation was a deliberate falsehood, coined by my poor mother, who said she would bear the responsibility of this and other statements she might make, and communicated to my husband's enemy, Mrs. H. W. Beecher, and by her communicated to Mr. Bowen. I feel outraged by the whole proceeding, and am now suffering in consequence more than I am able to bear. I am yours, very truly,

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

Nineteenth. That during the first week in January, 1871, a few days after the apology was written, Mr. Beecher communicated to Mr. Tilton,

through Mr. Moulton, an earnest wish that he (Mr. Tilton) would take his family to Europe, and reside there for a term of years at Mr. Beecher's expense. Similar offers have been since repeated by Mr. Beecher to Mr. Tilton through the same channel. A message of kindred tenor was brought from Mr. Beecher to Mr. Tilton last summer by Mr. F. B. Carpenter, as will appear from the following affidavit:

AFFIDAVIT OF F. B. CARPENTER.

HOMER, N. Y., July 18, 1874.

On Sunday, June 1st, 1873, two days after the surreptitious publication of the tripartite covenant between H. W. Beecher, H. C. Bowen, and Theodore Tilton, I walked with Mr. Beecher from Plymouth Church to the residence of Mr. F. D. Moulton, in Remsen street. On the way to Mr. Moulton's house Mr. Beecher said to me that if Mr. Tilton would stand by him he would share his fame, his fortune, and everything he possessed with him (Tilton).

FRANCIS B. CARPENTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 18th day of July, 1874.

WILLIAM T. HICKOK, *Notary Public.*

Mr. Carpenter in communicating to Mr. Tilton the above affidavit, says in a letter accompanying it:

I have no hesitation in giving you the statement, as I understood at the time that it was for me to

repeat in substance to you, and I did so repeat it. It was at this interview Mr. Beecher spoke to me of his apology to you.

The charge that Mr. Tilton ever attempted to levy blackmail on Mr. Beecher, is false. On the contrary, Mr. Tilton has always resented every attempt by Mr. Beecher to put him under pecuniary obligation.

Twentieth. Not long after the scandal became public, Mrs. Tilton wrote on a slip of paper, and left on her husband's writing desk, the following words:

Now that the exposure has come, my whole nature revolts to join with you or standing with you.

Through the influence of Mr. Beecher's friends, the opinion has long been diligently propagated that the scandal was due to Mr. Tilton, and that the alleged facts were malicious inventions by him to revenge himself for supposed and imaginary wrongs done to him by Mr. Beecher. Many words were spoken from time to time by Mrs. Tilton to the praise and eulogy of Mr. Beecher, which being extensively quoted through his congregation, heightened the impression that Mr. Tilton was Mr. Beecher's slanderer, Mrs. Tilton being herself the authority for the statement. In this way Mrs. Tilton and one of her relatives have been the chief causes of the great difficulty of suppressing the scandal. They have had a habit

of saying, "Mr. Tilton believes such and such things;" and their naming of these things by way of denial has been a mischievous way of circulating them broadcast. In this way Mr. Tilton has been made to appear a defamer, whereas he has made every effort in his power to suppress the injurious tales which he has been charged with propagating. On all occasions he has systematically referred to his wife in terms favorable to her character.

Further, Mr. Tilton would not have communicated to the committee the facts contained in this statement except for the perverse course of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton to degrade and destroy him in the public estimation.

Twenty-first. That one evening, about two weeks after the publication of Mr. Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon, Mrs. Tilton, on coming home at a late hour, informed her husband that she had been visited at a friend's house by a committee of investigation, and had given sweeping evidence acquitting Mr. Beecher of every charge. This was the first intimation which Mr. Tilton received that any such committee was then in existence. Furthermore, Mrs. Tilton stated that she had done this by advice of a lawyer, whom Mr. Beecher had sent to her, and who, in advance of her appearing before the committee, arranged with her the questions and answers which were to constitute her testimony in Mr. Beecher's behalf. On

the next day, after giving this untrue testimony before the committee, she spent many hours of extreme suffering from pangs of conscience at having testified falsely. She expressed to her husband the hope that God would forgive her perjury, but that the motive was to save Mr. Beecher and her husband, and also to remove all reproach from the cause of religion. She also expressed similar contrition to one of her intimate friends.

Twenty-second. Finally, that in addition to the foregoing facts and evidences, other confirmations could be adduced, if needed, to prove the following recapitulated statement, namely, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as pastor and friend of Mr. Tilton and his family, trespassed upon the sanctity of friendship and hospitality in a long endeavor to seduce Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton; that by the artful use of his priestly authority with her, she being his pupil in religion, he accomplished this seduction; that for a period of a year and a half, or thereabout, he maintained criminal intercourse with her, overcoming her previous modest scruples against such conduct by investing it with a false justification as sanctioned by love and religion; that he then participated in a conspiracy to degrade Theodore Tilton before the public, by loss of place, business and repute; that he abused Mr. Tilton's forgiveness and pledge of protection by thereafter authorizing a series of

measures by Plymouth Church, having for their object the putting of a stigma upon Mr. Tilton before the church, and also before an ecclesiastical council, insomuch that the moderator of that council, interpreting these acts by Mr. Beecher and his church, declared publicly that they showed Mr. Beecher to be the most magnanimous of men, and Mr. Tilton to be a knave and dog; that when Mr. Tilton thereafter, not in malice, but for self-protection, wrote a letter to Dr. Bacon, alluding therein to an offence and apology by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, he (Mr. Beecher) defiantly appointed a committee of his church members to inquire into the injury done him by Mr. Tilton, by the aforesaid allusion, and implying that he (Mr. Beecher) had never been the author of such offence and apology, and that Mr. Tilton was a slanderer; that to make this inquiry bear grievously against Mr. Tilton, he (Mr. Beecher) previously connived with Mrs. E. R. Tilton to give false testimony in his (Mr. Beecher's) behalf; that Mr. Beecher's course toward Mr. Tilton and family has at last resulted in the open destruction of Mr. Tilton's household and home, and in the desolation of his heart and life.

THEODORE TILTON.

Sworn to before me, this 20th day of July, 1874.

THEODORE BURMYER,
Notary Public.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—Having laid before you the above sworn statement, which I have purposely restricted to relations of Mr. Beecher with Mrs. Tilton only, and with no other person or persons, I wish to add an explanation due to yourselves.

In the *Golden Age*, lately edited by me, a suggestion was made, not by my knowledge or consent, that your committee, in order to be justly constituted, should comprise, in addition to the six members appointed by Mr. Beecher, six others appointed by myself.

To no such proposal would I have consented, for I have never wanted any tribunal whatever for the investigation of this subject. Neither your committee, as at present constituted, nor an enlarged committee on the plan just mentioned, nor any other committee of any kind, could in and of itself have persuaded or compelled me to lay before you the facts contained in the preceding statement. Distinctly be it understood, that these facts have not been evoked by your committee because of any authority which I recognize in you as a tribunal of inquiry. Nor would they have been yielded up to any other committee or board of reference, however constituted (except a court of law); but, on the contrary, I have divulged the above statement solely because of the openly published demand for it, made directly to me by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, aided and abetted by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton. These two parties

—these alone, and not your committee—have by their action prevailed with me. No other authorities or influences (except a court of law) could have been powerful enough to have extorted from me the above disclosure. For the sake of one of these parties, gladly would I have continued to hide these facts in the future, as I have incessantly striven to do in the past. But by the joint action of Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, I can withhold the truth only at the price of perpetual infamy to my name, in addition to the penalty which I already suffer in the destruction of a home once as pleasant as any in which you yourselves dwell.

Respectfully,

THEODORE TILTON.

WHAT GENERAL TRACY SAID.

General B. F. Tracy, the legal adviser of Mr. Beecher, in answer to a question as to whether the investigating committee anticipated the publication of Theodore Tilton's "detailed statement," replied in the negative, adding that Mr. Tilton appeared before the committee at four o'clock, and earnestly requested that body not to publish his statement, either then or at any future time, adding that the public must never have his statement. General Tracy also said that on Monday evening Mr. Tilton informed the committee that he had been offered a high price for his manuscript.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. BEECHER'S STATEMENT.

I do not propose at this time a detailed examination of the remarkable statement of Mr. Theodore Tilton, made before the committee of investigation, and which appeared in the Brooklyn Argus of July 21st, 1874. I recognize the many reasons which make it of transcendent importance to myself, the church, and the cause of public morality, that I shall give a full answer to the charges against me. But having requested the committee of investigation to search this matter to the bottom, it is to them that I must look for my vindication.

But I cannot delay for an hour to defend the reputation of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, upon whose name, in connection with mine, her husband has attempted to pour shame.

One less deserving of such disgrace I never knew. From childhood she has been under my eye, and since reaching womanhood she has had my sincere admiration and affection. I cherish for her a pure feeling, such as a gentleman might honorably offer to a Christian woman, and which she might receive and reciprocate without moral scruple. I reject with indignation every imputation which reflects upon her honor or my own.

My regard for Mrs. Tilton was perfectly well known to my family. When serious difficulties sprang up in her household it was to my wife that she resorted for counsel; and both of us, acting from sympathy, and, as it subsequently appeared, without full knowledge, gave unadvised counsel, which tended to harm.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tilton found that his wife's confidence and reliance upon my judgment had greatly increased, while his influence had diminished, in consequence of a marked change in his religious and social views which was taking place during those years. Her mind was greatly exercised lest her children should be harmed by views which she deemed vitally false and dangerous.

I was suddenly and rudely aroused to the reality of impending danger by the disclosure of domestic distress, of sickness, perhaps unto death, of the likelihood of separation and the scattering of a family, every member of which I had tenderly loved. The effect upon me of the discovery of the state of Mr. Tilton's feelings and the condition of his family, surpassed in sorrow and excitement anything that I had ever experienced in my life. That my presence, influence, and counsel had brought to a beloved family sorrow and alienation gave, in my then state of mind, a poignancy to my suffering which I hope no other man may ever feel.

Even to be suspected of having offered, under

the privileges of a peculiarly sacred relation, an indecorum to a wife and mother, could not but deeply wound any one who is sensitive to the honor of womanhood.

There were peculiar reasons for alarm in this case on other grounds, inasmuch as I was then subject to certain malignant rumors, and a flagrant outbreak in this family would bring upon them an added injury, derived from these shameless falsehoods.

Believing at the time that my presence and counsels had tended, however unconsciously, to produce a social catastrophe, represented as imminent, I gave expression to my feelings in an interview with a mutual friend, not in cold and cautious self-defending words, but eagerly taking blame upon myself, and pouring out my heart to my friend in the strongest language, overburdened with the exaggerations of impassioned sorrow. Had I been the evil man Mr. Tilton now represents, I should have been calmer and more prudent. It was my horror of the evil imputed that filled me with morbid intensity at the very shadow of it.

Not only was my friend affected generously, but he assured me that such expressions, if conveyed to Mr. Tilton, would soothe wounded feeling, allay anger, and heal the whole trouble. He took down sentences and fragments of what I had been saying to use them as a mediator. A full statement of the circumstances under which this mem-

orandum was made, I shall give to the investigating committee.

That these apologies were more than ample to meet the facts of the case is evident, in that they were accepted, that our intercourse resumed its friendliness, that Mr. Tilton subsequently ratified it in writing, and that he has continued for four years and until within two weeks to live with his wife.

Is it conceivable, if the original charge had been what is now alleged, that he would have condoned the offence, not only with the mother of his children, but with him whom he believed to have wronged them? The absurdity as well as the falsity of this story is apparent, when it is considered that Mr. Tilton now alleges that he carried this guilty secret of his wife's infidelity for six months locked up in his own breast, and that then he divulged it to me only that there might be a reconciliation with me! Mr. Tilton has since, in every form of language, and to a multitude of witnesses, orally, in written statements, and in printed documents, declared his faith in his wife's purity.

After the reconciliation of Mr. Tilton with me, every consideration of propriety and honor demanded that the family trouble should be kept in that seclusion which domestic affairs have a right to claim as a sanctuary, and to that seclusion it was determined that it should be confined.

Every line and word of my private and confidential letters which have been published are in

harmony with the statements which I now make. My published correspondence on this subject comprises but two elements—the expression of my grief and that of my desire to shield the honor of a pure and innocent woman.

I do not propose to analyze and contest at this time the extraordinary paper of Mr. Tilton; but there are two allegations which I cannot permit to pass without special notice. They refer to the only two incidents which Mr. Tilton pretends to have witnessed personally—the one an alleged scene in my house while looking over engravings, and the other a chamber scene in his own house. His statements concerning these are absolutely false. Nothing of the kind ever occurred, nor any semblance of any such things. They are now brought to my notice for the first time.

To every statement which connects me dishonorably with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or which in any wise would impugn the honor and purity of this beloved Christian woman, I give the most explicit, comprehensive, and solemn denial.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, July 22, 1874.

MRS. TILTON'S STATEMENT.

To pick up anew the sorrows of the last ten years, the stings and pains I had daily schooled myself to bury and forgive, makes this imperative duty as called forth by the malicious statement of my husband, the saddest act of my life. Beside,

my thought of following the Master contradicts this act of my pen, and a sense of the perversion of my life-faith almost compels me now to stand aside till God himself delivers.

Yet I see in this wanton act an urgent call and privilege from which I shrink not. To reply in detail to the twenty-two articles of arraignment, I shall not attempt at present. Yet if called upon to testify to each and all of them, I shall not hesitate to do so. Suffice it for my purpose, now, that I reply to one or more of the most glaring charges.

Touching the feigned sorrow of my husband's compulsory revelations, I solemnly avow that long before the Woodhull publication, I knew him, by insinuation and direct statement, to have repeated to my every near relative and friend the substance of these accusations which shock the moral sense of the entire community this day. Many times, when hearing that certain persons had spoken ill of him, he has sent me to chide them for so doing, and then and there I learned that he had been before me with his calumnies against myself, so that I was speechless.

The reiteration in his statement, that he had "persistently striven to hide" these so-called facts is utterly false, as his hatred to Mr. Beecher has existed these many years, and the determination to ruin Mr. Beecher has been the one aim of his life.

Again, the perfidy with which the holiest love

a wife ever offered has been recklessly discovered in this publication reaches well nigh to sacrilege; and added to this, the endeavor, like the early scandal of Mrs. Woodhull, to make my own words condemn me, has no parallel.

Most conspicuously, my letter quoting the reading of "Griffith Gaunt." Had Mr. Tilton read the pure character of Catharine, he would have seen that I lifted myself beside it—as near as any human may affect an ideal. But it was her character, and not the incidents of fiction surrounding it, to which I referred. Hers was no sin of criminal act or thought.

A like "concession" with hers I had made to Mr. Tilton in telling of my love to my friend and pastor one year before. And I now add, that notwithstanding all misrepresentations and anguish of soul, I owe to my acquaintance and friendship with Mr. Beecher, as to no other human instrumentality, that encouragement in my mental life and that growth toward the Divine nature which enables me to walk daily in a lively hope of the life beyond.

The shameless charges in articles seven, eight and nine, are fearfully false in each and every particular. The letter referred to in Mr. Tilton's tenth paragraph, was obtained from me by importunity, and by representations that it was necessary for him to use in his then pending difficulties with Mr. Bowen. I was then sick, nigh unto death, having suffered a miscarriage only

four days before. I signed whatever he required, without knowing or understanding its import. The paper I have never seen, and do not know what statements it contained.

In charge eighteen, a letter of mine, addressed to Mr. Francis Moulton, is quoted to prove that I never desired a separation, or was advised by Mr. or Mrs. Beecher to leave my husband. I reply, the letter was of Mr. Tilton's own concocting, which he induced me to copy and sign as my own—an act which, in my weakness and mistaken thought to help him, I have done too often during these unhappy years.

The implication that the harmony of our home was unbroken till Mr. Beecher entered it as a frequent guest and friend, is a lamentable satire upon the household where he himself, years before, laid the corner-stone of free love, and desecrated its altars up to the time of my departure, so that the atmosphere was not only Godless, but impure for my children. And in this effort and throes of agony, I would fain lift my daughters and all womanhood from the insidious and diabolical teachings of these latter days.

His frequent efforts to prove me insane, weak-minded, insignificant, of mean presence, all rank in the category of heartlessness, selfishness and falsehood, having its climax in his present endeavor to convince the world that I am or ever have been unable to distinguish between an innocent and a guilty love.

In summing up the whole matter, I affirm myself before God to be innocent of the crimes laid upon me; that never have I been guilty of adultery with Henry Ward Beecher, in thought or deed; nor has he ever offered to me an indecorous or improper proposal.

To the further charge that I was led away from my home by Mr. Beecher's friends, and by the advice of a lawyer whom Mr. Beecher had sent to me, and who, in advance of my appearing before the committee, arranged with me the questions and answers which were to constitute my testimony in Mr. Beecher's behalf, I answer, that this is again untrue, having never seen the lawyer until introduced to him a few moments before the arrival of the committee, by my step-father, Judge Morse; and in further reply, I submit the following statement of my action before the committee, and the separation from my husband:

The publication of Mr. Tilton's letter in answer to Dr. Bacon, I had not known nor suspected, when, on Wednesday evening, he brought home the *Golden Age*, handing it to me to read. Looking down its columns I saw, well nigh with blinding eyes, that he had put into execution the almost daily threat of his life—"that he lived to crush out Mr. Beecher; that the God of battles was with him; he had always been Mr. Beecher's superior, and all that lay in his path—wife, children, or reputation, if need be—should fall before this purpose."

I did not read it. I saw enough without reading. My spirit rose within me as never before.

"Theodore," I said, "tell me what means this quotation from Mr. Beecher? Two years ago, you came to me at midnight, saying, 'Elizabeth, all letters and papers concerning my difficulties with Mr. Beecher and Mr. Bowen are burned, destroyed; now don't you betray me, for I have nothing to defend myself with.'"

"Did you believe that?" said he.

"I certainly did, implicitly," I said.

"Well, let me tell you—they all live; not one is destroyed."

If this was said to intimidate me, it had quite the contrary effect. I had never been so fearless, nor seen so clearly before with whom I was dealing.

Coming to me a little later, he said: "I want you to read it; you will find it a vindication of yourself. You have not stood before the community for five years as you now do."

Roused still further by the wickedness hid behind so false a mask, I replied: "Theodore, understand me, this is the last time you call me publicly to walk through this filth. My character needs no vindication at this late hour from you. There was a time, had you spoken out clearly, truthfully and manfully for me, I had been grateful; but now I shall speak and act for myself. Know, also, that if in the future I see a scrap of paper referring to any human being, how-

ever remote, which it seems to me you might use or pervert for your own ends, I will destroy it."

"This means battle on your part, then," said he.

"Just so far," I replied.

I write this because these words of mine he has since used to my harm.

The next morning, I went to my brother and told him that now I had decided to act in this matter; that I had been treated by my husband as a nonentity from the beginning, a plaything, to be used or let alone at will; that it had always seemed to me I was a party not a little concerned. I then showed him a card I had made for publication.

He respected the motive, but still advised silence on my part. I yielded to him thus far as to appearing in public prints; but counselling with myself and no other, it occurred to me that among the brethren of my own communion I might be heard.

Not knowing of any church committee, I asked the privilege of such an interview in the parlors of those who had always been our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ovington. I then learned, for the first time, that the committee would meet that night, and was advised to see those gentlemen as perhaps the goodliest persons I could select. This I accordingly did.

There, alone, I pleaded the cause of my husband and my children, the result being that their hearts were moved in sympathy for my family—a feel-

ing their pastor had shared for years, and for which he was now suffering.

On going home I found my husband reading in bed. I told him where I had been, and that I did not conceal anything from him, as his habit was from me. He asked who the gentlemen were; said no more; rose, dressed himself, and bade me good-bye forever.

The midnight following I was awakened by my husband standing by my bed. In a very tender, kind voice, he said he wished to see me. I rose instantly, followed him into his room, and sitting on the bedside, he drew me into his lap, said "he was proud of me, loved me; that nothing ever gave him such real peace and satisfaction as to hear me well spoken of; that, meeting a member of the committee, he had learned that he had been mistaken as to my motive in seeing the committee, and had hastened to assure me that he had been thoroughly wretched since his rash treatment of me the night before," etc.

Then and there we covenanted sacredly our hearts and lives—I most utterly—renewing my trust in the one human heart I loved.

The next day how happy we were! Theodore wrote a statement to present to the committee when they should call upon him, to all of which I heartily acceded. This document, God knows, was a true history of this affair, completely vindicating my honor, and the honor of my pastor.

In the afternoon he left me to show it to his friends.

He returned home early in the evening, passing the happiest hours I had known for years, renewedly assuring me that there was no rest for him away from me. So in grateful love to the dear Father I slept. Oh, that the end had then come! I would not then record the cruel blow "which made a woman mad outright."

The next morning he called upon our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ovington, and there, with a shocking bravado, began a wicked tirade, adding, with oath and violence, the shameless slanders against Mr. Beecher, of which I now believe him to be the author.

This fearful scene I learned next day. In the afternoon he showed me his invitation from the committee to meet them that evening.⁴ I did not then show my hurt, but carried it heavily within, but calmly without, all night, till early morning.

Reflection upon this scene at Mr. Ovington's convinced me that, notwithstanding my husband's recent professions to me, his former spirit was unchanged; that his declarations of repentance and affection were only for the purpose of gaining my assistance to accomplish his ends in his warfare upon Mr. Beecher. In the light of these conclusions my duty appeared plain.

I rose quietly, and, having dressed, roused him only to say, "Theodore, I will never take another sleep by your side. The end has indeed come."

He followed me to Mr. Ovington's to breakfast, saying I was unduly excited, and that he had been misrepresented, perhaps, but leaving me determined as before.

How to account for the change which twenty-four hours have been capable of working in his mind, I leave for eternity to reveal. That he is an unreliable and unsafe guide, whose idea of truth-loving is self-loving, it is my misfortune in this late, sad hour to discover.

ELIZABETH R. TILTON,

July 23, 1874.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. SAGE'S LETTER.

MR. TILTON's direct testimony having been published without the knowledge or consent of the Committee of Investigation, and fragmentary and inaccurate reports of his testimony under cross-examination having been published, by means unknown to the committee, and without its consent, whereby it is said that Mr. Tilton feels that injustice has been done to him, it is believed that in fairness to all parties, the whole of Mr. Tilton's testimony should be made public at once.

H. W. SAGE, *Chairman.*

BROOKLYN, July 25, 1874.

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Being asked when he first learned that Mr. or Mrs. Beecher had in any way communicated facts to Bowen which influenced him in the matter of his [Tilton's] dismissal, the witness said he learned that from Beecher himself, on the day after the apology was written, the 2d, possibly the 3d of July. It was in Moulton's room. Beecher came in; it was an unexpected meeting. Beecher burst out in an expression of great sorrow, and said he hoped the communication to be sent to the witness by Moulton was satisfactory. He then and there told Moulton he had done wrong, not so



FRANK D. CARPENTER.



OLIVER JOHNSON.

much as some others had, referring to his wife, who had made statements to Bowen that ought to be unmade, and volunteered to write a letter to Bowen concerning the facts he had misstated. Mrs. Tilton had told the witness of the visit Mrs. Beecher made her, and of the testimony they wanted to get.

Mrs. Tilton spoke a number of times of the enmity which Mrs. Beecher had, for some strong reasons, connected with Mrs. Morse (Mrs. Tilton's mother). There was a conspiracy between Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Beecher before September. The truth is, Mrs. Tilton's confession was made also to her mother, and the mother naturally wanted to protect the daughter, and she made a kind of alliance with Mr. Beecher, and Mrs. Beecher took part in it; there was a desire on their part to protect Elizabeth.

Tilton continued. He never told Samuel Wilkeson that Beecher had befriended him in that matter, but for being unkind to him and saying that he ought to be turned out. On further testimony witness said he accepted the apology Beecher had made, and forgave the offence with as much largeness as he thought it possible for a Christian man to assume. His relations thereafter with Beecher were not friendly, but not hostile. They were relations Mr. Moulton forced with an iron hand. Witness had taken pains to have it appear in all quarters that Beecher and himself were not in hostility, and suppressed his self-re-

spect many times in doing it. He never stated the offence of Mr. Beecher to Dr. Storrs. He showed Dr. Storrs a letter which Elizabeth and himself wrote, and which he still preserved. Did not charge Beecher with any offence at all. Elizabeth stated that to the question how was his offence stated, Tilton replied that it began in this way: that on a certain day in the summer of 1870, she had informed her husband that Mr. Beecher asked her to be a wife to him, together with all that this implies. She was very solicitous to make it appear that she did not accept his proposition, and happily in reading it, those who saw it naturally inferred that she did not accept this proposition. It was a perfectly correct statement. Witness read the statement to Mr. Beecher, who objected to it, and witness made no further use of it. He, however, prepared a document on his relations to Bowen, in which Elizabeth's letter was stated, as well as the letter of apology which he put in, not wishing to make the offence more than that. He was solicitous not to have the worst of the case known. This was also read to Dr. Storrs, to whom witness went in great distress, wanting counsel.

Q. And so, to get correct counsel, you misstated the case?

A. Yes; it was a statement necessary to be made after Mrs. Woodhull's statement; I was out of town, and the one thing had filled the country, and Beecher had taken no notice of it; it was seven

or eight days old, and I went to Dr. Storrs for counsel; he asked me about the story, and I said, "Do not ask me for that;" he said, "give me some facts by which I can judge; give me that which can be proved;" so I gave an account of the affair, very largely about Mrs. Woodhull, and so on; the origin of that document was a seeking for something that could be put before the public as a plausible answer to the Woodhull tale, and I conceived that by a chain of facts we might perhaps explain it away. I read it to Beecher, and he burst into a long sigh, and I saw that he would not, or could not, stand upon it, and Elizabeth burned it or tore it to pieces.

Q. Have you not frequently asserted the purity of your wife?

A. No; I have always had a strange technical use of words; I have always used words that conveyed that impression; I have taken pains to say that she was a devoted Christian woman; that necessarily carried the other; it was like the statement that I carried to Dr. Storrs; I don't think he caught the idea of that statement as he took it; I don't think it covered the whole; I have said that Elizabeth was a tender, delicate, kindly, Christian woman, which I think she is.

I have sought to give Elizabeth a good character; I have always wanted to do so; I think she deserved a good character; I think she is better than most of us, better than I am; I do not believe, in point of actual moral goodness, barring

some drawbacks, that there is in this company so white a soul as Elizabeth Tilton's.

Q. Did you not state that in substance to one or more gentlemen?

A. In substance, yes, and I state it now; but I did not use the phrase that she had never violated her chastity.

Q. Did you not say she was pure?

A. No.

Q. Did you not use expressions which you intended to be understood as meaning the purity of the woman?

A. I did, exactly. There are many ways in which you can produce such impressions, and I have written my statement to produce an impression.

Mr. Tilton was next examined in relation to Wilkeson's statement, and explicitly contradicted several points therein, stating that the conversation between himself was about Bowen, whose charges against Beecher it was desired should be withdrawn. Witness expressed gladness to have this done, for he thought every charge against Beecher endangered his wife, but when the paper was brought him to sign, it was a compliment to Beecher, rose-colored, in which witness was to look up to Beecher with filial respect. He said: "I won't sign that, to the end of the world," and cut out a few lines and would not use them. If Wilkeson communicates the impression that witness ever wanted money from Beecher, it is false.

Beecher has communicated, through Moulton, requests that witness be assisted by him, but he would not take any of Beecher's money if he suffered from hunger or thirst; and said that if, directly or indirectly, Moulton communicated to him any of Beecher's money it would break their friendship. Witness' complaint to Wilkeson was that Beecher had been unjust; not that he had not helped him. Witness' relations and feelings towards Beecher, since January 1st, 1871, when he made the apology, down to the time when Beecher's pet church began to put out its right hand and take witness by the throat, were friendly. They were friendly in the sense that we were not in collision with each other, but were not those of friendship. Witness had taken Beecher's apology, and given his word that he would not have him exposed.

Q. Is it your statement that that is an offence for which one man can apologize to another?

A. I know there is a code of honor among gentlemen that a man cannot forgive such an offence, but I cannot see what offence a man cannot forgive, where an apology is made by the person committing to the person against whom it is committed. If a man believes in the Christian religion he ought to. I sometimes forgave and sometimes I did not. I do not know the line of difference.

Q. Is that your handwriting? [Showing a slip of paper on which was written, "H. W. B.—

Grace, mercy and peace. Sunday morning. T. T.]

A. I remember that one morning Mr. Beecher met me in the street and told me how much pleasure it gave him. I have sent kindlier things than that to him.

Q. Did you feel as you spoke?

A. I did. Mr. Moulton said two or three times, "Mr. Beecher is in great depression; can't you do something to cheer him?" One morning I walked to the church with him, and in many circumstances I manifested feelings of kindness towards him. It would be a lie for me to say that I had a warm friendship for Beecher, and that I felt as kindly to him as if the offence had not been committed. If I had been a man in a really great spirit, I would have blotted it out, and trodden it under foot; I was compelled to forgive in a large degree; I forgave him in my best moods, but at other times I did not; I am not a very large man.

In reply to an inquiry whether Mrs. Woodhull came frequently to his house, and whether his wife did not protest against her presence there, witness said Mrs. Woodhull was three times at his house—once to meet Mr. Beecher; Mr. Moulton made that interview; it must have been in 1871 or 1872; Mrs. Woodhull and her husband came; witness' wife expressed indignation against the woman; he told her Mrs. Woodhull was too dangerous a woman, and that too much of the welfare of the family depended on her; he told

his wife the way to get along with her, and to prevent this coming out, was to keep friendly with her; it was a fatal policy, but then it seemed the only thing they could do; the mistake was in not being friendly with Blood, instead of Mrs. Woodhull; that was the blunder; his wife always felt that the policy was a mistaken one of trying to do anything with Mrs. Woodhull; she objected violently to his writing the sketch of Woodhull; he sold a part of it to her; Woodhull's husband wrote a biography, and wanted witness to rewrite it, because his style was more vivid; witness' wife said she thought he would rue the day; she was far wiser than he was.

Q. When you say that "in December, 1870, differences arose between Theodore Tilton and Henry C. Bowen, which were augmented by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, in consequence whereof, and at the wish of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, expressed in writing in a paper put into the hands of Mr. F. D. Moulton," why do you say that it was in consequence of that difficulty being augmented by Mr. and Mrs. Beecher that this was written or that the writing was made?

A. Elizabeth saw that Mr. Bowen and I were in collision. She was afraid that the collision would extend to Mr. Beecher and me, and she wished me, if possible, to make peace with him; that peace could be brought about only by his knowing what I knew of his relations with Mrs.

Tilton, and therefore she wrote a warmly, kindly letter to him; I do not remember the phraseology; I remember only one phrase, peculiarly hers; she said "she loved her husband with her maiden flame." Mr. Moulton will probably recall the whole phraseology.

Q. What was the substance of the letter?

A. I do not recollect; the letter was returned to her; whether she has it or not I do not know; the object of the letter was to make peace; she felt that if Mr. Beecher and I could be reconciled, she herself and I would be more reconciled; there was a sort of a mountain of clouds overcoming us.

Q. Who had reported to her the fact that your difficulty was being augmented by Mr. and Mrs. Beecher?

A. I do not know; she reported it to me; it was through her that I learned that Mrs. Beecher was interfering with my affairs; it was through Mrs. Tilton that I learned of Mrs. Beecher's antagonism to me; I do not think Mr. Beecher was so largely involved in it as his wife was.

Q. Had you known of Mrs. Beecher's interference with your affairs prior to that?

A. I cannot say with my affairs; not with my business affairs, but with my domestic affairs, as I recollect. Elizabeth went sometimes to the Health Lift, and Mrs. Beecher came there and saw her one day.

Q. What day was that?

A. I do not know; Mrs. Beecher, through Mrs.

Morse, got the idea that I was Mr. Beecher's enemy, and therefore Mrs. Beecher was very violently my enemy; Mrs. Beecher being my enemy, and feeling that I was bent on battle against her husband, sought to make an alliance with Elizabeth, and, as I understand, wanted Elizabeth to leave me and part company, and she said she would not do it; the trouble having hinged on the fact that Elizabeth had made to me and Mrs. Morse a confession, but had not told Mr. Beecher that she had done so, I said that there was only one way out of the difficulty, and that way Mr. Beecher must know. Witness was asked if he had his wife's letters with him. He said "No;" he was perfectly willing to carry them before any judge or in the presence of some outside parties, but would refuse to hand them to the committee alone. They were six gentlemen determined, if possible, not to find the facts, but to vindicate Mr. Beecher, and if he should hand over Mr. Beecher's apology, perhaps they would not return it to him. Though he did not mean to make that implication, he did not intend to give them that chance.

The committee and counsel protested against the implication. To a question as to his wife's devotion and purity of life, he said she was pure, unless a technical meaning was applied to the word purity; she was made a victim, and was not to blame; she sought consolation of her pastor, and he took advantage of her orthodox views to make them the net and mesh in which he ensnared

her, and for which witness held him in a contempt which no English words could describe.

Q. Was not she [Mrs. Tilton] disturbed at any suggestion of impropriety?

A. She was particularly so, and she is more sorry than ever, because in her early days such a thought was never in her mind, but when it had passed through her experience it came out with this contrition; that is the truth of this case; she never ought to have been taken away from her house; you, gentlemen, did it; you did it, Mr. Tracy: "thou art the man."

Q. When did you first bring your wife's attention to the fact that you feared there was something wrong?

A. It must have been during the early years we lived in our present home—about 1862; never spoke of it afterwards, because Elizabeth blotted out the idea of wrong at the time; I was very young and utterly unsuspicious when I spoke to her about it; she was a little confused, and denied it; afterwards she said it was so, but that she said, "You must not do that;" her reverence of Beecher prevented me from speaking to him about it, or to any one else; Beecher and Mrs. Tilton were sitting on the floor with the pictures; don't remember whether I was sitting with them or not, it is so long ago; the improper caress I saw with my own eyes; Beecher did not look at me at first; he did not know I noticed it; she may have been sitting on a stool and he on the floor.

Q. Were you where he could see you?

A. He was looking at the pictures.

Q. If he had looked up, would he have seen you?

A. Yes.

Q. What part of her person did he touch?

A. Her ankle and lower limb.

Q. Not above the knee?

A. No.

Q. Was it done slyly?

A. Yes; very slyly. With his right or left arm under her dress. My impression is that it was by the accidental bringing up of her dress that I saw his hand on her ankle.

Q. You were in doubt whether the act was intentional or accidental?

A. It was merely a suspicion.

The committee then proceeded to examine Tilton about the bed-room scene. He did not know the year; it was a good while ago; before the leg scene, and while they were living in Livingston street. He remembered the room identified by a picture; it was the left-hand room in the second story; I knocked at the door; Elizabeth came; I was surprised that the door was locked, and she was surprised at finding me; Beecher was sitting in a red plush rocking-chair, with his vest unbuttoned; his face colored like a rose when I saw him.

Q. The explanation was satisfactory to you on that occasion?

A. Entirely so; I should have thought nothing of it had I not wondered at the door being locked; the room was a bed-room, connected with a sitting-room by sliding doors, and both rooms opened into the hall.

Q. May they not have gone into the sitting-room from the hall, and thence into the bedroom?

A. I will give them the benefit of the doubt.

Q. What was the explanation given which you found satisfactory?

A. Annoyance of children. My wife said her own and the neighbors' children were making a noise; she wanted a quiet talk with Mr. Beecher, and so locked herself in.

Q. That satisfied you?

A. Yes; it was entirely reasonable.

Q. Were the sliding-doors open?

A. They were shut.

Q. Was the hall door opened immediately?

A. Yea.

In answer to further questions, Tilton said he never regarded the circumstance as evidence of wrong; the explanation blotted it from his remembrance, but he had since mentioned it, because circumstances arose which made him feel that her explanation of both circumstances was untrue; he first mentioned it, he thought, to his mother; never thought there was any wrong in it until in the light of subsequent events he would

not say there was anything wrong in it now; Elizabeth always denied stoutly any wrong.

Q. You say for a year after what you state as Mrs. Tilton's confession, she insisted to you that she had not violated her marriage vow?

A. Yes. Elizabeth was in a sort of vaporous cloud. She was between daylight and dark. She could not see it was wrong. She maintained to her mother in my presence that she had done no wrong. She cannot bear to do wrong. A sense of having done wrong is enough to crush her. She naturally seeks for her own peace a conscientious verdict. She never would have had those relations if she had supposed at the time they were wrong. Elizabeth never does anything that at the time seems wrong; for such a large moral nature there is a lack of a certain balance and equipoise.

Q. Do you say that she did or did not insist that she had violated her marriage vow?

A. She always said it never seemed to her wrong, and "Theodore, I do not now see that I have wronged you."

Q. What do you understand by her arguing "to love is praiseworthy, but the abuse of love is sin?"

A. I rather think she meant carrying love to great extent.

Q. Would not that include relations?

A. Yes.

Q. Then you understand her as early as 1868

as saying that the abuse of the gift of love by adultery would be a sin?

A. Yes.

Q. Such a character would not excite the thought of jealousy as to her?

A. Not the slightest! I never had the slightest feeling of jealousy in regard to her; there was a time when I felt that Beecher was using his influence greatly over her.

Q. To control her in her domestic relations with you?

A. No; but to win her; he was always trying to get her to say she loved him better than she did me.

Q. She never would say it?

A. I don't think she ever did; she loved his religious views; she loved him as an evangelical minister, but I don't think, on the whole, he was as much to her as I was.

Tilton next testified to the letter written by his wife to Beecher in reference to the retraction. What struck him in that business as so damnable in Beecher was, that after coming and confessing to himself and Moulton his criminal relations with Mrs. Tilton, and then going round the corner to see her, he should have come back in half an hour expressing his absolute heart-brokenness, whereas he had in his pocket this retraction from her; it was damnable and nefarious; when he saw Beecher at Moulton's house, he (Tilton) locked the door and narrated Elizabeth's confession; it was a long

one, and it would have been indelicate to touch it with more elaboration than he had; he did not wish to be questioned about it; it was a long story; the retraction was returned to him through Moulton, and is now in Moulton's safe, but he (Tilton) had a copy of it; the letter of apology is in Moulton's handwriting, except the last line and signature; if he (witness) had been present at the time, it would never have been written.

Q. The scandal would have died out long ago, would it not? It has only been kept alive by your writings.

A. I have acted like a fool, I admit.

Mr. Tracy. We all concede that, and it is not necessary to call witnesses to prove it.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. BEECHER'S NARRATIVE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—In my statement addressed to the public on the 22d of July last, I gave an explicit, comprehensive and solemn denial to the charges made by Theodore Tilton against me. That denial I now repeat and reaffirm. I also stated in my communication that I should appear before your committee with a more detailed statement and explanation of facts. For this the time has now come.

Four years ago Theodore Tilton fell from one of the proudest editorial chairs in America, where he represented the cause of religion, humanity and patriotism, and in a few months thereafter became the associate and representative of Victoria Woodhull, and a friend of her strange cause. By his follies he was bankrupt in reputation, in occupation and in resources. The interior history of which I am now to give a brief outline, is the history of the attempt to so employ me as to reinstate him in business, restore his reputation, and place him again on the eminence from which he fell. It is a sad history, to the full meaning of which I have but recently awakened. Entailed in the wilderness of complications, I have followed until late a false theory and a delusive hope, believing that the friend who assured me of his

determination and ability to control the passionate vagaries of Mr. Tilton, to restore his household, to rebuild his fortunes, and to vindicate me, would be equal to that promise; his self-confessed failure has made clear to me what for a long time I did not suspect, the real motive of Mr. Tilton. My narration does not represent a single standpoint only as regards my opinion of Theodore Tilton. It begins with my cordial intimacy with him in his earlier career. It shows my lamentation and sorrowful, but hopeful, affection for him during the period of his initial wanderings from truth and virtue. It describes my repentance over evils befalling him, of which I was made to believe myself the cause; my persevering and friendly despairing efforts to save him and his family by any sacrifice of myself not absolutely dishonorable, and my growing conviction that his perpetual follies and blunders rendered his recovery impossible. I can now see that he is and has been from the beginning of this difficulty a selfish and reckless schemer, pursuing a plan of mingled good and hatred, and weaving about me a network of suspicions, misunderstandings, plots and lies, to which my own innocent words and acts, nay, even my thoughts of kindness towards him, have been made to contribute. These successive views towards him must be kept in view to explain my course through the last four years. That I was blind so long as to the real motive of the intrigue going on around me, was due partly to my own

overwhelming public engagements, partly to my complete surrender of this affair and all papers and questions connected with it to the hands of Mr. Moulton, who was intensely confident that he could manage it successfully. I suffered much, I inquired little. Mr. Moulton was chary to me of Mr. Tilton's confidences to him, reporting to me occasionally, in a general way, Mr. Tilton's words and outbreaks of passion only as elements of trouble which he was able to control, and as additional proofs of the wisdom of leaving it to him. His command of the situation seemed to me at the time complete, immersed, as I was in incessant cares and duties, and only glad to be relieved from considering the details of the wretched complications, the origin and fact of which remains, in spite of all friendly intervention, a perpetual burden to my soul. I would not read in the papers about it. I made Mr. Moulton, for a long period, my confidant and my only channel of information. From time to time suspicions were aroused in me by indications that Tilton was acting the part of an enemy, but my suspicions were rapidly allayed by his own behavior towards me in other moods, and by the assurances of Moulton, who ascribed the circumstances to misunderstanding or malice on the part of others. It is plain to me now that it was not until Tilton had fallen into disgrace and lost his salary, that he thought it necessary to assail me with charges which he pretended to have had in mind for six months. The domestic

offence which he alleged was very quickly put aside, yet in such a way as to keep my feelings stirred up in order that I might, through my friends, be used to extract from Mr. Bowen \$7000, the amount of the claim in dispute between them. The check for that sum in hand, Tilton signed an agreement of peace and concord, not drawn by me, but accepted by me as sincere. The *Golden Age* had been started, he had capital to carry it on for a while. He was sure that he was to head a great social revolution. With returning prosperity he had apparently no griefs which could not be covered by his signature to the articles of peace, yet the changes in that covenant made by him before signing it, and represented to me as necessary merely to relieve him from the imputation of having originated and circulated certain old and shameless slanders about me, were really made, as now appears, to leave him free for future operations upon me and against me. So long as he was or thought he was on the road to new success, his conduct toward me was as friendly as he knew how to make it. His assumption of superiority, magnanimity and patronizing manners were trifles at which I could afford to smile, and which I bore with greater humility since I still retained the profound impression made upon me as explained in the following narrative: That I had been the cause of overwhelming disaster to him, and that his complete restoration to public standing and household happiness was a repara-

tion justly required of me, and the only one which I could make. But with his peculiar genius for blunders, he fell almost at every step into new complications and difficulties, and in every such instance it was his policy to bring coercion to bear upon my honor and my innocence and affections, for the purpose of procuring his extrication at my expense. Theodore Tilton knew me well. He said again and again to his friends, that if they wished to gain any influence over me they must work on the sympathetic side of my nature. To this he has addressed himself steadily for four years, using as a lever without scruple my attachment to my friends, to my family, to his own household, and even my old affection for himself. Not blind to his faults, but resolved to look on him as favorably and hopefully as possible, and ignorant of his deeper malice, I labored earnestly, even desperately, for his salvation. For four years I have been trying to feed the insatiable egotism—to make the man as he conceived himself to be, to restore to prosperity and public confidence one who in the midst of my efforts in his behalf patronized disreputable people and doctrines, refused when I besought him to separate himself from them, and ascribed to my agency the increasing ruin which he was persistently bringing upon himself, and which I was doing my utmost to avert. It was hard to do anything for such a man. I might as well have tried to fill a sieve with water. In the latter stages of the history he

actually incited and created difficulties apparently for no other purpose than to drive me to fresh exertions. I refused to endorse his wild views and associations.

The best I could do was to speak well of him, mention those good qualities and abilities which I still believed him to possess in his higher moods, and keeping silence concerning the evil things which I was assured and believed had been greatly exaggerated by public report. I would not think him so bad as my friends did. I trusted to the germs of good which I thought still lived in him.

Moulton came to me at first as a schoolmate and friend of Tilton, determined to reinstate him, I always suspected, without regard to my interests; but on further acquaintance with me, undertook and promised to serve his friend without doing wrong to me. He said he saw clearly how that was to be done so as to restore peace and harmony to Tilton's home, and bring a happy end of all misunderstandings. Many things which he counselled I absolutely refused, but I never doubted his professed friendship for me after the friendship had grown up between us, and whatever he wished me to do I did, unless it seemed to me wrong. My confidence in him was the only element that seemed secure in that confusion of tormenting perplexities. To him I wrote freely in this troublous time, in which I felt that secret machinations were going on around me, and

echoes of violent slanders concerning me were heard in unexpected quarters. When some of my near relatives were set against me, and the tattle of a crowd of malicious women, hostile to me on other grounds, was borne to my ears; when I had lost the last remnant of faith in Theodore or hope for him; when I heard with unspeakable remorse that everything I had done to stay his destruction had made matters worse and worse; that my attempt to keep him from public trial (involving such a flow of scandal as has been let loose) had been used by him to bring up new troubles; that his unhappy wife was, under his dictation, signing papers and recantations, and I know not what; that, in short, everything was breaking up, and the destruction from which I had sought to save his family was likely to be emptied on other families, the church and the community, with infinite horrors of woe for me; that my own innocence was buried under heaps and heaps of rubbish, and nobody but my professed friend (if even he) could save us, to his assurances that he could still do so, I gave at least so much faith as to maintain under these terrible trials the silence which he enjoined. Not until Tilton, having attempted through Frank Carpenter to raise money from my friends, openly assailed me in a letter to Dr. Bacon, did I break that silence, save by a simple denial of slanderous rumors against me a year before.

When, on the appearance of the first open attack from Tilton, I immediately, without consult-

ing Moulton, called for a thorough investigation with a committee of my church, I am not responsible for the delay, the publicity, or the details of that investigation. All the harm which I have so long desired, and have so earnestly striven, to avoid, has come to pass. I could not further prevent it without a full surrender of honor and truth. The time has arrived when I can speak fully in vindication of myself. I labor under great disadvantages in making a statement. My memory of states of the mind is clear and tenacious; better than my memory of dates and details. During four troubled years, in all of which I have been singularly burdened with public labor, having established and conducted the *Christian Union*, delivered courses of lectures, preached before the Theological Seminary of Yale College, written the "Life of Christ," delivered each winter lyceum lectures in all the North and West—all these duties, with the care of the great church and its outlying schools and chapels and miscellaneous business, which falls upon a clergyman more than upon any other public man, I have kept in regard, and now, with the necessity of explaining actions and letters resulting from complex influences, apparent at the time, I find myself in a position where I know my innocence, without being able to protest with detailed explanations. I am one upon whom trouble works inwardly, making me outwardly silent, but the reverberations in the chambers of my soul, and,

when at length I do speak, it is a pent-up flood and pours without measure or moderation. I inherit a tendency to sadness, the remains in me of positive hypochondria in my father and grandfather, and in certain moods of reaction the world becomes black, and I see very despairingly.

If I were in such moods to speak as I feel, I should give false colors and exaggerated proportions to everything. This manifestation is in such contrast to the hopefulness and courage I experienced in ordinary times, that none but those intimate with me would suspect me, so full of overflowing spirit and eager gladness, to have within me a care or gloom. Some of my letters to Mr. Moulton reflect this morbid feeling. He understood it, and at times earnestly reproved me for indulging it. With this preliminary review I proceed to my narrative.

Mr. Tilton was first known to me as the reporter of my sermons. He was then a youth just from school, and working on the *New York Observer*, and from this paper he passed to the *Independent* and became a great favorite with Mr. Bowen. When, about 1861, Drs. Bacon, Storrs, and Thompson resigned their places, I became editor of the *Independent*, to which I had been from its start a contributor. One of the inducements held out to me was that Tilton should be made assistant, and relieve me wholly from the routine of the office-work. In this relation I became very much attached to him. We used to

stroll to the galleries and print-shops and dined often together. His mind was opening freshly and with enthusiasm. Upon all questions I used to pour out my ideas of civil affairs, public policy, religion, and philanthropy. Of this he often spoke with grateful appreciation, and mourned at a later day over its cessation.

August was my vacation month, but my family repaired to my farm in June and July, and remained during September and October, my labors confining me to the city. I took my meals in the families of my friends, and from year to year I became so familiar with their children and houses that I went in and out daily almost as in my own house. Mr. Tilton often alluded to this habit, and urged me to do the same by his house. He would often speak in extravagant terms of his wife's esteem and affection for me. After I began to visit his house, he sought to make it attractive. He urged me to bring my papers down there and use his study to do my writing in, as it was not pleasant to write at the office of the *Independent*. When I went to England in 1863, Tilton took temporary charge of the *Independent*. On my return I paved the way for him to take the sole charge of it, my name remaining for a year, and then he becoming the responsible editor. Friendly relations continued until 1866, when, owing to the violent assaults made upon me by Mr. Tilton in the *Independent*, on account of my Cleveland letter and the temporary discontinuation of the

publication of my sermons in that paper, I broke off my connection with it.

Although Mr. Tilton and I remained personally on good terms, yet there was a coolness between us on all matters of politics. Our social relations were kindly, and as late as 1868, at his request, I sat to Page some fifty times to take my portrait. It was here that I first met and talked with Mr. Moulton, whose wife was a member of the Plymouth Church, though he was not a member nor even a regular attendant. During this whole period I never received from Mr. Tilton or any member of his family the slightest hint that there was any dissatisfaction with my familiar relations to his household. As late, I think, as the winter of 1866, when going upon an extended lecturing tour, he said: "I wish you would look in often and see that my baby is not lonesome, or does not want for anything," or words to that effect. Never, by sign or word, did Mr. Tilton complain of my visits in his family until after he began to fear that the *Independent* would be taken from him, nor did he break out into violence until on the eve of his dispossession from both of these papers, the *Independent* and the *Brooklyn Union*, owned by Mr. Bowen. During these years of intimacy in Mr. Tilton's family, I was treated as a father or elder brother. Children were born and children died. They learned to love me and to frolic with me as if I was one of themselves. I loved them, and I had for Mrs. Tilton a true and

honest regard. She seemed to me as an affectionate mother and devoted wife, looking up to her husband as one far above the common race of men, and turning to me with an artless familiarity and with entire confidence. Childish in appearance, she was childlike in nature, and I would as soon have misconceived confidence of the little girls as the unstudied affection which she showed me. Delicate in health, she was boundless in her sympathy for those in trouble, and labored beyond her strength for the poor. She had charge one time of the married women's class at the Bethel Mission School, and they perfectly worshipped her there.

I gave Mrs. Tilton copies of my works when published. I sometimes sent down from my farm flowers, to be distributed among a dozen or more families, and she occasionally shared. The only present I ever gave her was on my return from Europe, in 1863, when I distributed mementoes of my journey to some fifty or more persons, and to her I gave a small brooch, of little intrinsic value. So far from supposing that my presence and influence was alienating Mrs. Tilton from her family relations, I thought, on the contrary, it was giving her strength, and encouraging her to hold fast upon a man evidently sliding into dangerous associations, and liable to be immersed by unexampled self-conceit. I regarded Mr. Tilton as in a very critical period of his life, and used to think it fortunate that he had good home influences about

him. During the late years of our friendship, Mrs. Tilton spoke very sorrowfully to me about the tendency of her husband to great laxity of doctrine in religion and morals. She gave me to understand that he denied the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and most articles of orthodox faith, while his views in regard to the sanctity of the marriage relation were undergoing constant change in the direction of free love. In the latter part of July, 1870, Mrs. Tilton was sick, and, at her request, I visited her. She seemed much depressed, but gave no hint of any trouble having reference to me. I cheered her as best I could, and prayed with her just before leaving. This was before the trouble broke out in the family. I allude to it because it was the last, and its character has a bearing on the latter part of my story. Concerning all my other visits, it is sufficient to say that at no interview which ever took place between Mrs. Tilton and myself did anything occur which might not have occurred with perfect propriety between brother and sister, father and child, or a man of honor and the wife of his dearest friend, nor had anything ever happened which she or I sought to conceal from her husband.

Some years before any open trouble between Mr. Tilton and myself, his doctrines, as set forth in the leaders of the *Independent*, aroused a storm of indignation among the representative Congregationalists in the West, where the paper was still

very largely supported. It was supposed to be my origin, and I was written to on the subject. In reply I indignantly disclaimed all responsibility for the views expressed by Mr. Tilton. My brother Edward, then living in Illinois, was prominent in the remonstrances addressed to Mr. Bowen concerning the course of his paper under the management of Mr. Tilton. It was understood that Mr. Bowen agreed that, in consequence of proceedings arising out of this remonstrance, to remove Mr. Tilton or suppress his peculiar views, but, instead of that, Theodore seemed firmer in the saddle than before, and his loose notions of marriage and divorce began to be shadowed editorially. This led to the starting of the *Advance* in Chicago, to supersede the *Independent* in the Northwest, and Mr. Bowen was made to feel that Mr. Tilton's management was seriously injuring the business, and Mr. Tilton may have felt that his position was being undermined by opponents of his views, with whom he subsequently pretended to believe I was in league. Vague intimations of his "feeling hard" towards me I ascribed to this misconception. I had in reality taken no step to harm him. After Mr. Tilton's return from the West, in December, 1870, a young girl, whom Mrs. Tilton had taken into the family, educated, and treated like a child (her testimony, I understand, is before the committee), was sent to me with an urgent request that I would visit Mrs. Tilton at her mother's. She said that Mrs. Tilton had left

her home and had gone to her mother's, in consequence of ill treatment of her husband. She gave an account of what she had seen of the cruelty and abuse on the part of her husband that shocked me, and yet, when with a downcast look she said that Mr. Tilton had visited her chamber in the night and sought her consent to his wishes, I immediately visited Mrs. Tilton at her mother's, and received an account of her home life and the despotism of her husband, and of the management of a woman whom he had made housekeeper, which seems like a nightmare. The question was whether she should go back or separate forever from her husband. I asked permission to see them whose judgment in all domestic relations I thought better than my own, and accordingly a second visit was made. The result of this interview was that my wife was extremely indignant toward Mr. Tilton, and declared that no consideration on earth would induce her to remain an hour with a man who had treated her with an hundredth part of such insult and cruelty. I felt as strongly as she did, but I hesitated, as I always do, at giving advice in favor of separation. It was agreed that my wife should give her final advice at another visit, the next day. When ready to go, she wanted a final word, but there was company and the children were present, and I wrote on a sheet of paper: "I incline to think that your view is right, and that a separation and a settlement of support will be wisest, and that in

his present desperate state her presence near him is far more likely to produce hatred than her absence." Mrs. Tilton did not tell me that my presence had anything to do with this trouble, nor did she let me know that on the July previous he had extorted from her a confession of excessive affection for me. On the evening of December 27th, 1870, Mr. Bowen, on his way home, called at my house and handed me a letter from Mr. Tilton. It was, as nearly as I can remember, in the following terms:

HENRY WARD BEECHER:

For reasons which you explicitly know, and which I forbear to state, I demand that you withdraw from the pulpit and quit Brooklyn as a residence.

THEODORE TILTON.

I read it over twice and turned it to Mr. Bowen and said, "This man is crazy." "This is sheer insanity," and other like words. Mr. Bowen professed to be ignorant of its contents, and I handed him the letter to read. We at once fell into conversation about Tilton. He gave me some account of the reasons why he had reduced him from the editorship of the *Independent* to the subordinate position of contributor, viz.: That Tilton's religious and social views were ruining the paper. But he said that as soon as it was known that he had broken with Tilton there came pouring in upon him so many stories of Tilton's private life and

habits that he was overwhelmed, and that he was now considering whether he could consistently retain him in the Brooklyn *Union*, or as chief contributor to the *Independent*. He narrated the story of the affair at Winstead, Conn., some like stories from the Northwest, and charges brought against Tilton in his own office. Without doubt he believed these allegations, and so did I. The other facts previously stated to me seemed full corroboration. We conversed for some time. Mr. Bowen wishing my opinion, it was frankly given. I did not see how he could maintain his friendship with Tilton. The substance of the full conversation was that Tilton's inordinate vanity, his fatal facility for blundering, for which he had a genius, and the ostentatious independence in his own opinions, and general impracticableness, would keep the *Union* at disagreement with the political party for whose service it was published, and added to all the revelations of these promiscuous immoralities, would make his connection with either paper fatal to its interests. I spoke strongly and emphatically under great provocation of his threatening me, and the revelation I had just had concerning his domestic affairs. Mr. Bowen derided the letter of Tilton which he had brought to me, and said earnestly that if trouble came of it, I might rely on his friendship. I learned afterwards that in further quarrels, ending in Tilton's peremptory expulsion from Bowen's service, this conversation was told to Tilton. I believe that Bowen had an

interview and received some further information about Tilton from my wife, to whom I had referred him. Although I have no doubt that Tilton would have lost his place at any rate, I have also no doubt that my influence was decisive, and precipitated his final overthrow. When I came to think it all over, I felt very unhappy at the contemplation of Tilton's impending disaster. I had loved him much, and at one time he seemed like a son to me. My influence had come just at the time of his first unfolding, had had much to do with his early development. I had aided him externally to bring him before the public. We had been together in great controversies of the day until after the war, and our social intercourse had been intimate. It is true that his nature always exaggerated his own excellencies. When he was but a boy he looked up to me with affectionate admiration. After some years he felt himself my equal, and very companionable, and when he had outgrown me, and reached the position of the first man of the age, he was still kind and patronizing. I had always smiled at these weaknesses of vanity, and had believed that larger experience, with some knocks among strong men, and by sorrows that temper the soul, he would yet fulfil a useful and brilliant career. But now all looked dark. He was to be cast forth from his eminent position, and his affairs did not promise that sympathy and strength which makes one's house, as

mine has been, in hours of adversity, a refuge from the storm and a tower of defence.

Besides a generous suffering, I should have had a selfish reason for such if I had dreamt that I was about to become the instrument by whom Tilton meant to fight his way back to the prosperity which he had forfeited. It now appears that on December 29th, 1870, Tilton having learned that I had replied to his threatening letter by expressing such an opinion of him as to set Mr. Bowen finally against him face to face with immediate ruin, extorted from his wife, then suffering from a severe illness, a document criminalizing me, and prepared an elaborate attack upon me.

On Tuesday evening, December 30th, 1870, about 7 o'clock, Mr. Moulton called at my house, and with intense earnestness said: "I wish you to go with me to see Mr. Tilton." I replied that I could not then, as I was just going to my prayer-meeting. In a very positive manner he said: "You must go; somebody else will take care of the meeting."

I went with him, not knowing what trouble agitated him, but vaguely thinking I might now learn the solution of the recent threatening letter. On the way I asked what was the reason of this visit, to which he replied that Tilton would inform me, or words to that effect. On entering his house, Mr. Moulton locked the door, saying something about not being interrupted. He requested

me to go into the front chamber over the parlor. I was under the impression that Tilton was going to pour out upon me his anger for colleaguizing with Bowen, and for the advice of separation given to his wife. I wished Moulton to be with me as a witness, but he insisted that I should go by myself. Tilton received me coldly but calmly. After a word or two, standing in front of me with a memorandum in his hand, he began a set oration.

He charged me, in substance, with acting for a long time in an unfriendly spirit; that I had sought his downfall, and was using my place and influence to undermine him; had spread injurious rumors about him; had advised Bowen to dismiss him, and much more that I cannot remember. He then declared that I had injured him so that his family relations had joined with his mother-in-law in producing discord in his house; had advised a separation; had alienated his wife's affections from him; had led her to love me more than any living being; had corrupted her moral nature, and had taught her to be insincere, lying, and hypocritical, and ended by charging that I had made wicked proposals to her.

Until he reached this I had listened with some contempt. With the last charge he produced a paper purporting to be a certified statement of a previous confession made to him by his wife of her love for me, and that I had made proposals to her of an impure nature. He said that this confession had been made to him in July, six months

previous; that his sense of honor and affection would not permit any such document to remain in existence; that he had burned the original, and should now destroy the only copy, and he then tore this paper into small pieces. If I had been shocked at such a statement, I was also utterly thunderstruck when he closed the interview by requesting me to repair at once to his house, where he said Elizabeth was waiting for me, and learn from her lips the truth of his stories so far as they concerned her. This fell like a thunderbolt upon me. Could it be possible that his wife, whom I had regarded as a type of moral goodness, should have made such false and atrocious statements? and yet, if she had not, how would he dare to send to her for confirmation of his charges? I went forth like a street-walker, white clouds flying in the sky. There had been a snow storm, which was breaking away. The winds were out and whistling through the leafless trees, but all this was peace compared to my mind within. I believe that Moulton went with me to the door of Tilton's house. The housekeeper, the same woman of whom Tilton has complained, seemed to have been instructed by him, for she evidently expected me, and showed me at once to Mrs. Tilton's room. Mrs. Tilton lay upon her bed, white as marble, with closed eyes, as in a trance, with her hands upon her bosom, palm to palm, like one in prayer. As I look back at it, the picture is like some forms carved on monuments I had seen in Europe.



MRS. ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

She made no motion, and gave no sign of recognition of my presence. I sat down near her and said: "Elizabeth, Theodore has been making very serious charges against me, and sent me to you for confirmation." She made no reply or sign, yet it was plain that she was conscious and listening. I repeated some of his statements; that I had brought discord to the family; had alienated her from him; had sought to break up the family; had usurped his influence; and then, as well as I could, I added that he said that I had made improper suggestions to her, and that she had admitted this fact to him last July. I said: "Elizabeth, have you made such statements to him?" She made no answer. I repeated the question. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she very slightly bowed her head in acquiescence. I said: "You cannot mean that you stated all that he has charged?" She opened her eyes and began in a slow and feeble way to explain how sick she had been; how wearied out with importunity; that he had confessed his own alien loves, and said that he could not bear to think that she was better than he; that she might win him to reformation if she would confess that she had loved me more than him, and that they would repent and go on with future concord. I cannot give her language, but only the tenor of her representations. I received them impatiently. I spoke to her, in the shortest language, of her course. I said to her, "Have I ever made any improper advances to you?" She said, "No."

"Then," I asked, "why did you say so to your husband?" She seemed deeply distressed. "My friend" (by that designation she almost always called me), "I am sorry, but I could not help it. What can I do?" I told her she could state in writing what she had now told me. She beckoned for her writing material, which I handed her from the secretary standing near by, and she sat up in bed and wrote a brief counter-statement. In a sort of postscript she denied explicitly that I had ever offered any improper solicitation to her, that being the only charge made against me by Tilton, and the statement about the confession which he had read to me. I dreamed of no worse charge at that time; that was horrible enough.

The mere thought that he could make it, and could have extorted any evidence on which to base it, was enough to take away my senses; neither my consciousness of its utter falsehood, nor Mrs. Tilton's retraction of her part in it, could remove the shock from my heart and head. Indeed her admission to me that she had stated, under any circumstances, to her husband so wicked a falsehood, was the crowning blow of all. It seemed to me as if she was going to die, that her mind was overthrown, and that I was in some dreadful way mixed up in it, and might be left by her death with this terrible accusation hanging over me. I returned like one in a dream to Mr. Moulton's house, where I said very little, and soon went home. It has been said that I confessed guilt and

expressed remorse. This is utterly false. Is it likely that with Mrs. Tilton's retraction in my pocket, I should have thus stultified myself?

On the next day, in the evening, Mr. Moulton called at my house, and came up into my bedroom. He said that Mrs. Tilton, on her husband's return to her after our interview, had informed him what she had done, and that I had her retraction. Mr. Moulton expostulated with me, and said that the retraction under these circumstances would not mend matters, but only awaken fresh discord between husband and wife, and do great injury to Mrs. Tilton without helping me. "Mrs. Tilton," he said, "had already recanted in writing the retraction made to me, and of course there might be no end to these contradictions." Meanwhile, Mr. Tilton had destroyed his wife's letter acknowledging the confession, and Mr. Moulton claimed that I had taken a mean advantage, and made a dishonorable use of Tilton's request that I should visit her, in obtaining from her a written contradiction to a document not in existence. He said that all difficulties could be settled without such papers, and that I ought to give it up. He was under a great excitement. He made no verbal threats, but he opened his overcoat and with some emphatic remark showed a pistol, which afterwards he took out and left on the bureau near which he stood. I gave the paper to him, and after a few moments' talk he left.

No longer responsible for her acts, my soul went

out to her in pity. I blamed myself for want of prudence and foresight, for I thought that all this had been the result of her undue affection for me. I had a profound feeling that I would bear any blame and take any punishment if that poor child could only emerge from this cloud, and be put back into the happiness from which I had been, I thought, if not the cause, yet the occasion of withdrawing her. If my own daughter had been in a similar case, my grief at her calamity could scarcely have been greater. Moreover, from the anger and fury of Tilton, I apprehended that this charge made by him, and supported by the accusation of his wife, was to be at once publicly pressed against me, and if it was, I had nothing but my simple word of denial to interpose against it. In my then morbid condition of mind, I thought that this charge, although entirely untrue, might result in great disaster, if not absolute ruin. The great interests which were entirely dependent upon me, the church which I had built up, the book which I was writing, my own immediate family, my brother's name, now engaged in the ministry, my sisters, the name which I had hoped might live after me, and be of some slight degree a source of some strength and encouragement to those who should know me, and above all, the cause for which I had devoted my life, seemed imperilled. It seemed to me that my life work was to end absolutely and in disaster. My earnest desire to avoid a public accusation, and the evils which must ne-

cessarily flow from it, and which now have resulted from it, have been one of the leading motives that must explain my actions during those three or four years with reference to this matter. Within a day or two after this Mr. Moulton made me the third visit, and this time repaired to my study in the third story of my house.

Before speaking of this interview, it is with regret that I should allude to the suffering through which I had gone during the previous days, the cause of which was the strange change in Mrs. Tilton. Nothing had seemed to me more certain during all my acquaintance with her than that she was singularly simple, truthful, and honorable. Deceit seemed absolutely foreign to her nature, and yet she had stated to her husband these strange and awful falsehoods. She had not, when daily I called and prayed with her, given the slightest hint, I will not say of such accusations, but not even that there was any serious family difficulty. She had suddenly, in December, called me and my wife to consultation to a possible separation from her husband, still leaving me ignorant that she had just put into his hands a weapon against me. I was bewildered with the consciousness of a saintly woman communicating a very needless treachery of her friend and pastor. I did not for a moment feel, however, that she was to blame entirely, as it would be thought he supposed; that she had been overborne by sickness, and shattered in mind until she scarcely knew what she did, and it was in

such a sore and distressing condition that Moulton found me. His manner was kind and conciliatory. He seemed, however, to be convinced that I had been seeking Tilton's downfall, that I had leagued with Bowen against him, and that I had by my advice come near destroying his family.

I did not need any argument or persuasion to induce me to do and say anything which would remedy the injury of which I then believed I had certainly been the occasion, if not the active cause; but Moulton urged that having wronged him so—the wrong, meant his means of support suddenly taken away, his reputation gone, his family destroyed, and that I had done it. He assured me of his own knowledge that the stories which I had heard of Mr. Tilton's impurities of life, and which I had believed, and repeated to Mr. Bowen, were all false, and that Tilton had always been faithful to his wife. I was persuaded into the belief of what he said, and felt convicted of slander in its meanest form. He drew a picture of Tilton wronged in reputation, in position, in purse, and shattered in his family, where he would otherwise have found refuge, and at the same time looking upon me out of his deep distress, while I, abounding in friends, most popular, and with ample means. He drew that picture. My prosperity overflowing and abounding, and Tilton's utter degradation. I was most intensely excited indeed. I felt that my mind was in danger of giving way. I walked up and down the room pouring forth my

heart in the most terrible unrest, amid grief and bitterness of self-accusation, telling what my ideas were of the obligations of friendship, and of the sacredness of the household, denying, however, any intentional wrong, saying that if I had been the cause, however remotely, of that which I then beheld, I never could forgive myself, and heaping all the blame on my head. The case as it then appeared to my eyes was strongly against me.

My old fellow-worker had been dispossessed of his eminent place and influence, and I had counselled it. His family had well nigh been broken up, and I had advised it. His wife had been long sick and broken in health and body, and I as fully believed I had been the cause of all this wreck by continuing the blind heedlessness and friendship which had beguiled her heart, and had roused her husband into a fury of jealousy, although not caused by any intentional act of mine; and should I coldly defend myself? Should I pour indignation on this lady? Should I hold her up to contempt as having thrust her affections on me unsought?

Should I tread upon the man and his household in their great adversity? I gave vent to my feelings without measure. I disclaimed with the greatest earnestness an intent to harm Theodore in his home or his business, and with inexplicable sorrow I both blamed and defended Mrs. Tilton in one breath.

[What Mr. Beecher says about the letter of contrition is given on page 189.]

By one blow there opened before me a revelation full of anguish, an agonized family, whose inmates had been my friends, greatly beloved. The husband deceived in worldly prospects, the household crumbling to pieces, the woman by long sickness and suffering either corrupted to deceit, as her husband alleged, or so broken in mind as to be irresponsible, and either way it was her enthusiasm for her pastor, as I was made to believe, that was the germ and beginning of the trouble. It was for me to have forestalled and prevented that mischief. My age and experience in the world should have put me more on my guard with the family. But once or twice I went there soon after my reconciliation with Mr. Tilton, and at his request. I particularly remember one scene which took place at his house, when he talked about his wife and me in a very generous mood.

He began by mourning his sorrows, and was very desolate. The future seemed quite dark. After thus impressing me with his great patience, he grew generous, praised me to his wife, saying, that "I had taken upon myself all blame of the past troubles," and honorably exculpated her, and telling me that his wife likewise had behaved very magnanimously, had blamed herself, and declared that I was blameless, and he closed his homily with increasing hope, and then saying that, deep as was his misery, he did not know

but that it would work out in the future more cheerfulness than he had before. I restrained my smile at the absurdity of the thing, well content to have it evaporate so, and even thinking he was generous in his way. This seemed to me the end of the trouble. With a sensitive and honorable man; who had no ulterior designs to accomplish, it would have been the burial of the difficulty. I supposed Mr. Tilton had given up the idea of intentional wrong on my part, and forgiven my unintentional wrong. I plainly understand now what I did not then suspect, that my trouble of mind was to be kept alive and nourished so that I might be used to act on my friend in securing from Mr. Bowen the money which Tilton claimed to be due as compensation for his expulsion from the two newspapers. I could not at that time tell it was true of all the considerations urged upon me by Tilton and Mr. Moulton. There was a gulf before which lay those who had been warm friends, and they alleged that I had helped to plunge them therein. That seemed enough to fill my soul with sorrow and anguish. No mother who has lost a child but will understand the wild self-accusation.

The grief produced in Mrs. Tilton was against all reason. Blaming herself for what things she did not do and for what she neglected to do, and charging upon herself her neglect or heedlessness the death of the child, while ordinarily every one knows that she has worn herself out with assid-

unities. Soon after this, I met Mr. Tilton at Mr. Moulton's house; either Mr. Moulton was sick, or was very late in rising, for he was in bed. The subject of my feelings and conduct toward Tilton was introduced. I made a statement of the motives under which I had acted in counselling Bowen of my feelings in regard to Tilton's family, disclaiming with horror the thought of wrong, and expressing my desire to do whatever lay in human power to remedy the evil I had occasioned, and to reconcile his family. Tilton was silent and sullen; he played the part of an injured man, but Moulton said to Tilton with intense emphasis: "That is all that a gentleman can say, and you ought to accept it. It is an honorable basis of reconciliation." This he repeated two or three times, and Tilton's countenance cleared up under Moulton's strong talk. We shook hands and parted in a friendly way. Not very long afterwards, Tilton asked me to his house, and said he should be glad to have the good old times renewed. I do not remember whether I ever took a meal after this under his roof, but I certainly was invited by him to renew my visits as formerly. I never resumed my intimacy.

Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Tilton both strove to obliterate from my mind all belief in the rumors that had been circulated about Mr. Tilton. There was much going on in silencing, explaining, arranging, etc. These I did not understand then

as well as now; but of one thing I was convinced, that Tilton had the highest sense of marital purity, and that he had never strayed from the path of virtue, which preservation he owed, as he told me in a narrative of his life, to a very solemn scene with his father, who, on the eve of his leaving home, pointed out to him the nature of amorous temptations, and the sources of the evils to be dreaded from unlawful practices. He declared that he had always been kept spotless by the memory of that scene. I was glad to believe it true, and felt how hard it was that he should be made to suffer by evil and slanderous foes. I could not explain some testimony which had been laid before me, but I said there is undoubtedly some misunderstanding, and if I knew the whole, I would find Theodore, though with some faults, at heart sound and good. These views I often expressed to intimate friends, in spite of their manifest incredibility, and what in the light of fact I must now call their well-deserved ridicule. Moulton lost no occasion of presenting the kindest views of Tilton's character and conduct.

On the other hand, he claimed that Mrs. Tilton did not trust her husband or him (Moulton), and did not assist him in his great effort to help Theodore. I knew she distrusted Moulton, and felt bitterly hurt by the treatment of her husband. I was urged to use my influence with her to inspire confidence in Moulton, and lead her to take a kind view of Theodore. Accordingly, at

the instance of Moulton, three letters were written on the same day, February 17th, 1871, on one common purpose, to be shown to Mrs. Tilton, and to reconcile her to her husband, and my letter to her of that date was designed to effect the further or collateral purpose of giving her confidence in Moulton. This will be obvious from a reading of his letters. The following is a full text of his letter of this date, from a copy verified by one of your committee, for I have not to this hour been permitted to see the originals, either of them, or any other papers which I had deposited with Moulton for safe-keeping.

I have no recollection of seeing or hearing read the letter of Tilton of the same date. In my letter to Mrs. Tilton I alluded to the fact that I did not expect, when I saw her last, to be alive many days. That statement stands connected with a series of symptoms which I first experienced in 1856. I went through the Fremont campaign, speaking in the open air three hours at a time, three days in a week. On renewing my literary labors, I felt that I must have given away, and I very seriously thought that I was going to have apoplexy or paralysis, or something of that kind. On two or three occasions, while preaching, I should have fallen in the pulpit if I had not held on to the table. Very often I came near falling in the streets. During the last fifteen years, I have gone into the pulpit, I suppose, a number of times with a very strong impression

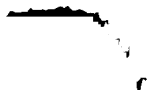
that I never should come out of it alive. I have preached more sermons than any human being would believe. Reading and lecturing continually, I knew I was likely to be prostrated again. In December, 1870, the sudden shock of these troubles brought again these symptoms in a more violent form. I was very much depressed in mind, and all the more because it was one of those things that I could not say anything about. I was silent with everybody. During the last four years these symptoms had been repeatedly brought on. My intense work was carried forward on the underlying basis of so much sorrow and trouble. My friends will bear witness that in the pulpit I have very frequently alluded to my expectation of sudden death. I feel that I have been more than once already near that stroke that would have killed or paralyzed me, and I carry it with me now, as I have so often carried it in years before this trouble began.

I felt all the while that whatever I had got to say to my people I must say it to them, or I would never have another chance to do so. If I had consulted a physician, his first advice would have been, "You must stop work," but I was in such a situation that I could not stop work. I read the best medical books on my symptoms of nervous prostration and over-work, and formed my own judgment of my case. The three points I marked were, I must have good digestion, good sleep, and I must go on working. These three things were

to be reconciled, and in regard to my diet and stimulants and medicine, I made the most thorough and searching trial, and, as a result, I managed my body so that I could get the most work out of it without substantially impairing it. If I had said a word about this to my family, it would have brought such distress and anxiety on the part of my wife as I could not bear. I have for some years so steadily taxed my mind to the utmost, that there have been periods when I could not afford to have people express even sympathy for me. In 1863, I came again into the same condition, just before going to England, and it was one of the reasons I was willing to go. The war was at its height. I carried my country in my heart. I had the *Independent* in charge and was working.

During the whole of the year 1871, I was kept in a state of suspense and doubt, not only as to the future of the family, for the reunion and happiness of which I had striven so earnestly, but also as to the degree to which I might personally be subject to attack and misconstruction, and trouble be brought into the church, and magnified by publicity. The officers of the church sought to investigate Mr. Tilton's religious views and moral conduct, and on the latter point I had been deceived into the belief that he was not at fault. As to his religious views, I still hoped for a change for the better; and it was proposed to drop him from the list of members for non-attendance, and,

as he asserted to me, his withdrawal. This might have been done, but his wife still attended the church, and she hoped for his restoration. I recollect having with him a conversation, in which he dimly intimated to me that he thought it not unlikely that he might go back into his old position. He seemed to be in a mood to regret the past, and so, when I was urged by the examining committee to take some steps, I said: "I am not without hope that by patience and kindness Mr. Tilton will come back again into his old church-work, and be one of us again." I therefore delayed the decision upon the point for a long time—many of our members were anxious and impatient, and there were many tokens of trouble from this quarter. Meanwhile one of the female-suffrage party had got hold of the story in a distorted and exaggerated form, such as had never been intimated to me by Mr. Tilton and his friends. I did not then suspect what I now know, that these and other false rumors originated with Mr. Tilton himself. I only saw the evil growing instead of diminishing, and perceived that, while I was pledged to silence, and therefore could not speak in my own defence, some one was forever persevering in a falsehood, growing continually in dimensions, and these difficulties were immensely increased by the affiliation of Tilton with the Woodhull clique. In May, 1871, Mrs. Woodhull advertised as forthcoming an article shadowing an account of the disturbance in Tilton's family, but without using



names. It was delayed ostensibly by Tilton's influence with Mrs. Woodhull until November, 1872.

During the suspension of her publication, she became the heroine of Mr. Moulton and Mr. Tilton. She was made welcome to both houses, with the toleration but not the cordial consent of their wives. I heard the most extravagant eulogies upon her. She was presented as a genius, born and reared among rude influences, but only needed to be surrounded by refined society to show a noble and commanding nature. I did not know much about her, and though my impressions were unfavorable, her real character was not then really known to the world. I met her three times. At the first interview she was gracious; at the second she was cold and haughty; but at the third she was angry and threatening, for I had peremptorily refused to preside at the lecture she was about to give at Steinway Hall. The most strenuous efforts had been made by both Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton to induce me to preside at this lecture, and to identify myself publicly with Mrs. Woodhull.

It was represented to me that I need not in so doing expressly give assent to her doctrines, especially with regard to the marriage relations, upon which point she was beginning to be more explicit, in opposition to the views which I in common with all Christian men entertained; but it was plausibly urged that I could preside at her lecture,

and introduce her upon the simple ground of advocating free speech and liberty of debate; but as I understood that she was about to avow doctrines which I abhor, I would not be induced by their plausible arguments to give her public countenance, and after continuing to urge me up to the very day of the meeting, without any distinct threats, but with the obvious intention that my personal safety would be better secured by taking their advice.

Mr. Tilton himself went over to New York and presided at the meeting, where Mrs. Woodhull gave vent, as I understood, for the first time in public, to a full exposition of her free love doctrines. The very thought that I should have been asked under any circumstances and upon any excuse to preside or be present at such a meeting, was inexpressibly galling to me, whatever might have been the motive of Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton in asking such a thing, as to which I did not at the time have as clear a perception as I now have. The request was, nevertheless, a humiliation. At about the same time, I found that the circle of which Mrs. Woodhull formed a part, was the centre of a loathsome scandal, perpetuated with greedy and unclean appetite for everything that was foul and vile.

The moment that any one, whether man or woman, became noted as a reformer, or attained any degree of eminence among the advocates of liberal sentiments, it seemed as if those who claimed a

monopoly of reform selected such persons as special victims of charges and filthy slanders. I was by no means the only clergyman who was made the text for private gossip, while it seemed as if no woman of any distinction in the land was left out of their pool of scandal. All the history of their past lives, and even the graves of their friends, was raked over to furnish materials and pretexts for their loathsome falsehoods. It was inexpressibly disgusting to me, and I could not associate with these people. Yet Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton had some strange theory concerning the management of this particular affair, which always, in their judgment, was necessary for them to maintain the most friendly relations with the group of human hyenas. From this circle, and from Mr. Tilton's intimate association with it, many rumors and suspicions arose among my own congregation, which led them to press me with questions, and originate investigations especially into the affairs of Mr. Tilton, from whom alone they generally believed the rumors against me originated. In this I was constantly and vehemently assured by Mr. Moulton that they were mistaken, and yet their zeal in my defence made them impatient of my silence and anxious to deal in a summary way with Mr. Tilton. Had I allowed them to do this, it was obvious that Mr. Tilton would have been greatly enraged; that all his former unjust suspicions of me would have been confirmed, and that he would have had every motive which was neces-

sary to induce him to break up the peace between us, and to make such a public attack upon me as he has finally made.

I have no knowledge of Tilton's friendship for Victoria Woodhull other than that which the public already has—that he manifested his admiration for her publicly, that he wrote her biography, and that he presided at her Steinway Hall lecture. I mention it only because by this he aroused against himself great indignation and odium. The winter following, 1871-72, Mr. Tilton returned from the lecture field in despair. Engagements had been cancelled and invitations withdrawn, and he spoke of the prejudice and repugnance with which he was everywhere met as indescribable. I urged him to make a prompt repudiation of these women and their doctrines. I told him that no man could rise against public confidence with such a load. Tilton's vanity seldom allows him to regard himself as in the wrong. Instead of this he preferred to think that I was wrong in my inferences against him; that I was allowing him to be traduced without coming generously to the front to defend him, and that my friends were working against him, to which I replied that, unless the laws of mind were changed, not Almighty God himself could lift him into favor if these women must be lifted with him. Nevertheless, I sought in every way to restore peace and concord to a family which I was made

to feel had been injured by me and was dependent on my influence for recovery.

But one thing was constant and apparent—when Theodore, by lecturing or otherwise, was prosperous, he was very genial and affectionate to me. Whenever he met rebuffs, and was in pecuniary trouble, he scowled threateningly upon me as the author of his troubles, and Moulton himself seemed at times to accuse me of indifference to Tilton's misfortunes. It was in the midst of complications like these, though it may be that a part of these events happened shortly afterwards, that in a thoroughly worried and depressed mood, discouraged by the apparent helplessness of extricating Tilton from his difficulties, or of saving his family from the blight which he has since fastened upon it with even more destructive effect upon its members than I then feared, I wrote a letter to Mr. Moulton, of which Mr. Tilton has given extracts even more wickedly garbled than his other quotations; for he has represented two extracts from this letter as constituting points of two separate letters, and has artfully given the impression that they were written on or after June, 1873, whereas this letter was dated February 5th, 1872. He further says that this letter was written for the purpose of being shown to him. I had no idea of such a thing being done, as the letter shows plainly enough on its face, and did not authorize any such use of that letter, which was supposed by me to be

written and received in the most sacred confidence. This letter was as follows, as "I am now informed." An inspection of the original would doubtless refresh my memory concerning the circumstances; but this Mr. Moulton denies me.

BEECHER TO MOULTON.

MONDAY, Feb. 5, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I leave town to-day, and expect to pass through from Philadelphia to New Haven; shall not be here until Friday.

About three weeks ago I met T. in the cars going to B—. He was kind. We talked much. At the end he told me to go on with my work without the least anxiety, in so far as his feelings and actions were the occasion of apprehension.

On returning home from New Haven (where I am three days in the week delivering a course of lectures to the theological students), I found a note from E. saying that T. felt hard towards me, and was going to see or write me before leaving for the West. She kindly added:—"Do not be cast down. I bear this almost always, but the God in whom we trust will deliver us all safely." "I know you do and are willing abundantly to help him, and I also know your embarrassments." There were added words of warning, but also of consolation, for I believe E. is beloved of God, and that her prayers for me are sooner heard than mine for myself or for her. But it seems that a change has come to T. since I saw him in the cars. In-

deed ever since he felt more intensely the force of feeling in society, and the humiliations which environ his enterprise, he has growingly felt that I had a power to help which I did not develop, and I believe that you have participated in this feeling—it is natural you should. T. is dearer to you than I can be. He is with you. All his trials lie open to your eye daily. But I see you but seldom, and my personal relations, environments, necessities, limitations, dangers, and perplexities, you cannot see or imagine. If I had not gone through this *great year of trouble*, I would not have believed that any one could pass through my experience and be *alive and sane*.

I have been the centre of three distinct circles, each of which required clearmindedness and peculiarly inventive, or originating power, viz. :—

1. The *Great Church*.
2. The *Newspaper*.
3. The *Book*.

The first I could neither get out of nor slight. The sensitiveness of so many of my people would have made any appearance of trouble or any remission of force an occasion of alarm and notice, and have excited where it was important that rumors should die and everything be quieted.

The newspaper I did roll off—doing but little except giving general directions, and in so doing, I was continually spurred and exhorted by those in interest. It could not be helped.

The *Life of Christ*, long delayed, had locked up

the capital of the firm and was likely to sink them—finished it *must* be. Was ever book born of such sorrow as that was? The interior history of it will never be written.

During all this time *you*, literally, were all my *stay and comfort*. I should have fallen on the way but for the courage which you inspired and the hope which you breathed.

My vacation was profitable. I came back, hoping that the bitterness of death was passed. But T.'s trouble brought back the cloud, with even severer suffering. For all this fall and winter I have felt that you did not feel satisfied with me, and that I seemed both to you and Tilton as contenting myself with a cautious or sluggish policy—willing to save myself, but not willing to risk anything for Tilton. I have again and again probed my heart to see whether I was truly liable to such feeling, and the response is unequivocal that I am not.

No man can see the difficulties that environ me, unless he stands where I do. To say that I have a church on my hands is simple enough, but to have the hundreds and thousands of men pressing me, each one with his keen suspicion or anxiety, or zeal; to see tendencies which if not stopped would break out into a ruinous defence of me; to stop them without seeming to do it; to prevent any one questioning me; to meet and allay prejudices against T., which had their beginning years before this; to keep serene, as if I was not alarmed or

disturbed; to be cheerful at home and among friends, when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet, to come up fresh and full for Sunday. All this may be talked about, but the real thing cannot be understood from the outside, nor its wearing and grinding on the nervous system.

God knows that I have put more thought and judgment and earnest desire into my efforts to prepare a way for T. and E., than ever I did for myself a hundred fold!

As to the outside public, I have never lost an opportunity to soften prejudices, to refute falsehoods, and to excite a kindly feeling among all whom I met. I am known among clergymen, public men, and, generally, the makers of public opinion, and I have used every rational endeavor to restrain the evils which have been visited upon T. and with increasing success.

But the roots of this prejudice are long. The catastrophe which precipitated him from his place only disclosed feelings that had existed long. Neither he nor you can be aware of the feelings of classes in society on other grounds than late rumors. I mention this to explain why *I know* with *absolute* certainty that no mere statement, letter, testimony, or affirmation, will reach the root of affairs and reinstate them. Time and work will. But chronic evil requires *chronic remedies*.

If my destruction would place him all right that shall not stand in the way. I am willing to

step down and out. No one can offer more than that; that I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation, if you can clearly see your way to his happiness and safety thereby. *

I do not think that anything would be gained by it. I should be destroyed, but he would not be saved. Elizabeth and the children would have their future clouded.

In one point of view I could desire the sacrifice on my part. Nothing can possibly be so bad as the horror of great darkness, in which I spend much of my time. I look upon death as sweeter-faced than any friend I have in the world. Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered; but to live on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on all the appearances of serenity and happiness, cannot be endured much longer.

I am well nigh discouraged. If you too cease to trust me, to love me, I am alone. I have not another person to whom I could go.

Well, to God I commit all—whatever it may be here, it shall be well there—with sincere gratitude for your heroic friendship, and with sincere affection, even though you love me not.

I am yours (though unknown to you).

H. W. B.

The letter of Mrs. Tilton, which is here partly quoted, is as follows:—

TUESDAY.

I leave for the West Monday next. How glad I was to learn you were your own self Sunday morning! Theodore's mind has been hard towards you of late, and I think he proposes an interview with you by word or note before leaving home. If so, be not cast down. I bear this almost always, but the God in whom we trust *will deliver* us all safely. I know you do, and are willing abundantly to help him, and I also know your embarrassments. I anticipate my Western trip, where I may be alone with him, exceedingly.

ORIGIN OF THE TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT.

I now come in my narrative to give an account of the origin of the somewhat famous tripartite agreement. Shortly after the foregoing letter was written, Mr. Tilton returned to the city thoroughly discouraged with the result of his lecturing tour. The *Golden Age*, which had then been established for about twelve months, had not succeeded, and was understood to be losing money. His pecuniary obligations were pressing, and although his claim against Bowen for the violation of his two contracts, had a year previously been put under the exclusive control of Moulton, with a view of settlement, it had not as yet been effected. About this time Mr. Moulton, who was sick, sent for me and showed me a galley-proof of an article prepared by Mr. Tilton for the *Golden Age* (and which has since been published in the Brooklyn papers), in which

he embodied a copy of a letter written by him to Mr. Bowen, dated January 1st, 1871, in which he charged Mr. Bowen with making scandalous accusations against my moral character. This was the first time that I had ever seen these charges, and I had never heard of them except by mere rumor, Mr. Bowen never having at any time said a word to me on the subject. I was amazed at the proposed publication. I did not then understand the real object of giving circulation to such slanders. My first impression was that Mr. Tilton designed, under cover of an attack upon me in the name of another, to open the way for a publication of his own pretended personal grievances. I protested against the publication in the strongest terms, but was informed that it was not intended as a hostile act to myself, but to Mr. Bowen. I did not any the less insist upon my protest against this publication. On its being shown to Mr. Bowen, he was thoroughly alarmed, and speedily consented to the appointment of arbitrators to bring about an amicable settlement. The result of this proceeding was that Mr. Bowen paid Mr. Tilton over \$7,000, and that a written agreement was entered into by Bowen, Tilton and myself of amnesty, concord and future peace. It was agreed that the offensive article, the publication of which had produced such an effect upon Mr. Bowen, and secured a happy settlement, should be destroyed without seeing the light. It was an act of treachery peculiarly base that this article was permitted to get

into hands which would insure its publication, and that it was published. I was assured that every vestige of it had been destroyed, nor until a comparatively recent period did I understand how Mr. Tilton secured its publication without seeming to be himself responsible for the deed.

Finally, after vainly attempting to obtain money both from myself and my wife as the price of its suppression, the Woodhull women published their version of the Tilton scandal in the November of 1872. The details given by them were so minute, though so distorted, that suspicion was universally directed towards Mr. Tilton as the real author of this which he so justly calls "a wicked and horrible scandal," though it is not a whit more horrible than that which he has now fathered, and not half so wicked, because those abandoned women did not have personal knowledge of the falsity of their story, as Mr. Tilton has of his.

MR. TILTON'S OUTBREAKS

To rid himself of this incubus, Mr. Tilton drew up a voluminous paper called "A true statement," but which was familiarly called "Tilton's case." I had some knowledge of its composition, having heard much of it read; but some documents were only referred to as on file, and others had not yet been manufactured. Tilton's furore for compiling statements was one of my familiar annoyances. Moulton used to tell me that the only way to

manage Theodore was to let him work off his periodical passion on some such document, and then to pounce on the document and suppress it. This particular "true statement" was a special plea or abatement of the prejudices excited by his Woodhull partnership. It was a muddle of garbled statements, manufactured documents, and downright falsehoods. This paper I know he read to many, and I am told that he read it to not less than fifty persons, in which he did not pretend to charge immorality upon his wife; on the contrary, he explicitly denied it, and asserted her purity, but charged me with improper overtures to her. It was this paper which he read to Dr. Storrs, and poisoned therewith his mind, thus leading to the attempt to prosecute Tilton in Plymouth Church, the interference of neighboring churches, and the calling of the Congregational Council. After the Woodhull story was published, and while Mr. Tilton seemed really desirous for a short time of protecting his wife, I sent through him the following letter to her:

MY DEAR MRS. TILTON:—I hoped that you would be shielded from the knowledge of the great wrong that has been done to you, and through you to universal womanhood. I can hardly bear to speak of it, or allude to a matter than which nothing can be imagined more painful to a pure and womanly nature. I pray daily for you "that your faith fail not." You, yourself, know the way and the power of prayer. God has

been your refuge in many sorrows before. He will now hide you in His pavilion until the storm be overpast; the rain that beats down the flower to the earth will pass at length, and the stem bent, but not broken, will rise again and blossom as before. Every pure woman on earth will feel that this wanton and unprovoked assault is aimed at you, but reaches to universal womanhood. Meantime your dear children will love you with double tenderness, and Theodore, at whom the shafts are hurled, will hide you in his heart of hearts. I am glad that a revelation from the pit has given him a sight of the danger that has before been hidden by spurious appearances and promises of usefulness. May God keep him in courage in this arduous struggle which he wages against adversity, and bring him out through much trial like gold seven times fired. I have not spoken of myself. No words could express the sharpness and depth of my sorrow in your behalf, my dear and honored friend. God walks in the fire by the side of those He loves, and in Heaven neither you nor Theodore nor I shall regret the discipline, how hard severe it may seem now. May He restrain and turn those poor creatures who have been given over to do all this sorrowful harm to those who have deserved no such treatment at their hands! I commend you to my mother's God, my dear friend! May His smile bring light in darkness, and His love be a perpetual summer to you.

Very truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The whole series of events, beginning with the outbreak of the Woodhull story, repeatedly brought me a terrible accumulation of anxieties and perils. Everything that had threatened before now started up again with new violence. Tilton's behavior was at once inexplicable and uncontrollable. His card "to a complaining friend" did not produce the effect he pretended to expect from it, of convincing the public of his great magnanimity. Then his infamous article and letter to Mr. Bowen made its appearance in the *Eagle*. It had been suggested that the publication of the "tripartite covenant" would have a good effect of counteracting the slanderous stories about Mrs. Tilton and myself, which Theodore professed to regard, but which his foolish card and the publication of that article had done so much to revive and render mischievous. Mr. Moulton urged me to get from the gentlemen who held the "tripartite covenant," a copy of it for us, when suddenly Mr. Wilkeson came out with it on his own responsibility. Its publication in this manner I made strenuous but unavailing efforts to prevent. He had originally kept a copy of it. (Everybody in this business seems to have copies of everything except myself.) On the appearance of that paper Theodore went into a rage. It put him, he said, in a "false position" before the public, and he said he would publish another card giving a statement something like what he afterwards wrote to Dr. Bacon; that is, as I recol-

lect the matter, declaring that I had committed an offence, and that he had been the magnanimous party in the business. It was necessary to decide what to do with him. Moulton strangely urged a card from me exonerating Theodore (as far as I could honestly do) from the authorship of the particular scandals detailed in his article to Mr. Bowen, and alluded to in the covenant.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER EXPLAINED.

I said I would think it over, and perhaps write something. This was Friday or Saturday. The covenant appeared on Friday morning, and the alarm was sounded on me immediately that Theodore would do something dreadful if not restrained. On Sunday I had made up my mind to write to Mr. Moulton the following letter, garbled extracts of which are given in Mr. Tilton's statement:

BEECHER TO MOULTON.

SUNDAY MORNING, June 1, 1873.

MY DEAR FRANK:—The whole earth is tranquil, and the heaven is serener, as befits one who has about finished this world-life.

I could do nothing on Saturday. My head was confused.

But a good sleep has made it like crystal. I have determined to make no more resistance. Theodore's temperament is such that the future even, if temporally earned, would be absolutely worthless, filled with abrupt changes, and render-

ing me liable at any hour or day to be obliged to stultify all the devices by which we saved ourselves.

It is only fair that he should know that the publication of the card which he proposes would leave him far worse than before. *The agreement* was made after my letter through you was written. He had had it a year. He had condoned his wife's fault. He had enjoined upon me with the utmost earnestness and solemnity not to betray his wife, nor leave his children to a blight. I had honestly and earnestly joined in the purpose.

Then this settlement was made and signed by him. It was not my making. He revised his part so that it should wholly suit him and signed it. It stood unquestioned and unblamed for more than a year. *Then it was published.* Nothing but that. That which he did in private, when made public excited him to fury, and he charges me with *making him appear* as one *graciously pardoned by me!* It was his own deliberate act, with which he was perfectly content till others saw it, and then he charges a grievous wrong home on me!

My mind is clear; I am not in haste. I shall write for the public a statement that will bear the light of the judgment day. God will take care of me and mine. When I look on earth, it is deep night. When I look to the heavens above, I see the morning breaking. But, oh that I could put in golden letters my deep sense of your faithful, earnest, undying fidelity—your disinterested friend-

ship! Your noble wife, too, has been one of God's comforters. It is such as she that renews a waning faith in womanhood.

Now, Frank, I would not have you waste any more energy on a hopeless task. With such a man as T. T. there is no possible salvation for any that depend upon him. With a strong nature, he does not know how to govern it. With generous impulses, the undercurrent that rules him is self. With ardent affections, he cannot love long that which does not repay but with admiration and praise. With a strong theatric nature, he is constantly imposed upon with the idea that a position—a great stroke—a *coup d'état*—is the way to success. Besides these, he has a hundred good things about him, but these named traits make him *absolutely unreliable*. Therefore there is no use in further trying. I have a strong feeling upon me, and it brings great peace with it, that I am spending my *last Sunday* and preaching my last sermon. Dear, good God, I thank thee. I am indeed beginning to see rest and triumph. The pain of life is but a moment—the glory of the everlasting emancipation is wordless, inconceivable, full of breaking glory. Oh, my beloved Frank, I shall know you then, and forever hold fellowship with you, and look back and smile at the past.

Your loving

H. W. B.

There are intimations at the beginning and end of this letter that I felt the approach of death.

With regard to that I refer to my previous statement concerning my bodily symptoms, and add, that on this day I felt symptoms upon me. The main point is that I was worried out with the whole business, and would have been glad to escape by death, of which I long had little dread. I could see no end but death to the accumulation of torture, but I resolved to stop short and waste no more time in making matters worse. I felt that Mr. Moulton had better stop, too, and let the whole thing come out. I determined then to make a full and true statement, which I now make, and to leave the result with God. Mr. Tilton had repeatedly urged me, as stated in my letter, not to betray his wife, and I felt bound by every sense of honor, in case I should be pressed by inquiries from my church or family as to the foundations of rumors which might reach them, to keep this promise. By this promise I meant only that I would not betray the excessive affection which his wife, as I had been told, had conceived for me, and had confessed to him. It certainly did not refer to adultery. If there had been such a fact in existence its betrayal would have ruined me as well as her, and a pledge not to destroy myself would have been too absurd to be mentioned in this letter. In reply to this note, which was calm and reserved rather than gloomy, Mr. Tilton wrote that same day a letter of three and a half sheets of copy paper. He began as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—You know I have never

been in sympathy with the mood out of which you have often spoken as you have written this morning. If the truth must be spoken, let it be. I know you can stand if the whole case was published to-morrow, and in my opinion it shows a selfish faith in God."

Having proceeded thus far, Mr. Moulton seems to have perceived that the tone of this letter was rather likely to determine me in my determination to publish the whole case than otherwise; and as this was opposed to the whole line of his policy he crossed out with one dash of the pencil the whole of this, and commenced anew, writing the following letter:

SUNDAY, June 1, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter makes this first Sabbath of summer dark and cold like a vault. You have never inspired me with courage or hope, and if I had listened to you alone my hands would have dropped helpless long ago. You don't begin to be in the danger to-day that has faced you many times before. If you now look it square in the eyes it will cower and slink away again. You know that I have never been in sympathy with, but that I absolutely abhor, the unmanly mood out of which your letter of this morning came. This mood is a reservoir of mildew. *You can stand if the whole case were published to-morrow.* In my opinion it shows only a selfish faith in God to go whining into heaven, if you could, with a truth that you are not courageous enough, with

God's help and faith in God, to try to live on earth. You know that I love you, and because I do I shall try and try and try as in the past. You are mistaken when you say that "Theodore charges you with making him appear as one graciously pardoned by you." He said the form in which it was published in some of the papers made it so appear, and it was from this that he asked relief. I do not think it impossible to frame a letter which will cover the case. May God bless you; I know he will protect you.

FRANK.

(On the back, crossed out.)

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You know I have never been in sympathy with the mood out of which you have often spoken as you have written this morning. I know you can stand if the whole case were published to-morrow, and in my opinion it shows a selfish faith in God to—

MR. MOULTON CAUGHT.

In the haste of writing, Mr. Moulton apparently failed to perceive what he had written. In the first instance, he wrote on one side of a half sheet of paper, and used the clean side of that half sheet for the purpose of the letter which he sent in the shape he had given. But it will be seen that he deliberately, and twice in succession, reaffirmed this main statement, that there was nothing in the whole case on which I could not safely stand. He treats my resolution as born of such morbid

despair as he had often reproached me for, and urged me strongly to maintain my faith in him. Tilton yielded to his persuasion, and graciously allowed himself to be soothed by the publication of a card exonerating him from the authorship of the base lies to which the tripartite covenant referred. So once more, and this time against my calmer judgment, I patched up a hollow peace with him.

That I have grievously erred in judgment with this perplexed case, no one is more conscious than I am. I chose the wrong path, and accepted a disastrous guidance in the beginning, and have indeed travelled on a "rough and ragged edge" in my prolonged efforts to suppress this scandal, which has at last spread so much desolation through the land. But I cannot admit that I erred in desiring to keep these matters out of sight. In this respect I appeal to you and to all Christian men to judge whether almost any personal sacrifice ought not to have been made rather than to suffer the morals of an entire community, and especially of the young, to be corrupted by the filthy details of scandalous falsehoods, daily iterated and amplified, for the gratification of impure curiosity, and the demoralization of every child that is old enough to read.

THEODORE TILTON LEVYING BLACKMAIL.

The full truth of this history requires that one more fact should be told, especially as Mr. Tilton

has invited it. Money has been obtained from me in the course of these affairs, in considerable sums, but I did not at first look upon the suggestions that I should contribute to Mr. Tilton's pecuniary wants as savoring of blackmail. This did not occur to me until I had paid perhaps \$2000. Afterwards I contributed at one time \$5000. After the money had been paid over, in five \$1000 bills, to raise which I mortgaged the house I live in, I felt very much dissatisfied with myself about it. Finally, a square demand and a threat was made to me by my confidential friend, that if \$5000 more was not paid, Tilton's charges would be laid before the public. This, I saw at once, was blackmail in its boldest form, and I never paid a cent of it, but challenged and requested the fullest exposure.

But after the summer of 1873, I became inwardly satisfied that Tilton was, inherently and inevitably, a ruined man. I no longer trusted either his word or his honor. I came to feel that his kindness was but a snare, and his profession of friendship treacherous. He did not mean well by me nor by his own household; but I suffered all the more on this account. As he had grown up under my influence and in my church, I could never free myself from a certain degree of responsibility for his misdoings, such as visits a father for a wrong-doing son, and, in times of great mental depression, this feeling sometimes amounted almost to a mania.

Among the last desperate efforts to restrain him from overwhelming himself, his family, myself, the church and the whole community with the fetid flood of scandal which he had by this time accumulated, were those connected with the charges of Mr. West, and the subsequent proceedings of the examining committee of the church. The prosecution of Mr. Tilton I felt bound to prevent. In any form I would strive to prevent the belching forth of a scandal; but in that form it was peculiarly distasteful. It presented no square issues upon which my guilt or innocence could be tried; it was a roundabout issue, on which Mr. Tilton could have escaped, possibly, by showing that he believed the stories he told about me, or that he had not "circulated" them, or by the mere failure on the other side to prove that he had done so, or by the decision that he was a monomaniac, and not responsible. Any such half-way decision would leave me in the attitude of overthrow, and yet no party to the case. Moreover, I felt that Mr. Tilton thought that I was setting my church against him—and I was bound he should not think that; for if it had not been for me he would have been dropped two years before for non-attendance, and for his distinct notice to me that he was out of the church. I had got the examining committee to postpone the usual action, because he was letting his wife still attend the church, and I thought that would gradually influence him for good. Indeed, he had

deluded me with hopes that he would give up his bad women associates, and reform his life. I felt that we had no right to claim him as a member, under the circumstances, for the sole purpose of his public trial. Mr. Moulton insisted that everything must be done to prevent that trial, as the examining committee was likely to be equally divided, whether the facts sustained Mr. Tilton's plea, whether he was out of the church or not. I was so determined to carry out my pledges to Mr. Moulton, for him, and do all in human power to save him, even from himself, that I was ready to resign, if that would stop the scandal. I wrote a letter of resignation, not referring to charges against me, but declaring that I had striven for years to maintain secrecy concerning a scandal affecting a family in the church, and that, as I had failed, I herewith resigned. This letter was never sent. A little calmer thought showed me how futile it would be to stop the trouble—a mere useless self-sacrifice—but I showed it to Mr. Moulton, and possibly he copied it. I have found the original of it in my house.

If I could at this moment remember any of the other letters which I have written to Mr. Moulton, I would do so. If he has reserved all my effusions of feeling, he must have a large collection. I wished him to bring them all before the committee. I should have been glad to get such hints as they may contain, to refresh my recollection of facts and sequences. I have no fear of

their full and fair publication, for though they would doubtless make a sad exposure of my weakness, grief and despondency, they do not contain a line confessing such guilt as has been charged upon me, or a word inconsistent with my innocence, nor any other spirit than that of a generous remorse over a great and more and more irreparable evil. But however intense and numerous may be these expressions of grief, they cannot possibly overstate the anxiety which I constantly felt for the future, the perils of which it is now clear I did not exaggerate; nor the sorrow and remorse which I felt originally on account of the injury which I supposed I had unwittingly done to a beloved family, and afterwards for the greater injury which I became satisfied I had done by my unwise, blind and useless efforts to remedy that injury, only, as it proved, at the expense of my own name, the happiness of my own family, and the peace of my own church.

HIS LAST WORDS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—In the note requesting your appointment, I asked that you should make full investigation of all sources of information. You are witnesses that I have in no way influenced or interfered with your proceedings or duties. I have wished the investigation to be so searching that nothing could unsettle its results. I have nothing to gain by any policy of suppression or compromise.

For four years I have borne and suffered enough, and I will not go a step further. I will be free. I will not walk under a rod or yoke. If any man would do me a favor, let him tell all he knows now. It is not mine to lay down the law of honor in regard to the use of other persons' confidential communications; but, in so far as my own writings are concerned, there is not a letter nor document which I am afraid to have exhibited, and I authorize any, and call upon any living person to produce and print forthwith whatever writings they have of any source whatsoever.

It is time, for the sake of decency and of public morals, that this matter should be brought to an end. It is an open pool of corruption, exhaling deadly vapors.

For six weeks the nation has risen up and sat down upon scandal. Not a great war nor a revolution could more have filled the newspapers than this question of domestic trouble; magnified a thousand-fold, and, like a sore spot in the human body, drawing to itself every morbid humor in the blood. Whoever is buried with it, it is time that this abomination be buried below all touch or power of resurrection.

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

By Mr. STORRS—Q. You spoke of Mr. Tilton being a reporter for the *Observer*, was it not for the *Times*? A. The *Observer* never had a reporter in the sense in which we use that term, but

he was a worker—a man of all work—in the editorial and publishing departments of the *Observer*; I know nothing about his connection with the *Times*.

By Mr. SAGE—I would like to inquire how Mr. Moulton first entered this case, and how he came to be your confidant? A. Mr. Moulton was a schoolmate and friend of Mr. Tilton's, and Mr. Tilton, when his various complicated troubles came upon him in connection with Mr. Bowen, went to Mr. Moulton, and made him his adviser and helper. That is the way that he came into the case.

CONVERSATION WITH MOULTON.

Q. Can you tell us how you came to write that letter of despondency, dated February 5th, 1872, to Mr. Moulton? A. I would come back from a whole week's lecturing, and would be perfectly fagged out, and the first thing on getting home there would be some confounded development opening on me. In this state of mind, in which I had not longer any resiliency or rebound in me, so I would work the whole week out. And that is the way it happened time and time and time again. On one of these occasions I went to Mr. Moulton's store. Mr. Moulton had always treated me with the greatest personal kindness. He never had refused by day or by night to see me or to listen to me. I never saw him out of mood towards me after the first few months. He treated me as

if he loved me. On this occasion I went down to the store to see him, and his face was cold towards me. I proposed to walk with him, and he walked with me in such a way that it seemed to me as though it was irksome to him to have me with him, and as though he wanted to shake me off. Now, anything like that all but kills me. I don't wish to push myself upon anybody; to feel that I have pushed myself upon any human being who does not want me is enough to kill me; and to be treated so by him at that time made it seem to me as though the end of the world had come. For he was the only man on the globe I could talk with on this subject. I was shut up to every human being I could not go to my wife, I could not go to my children, I could not go to my brothers and sisters, I could not go to my church. He was the only one person to whom I could talk; and when I got that rebuff from him, it seemed as though it would kill me, and the letter was the product of that mood into which I was thrown.

Q. Do you suppose that you or the community would have heard anything of these troubles of Mr. Tilton with his family had he been a successful man? A. I am morally certain that the thing would have been deeper buried than the bottom of the sea if Mr. Tilton had gone right off to a prosperous career, and he had had the food which he had been accustomed to, but Mr. Tilton is a man who starves for want of flattery, and no

power on God's earth can ever make him happy when he is not receiving some intense—

Q. I understand by your statement that you first met Mr. Moulton at Mr. Page's studio, is that correct? The first meeting with Mr. Moulton that ever led me to know him, or think of him as distinct from a thousand other men, was that; I had undoubtedly met him before, but not in a way that made any impression upon me; I date my knowledge of the man from that time; he was having his portrait painted at the same time, and we met there occasionally; I remember that on one occasion we walked from Page's studio clear down to his door, or to Fulton Ferry, and talked of public matters all the way, and I recollect being impressed with the feeling that he was an acute fellow, and that he had strong literary tastes, as he has.

Q. Had you ever visited his house in a social way prior to his call at your house on this business? A. Never.

Q. Then you had no intimate personal relations with him? A. None.

Q. So that when he came to you, he came rather as Mr. Tilton's friend than otherwise? A. Altogether.

Q. When did you come to believe that that relation was becoming one of mutual friendship?

A. I cannot tell you, but it was some time afterwards; the transition was made during the consultations which they held as to how Mr. Bowen

should be managed so as to do, as they said, justice to Mr. Tilton; once or twice he said to me, when I told him something, "There, that is the right thing." I recollect that on one occasion I made a confidential statement to him about some matter that they never could have found out otherwise, and he said (I don't recollect the words, I only have a recollection of the impression that was made in my mind) that I never should regret putting confidence in him; it sprang from some statement that I had made; he gave token of his pleasure at my trust in him as if to encourage, as it were, a full trust, and he said that I never should regret having put confidence in him—which I shall regret to the day of my death.

Q. In the course of your conversation when the so-called apology was written, did he say anything to you to the effect that there was nothing about the case but what an apology might cover?

A. He made the impression on my mind not only that Mr. Tilton had been greatly injured, but that Mr. Tilton was saturated with the conviction that I was using my whole power against him. When any disclosure of my real feelings was made to him, he listened with a kind of incredulity, as if I was acting a part. But when I shed tears, and my voice broke, and I walked up and down the room with unfeigned distress, he seemed to be touched, and finally he said, "Now if that is the way you feel, if Mr. Tilton could be made to see it, this whole thing could be settled."

Q. If you used the words, "He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been," what did you mean by them?

A. I do not know, I'm sure; the conversation was hypothetically in respect to the betrayal of a friend in an hour of emergency; in respect to undermining Mr. Tilton just at the time when Mr. Bowen and all the world were leaving him; in respect to a want of fidelity; and there is one thing that you are to bear in mind—a thing that I have never mentioned to any of you, and that had a very strong influence upon me. I never can forget a kindness done to me. When the war broke out, my son went into a Brooklyn regiment, and after being seven months in a camp at Washington he played a series of pranks on some of the officers and got himself into great trouble, and Colonel Adams recommended him to resign, and he came to me. Well, it broke my heart. I had but one boy that was old enough to go that I could offer to my country, and I told Theodore, who was in the office with me. He made the case his own. Mr. Tilton has a great deal in his upper nature. If he could be cut in two and his lower nature could be separated from the upper, there is a great deal in his upper nature that is capable of great sweetness and beauty. At any rate he took up my case. He suggested himself that the thing to do would be to get him transferred into the regular army. He said he knew Sam. Wilkeson, a correspondent of the *Tribune*, who was at that

time in Washington, and had great influence, and that he would go right on that very night, and secure this thing. He did, without a moment's delay, start and go to Washington, and he secured, through Sam. Wilkeson, from Simon Camerou, then Secretary of War, the appointment of Henry as a second lieutenant in the 4th Artillery service. I have felt ever since that in the doing of that thing he did me most royal service. I have felt it exquisitely; and there has not been a time when I have done anything that hurt Tilton, that that thing has not come back to me, and when it seemed as though I had, in an hour of his need and trouble, stepped aside, and even helped to push him down, I felt it very acutely.

Q. Here are three letters written on February 7th, 1871—I am not quite sure whether I understood you correctly in saying that you did not see Theodore's letter of that date?

A. I have no remembrance of it; I only know that there was an arrangement made among us to bring an influence to bear upon Elizabeth in consequence of her state of mind; I used to say to him, "Moulton, I am a man walking in the open air and full of work, and Theodore is loose and doing whatever he pleases, and we can come down and talk to you and have counsel; but what human being has Elizabeth Tilton to talk with her in her trouble? She is shut up at home, sick and unbefriended, and it is not generous for us to let her go without thought and uncared for; I was

always saying that there ought to be somebody who should think of her.

Q. In your letter of the same date to Mr. Moulton this occurs:—"Would to God, who orders all hearts, and by His kind mediation, Theodore and Elizabeth and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case." Precisely what did you mean?

A. It is all a muddle to me, as I don't recall the precise working of my mind. I have no vivid recollection of the making up of the letter, or of the precise moods under which I wrote; I cannot give the reason of this sentence, or of that sentence; I only know the general drift which we were on.

Q. I call your attention to it because criticism is made in certain quarters that it referred to Mr. Tilton's marital trouble growing out of your offence?

A. Well, but see, isn't it a going back to friendship? Isn't it the restoration of the family?

Q. What you ask for is that you three should be made friends again?

A. Yes, that we should all co-operate?

Q. And you say that Theodore will have the hardest task?

A. There was a family that by circumstances had been brought to the bitterest antagonisms at a time of the most profound adversity, when Mr. Tilton had got to struggle for his livelihood, for his name, for his position, and for his household.

Everything put together, he was in a situation in which he had to exert himself in every way for restoration in every manner; and the point was that she should co-operate with him as well as with his friends. If she had her sorrow to bear at home, he had his too. That is what I think it likely may have suggested these words; but I don't say that it is, because I don't remember. Elizabeth, you know, was at times immensely bitter against Theodore, and felt that she had been the aggrieved one, and I had been led to suppose that she had not been anything like so much aggrieved as I now suppose she has been.

Q. In the same letter of February 7th, you say, "Of course I can never speak with her again without his permission, and I don't know that even then it would be best," why did you say that? A. Because either at the time of that letter from Mr. Bowen, or in its immediate vicinity, Mr. Tilton, as I have the impression now, sent word by Mr. Bowen (though I cannot be sure of that) forbidding me ever to enter his house again.

Q. When was that? A. It was in the vicinity of that whole business; but in what way it came, or what the precise date of it was, I cannot tell. I only know that the message was conveyed to me from him; but by whom, or how, or when, I have forgotten. It was a distinct thing in my memory, and afterwards he, on one or two occasions, took pains to revoke it after he had become reconciled.

Q. In the same letter occurred the words

(which Mr. Tilton in his statement makes appear to come from another letter, but which in fact are from the same letter), "When I saw you last I did not expect ever to see you again or be alive many days," what was in your mind when you wrote them. The outside gossip is that you referred in that line to contemplated suicide?

Mr. BEECHER—How do you propose to cure the gossip?

Mr. WINSLOW.—I cannot say; but I want to know if anything of that kind was in your mind? A. It was not. My general purpose in the matter of this whole thing was this (and I kept it as the motto of my life):—By patient continuance in well-doing to put to shame those who falsely accuse me. Of course, in my dismal moods, I felt as though the earth had come to an end. Now, in interpreting these special letters, everybody is irresistibly tempted to suppose that everything I said was said narrowly in regard to their text, instead of considering the foregoing state of my mind; whereas my utterances were largely to be interpreted by the past as well as by the present or the future. I cannot interpret them precisely, as I can a note of hand or a check. A man that is poetical, a man that is oftentimes extravagant, a man that is subject to moods such as make me such as I am, cannot narrowly measure his words. And yet, from this writing of over four years in every conceivable condition, in this large correspondence, proceeding from a mind speaking in

hyperbolic moods, and in all manner of states, about everybody and everything—out of this mass they have got only these few equivocal things. "Devices" did not refer to me, but to him—his whole style of acting.

Q. Theodore said he was born for war and Moulton was probably born for diplomacy? A. Yes.

By Mr. CLEVELAND—Q. Were the plan and method by which, from time to time, these things were managed, by your suggestion or by Mr. Moulton's? A. I made suggestions from time to time generally without any effect, and the essential course of affairs, so far as it has not been forced upon us from outside influences, has been of his (Moulton's) procuring.

Q. He managed this whole matter with Mr. Tilton? A. Yes; he represented himself always as having all the reins in his hands—as having in his hands such power that if worst should come to worst he could compel a settlement; he intimated to me time and again that he had such materials in his hand respecting Theodore, that, as he said once, "If Theodore does not do as I say, I'll grind him to powder."

By Mr. WINSLOW—"By which we saved ourselves"—this letter says—saved from what?

By Mr. WINSLOW—The "earning the future," as I understand, was to procure the silence and burial of the scandal? A. No; it wasn't either. It referred to the plans by which Tilton was to

get something to do, and do it, and get some praise for it and be content.

Q. The "Devices," did that refer to all the plans and arrangements and steps that had been taken? A. It referred to this. If I had been left to manage this matter simply myself, I should have said "Yes" or "No;" that would have been the whole of it; but instead of that the matter went into Moulton's hands, and Moulton is a man that loves intrigue in such a way that, as Lady Montague said of somebody, "He would not carve a cabbage unless he could steal on it from behind, and do it by a device," and the smallest things and the plainest he liked to do in the sharpest way. He was consulting with parties here and there and elsewhere, and a great deal of whispering was taking place, and finally it would turn out that something was not going to be done that he had said he would do, and he did not tell me why, and I had to guess. There was this wide circuit of various influences through which he was moving all the time.

Q. He had condoned "his wife's fault," what did you mean by this? A. Condone has a legal meaning and a general meaning, but the general meaning of condone is to pass over, to make peace, to overlook, and I use the word as a literary man would use it, not as a lawyer. If I used it in a legal phrase, the word would have been "offence," not "fault."

Q. In using the word fault, do you refer to some

particular act of Mrs. Tilton? A. I refer to the complaints he made in general in respect to her. You know perfectly well what was the impression conveyed to me from the beginning to the end, and that was that I had stolen into his house, and that I had taken advantage of the simplicity of his wife to steal her affections to myself and away from him.

Q. You say in the same letter that he had "enjoined upon you most earnestly and solemnly not to betray his wife," in what respect? A. Not to betray this whole difficulty, into which his household had been cast; consider how it is; I appeal to every sensitive man and cultured nature in the world, if any greater evil can befall than to have a woman, a wife and mother, made the subject of even investigation as it respects her moral character; for no greater harm can befall a woman than to be talked about from house to house with discussions as to the grade of offence, and the probable nature of the offence, and the cause of the offence, and everything about it. Next to stabbing a woman dead is to talk about her virtue; and if the public suppose that in order to interpret these letters I must refer to a vulgar physical gross indignity, then they are living on a plane where I do not live. You must remember that I was aware that, in addition to the trouble involving my name, Mr. Tilton had also, in fits of jealousy, accused his wife of criminal intercourse with several gentlemen, of whom I was not one, and had

asserted in the presence of witnesses that all her children, except the first, were the children of those gentlemen respectively; in his decent mood he was very anxious to have such accusations unknown to the world; the mere rumor of them would cast an ineffaceable blight upon his children; nothing would have induced me to make this explanation, but that Mr. Tilton has deliberately chosen to cast a blight of precisely the same kind upon those very children by his subsequent course; and all that is left to me is the power to speak of this abominable accusation with the scorn which such a horrible falsehood deserves.

HIS DIFFERENT MOODS.

Q. You can refer to some points which have already been considered, for a moment? A. "I have a strange feeling upon me, that I am spending my last Sunday, and preaching my last sermon."

Q. Do you refer to the same condition of health and mind that you have described? A. I refer to the fact, simply that that was my state of mind during this great trouble, although if you were to collect all the language I have used at various times, it might produce an impression that I had wallowed in a sea of unparalleled distress. I have had stormy days, and have suffered more from this than probably all other causes in my life put together. Yet, taking the four years together, I have had more religious peace and more profound

insight into the wants and sufferings of men since I have become acquainted with trouble and despair. I have had an experience in the higher regions of Christian life that it is worth all the sorrow and suffering that I have had to go through to get to it.

Q. Is it or not true that in the course of these matters Mr. Tilton expressed a strong desire that the secrets of the family should not be known? A. Always; at least that was his mood, except when he fell into a strange mania at times. There were times in which it was very evident that he perfectly longed to be obliged to bring out, or to have somebody bring out a scandalous story on his family, in order that he might have his credit with the world of being so magnanimous as still to stay at home and live with his wife.

Q. You say, "My mind is clear. I am not in haste. I shall write for the public a statement that will bear the light of the judgment day?" A. I have done it.

Q. You didn't do it, however, then. Had you any present purpose of doing it then? A. I thought a good many times that I had better sit down before my memory failed me, and make a memorandum of the course of events and the reasons of my conduct. But I was so busy I could not do it, and every year it became less possible.

Q. Here comes a clause in which you express a profound confidence in Moulton's fidelity; does
19

that correctly represent your own feelings? A. It does, although Mr. Moulton was not the man that I should select as an ideal man; I thought that in that one particular, fidelity to friends, he was the most remarkable man I ever met, by the amount of time he was willing to give, by the amount of anxiety he was willing to endure, by the doing of work which I suppose is more agreeable to him than to me—that is, of seeing different parties, and of ferreting out stories and running things back to their source, which I utterly abhor in social relations, and consequently trying to keep me in good heart, and presenting to me the best sides of Mr. Tilton's character, which he never failed to do. When I brought to Moulton what seemed to be the bad and treacherous things I learned of Tilton, he said, "Don't believe a word of such things; I will make inquiries." And the next time I would see him he would have a plausible explanation of the whole thing, and I felt as though it was no use to attack Tilton; that he shed every arrow that was aimed against him. I have said this, not only in reference to the impressions he produced upon me, but until the time of the council I was in an abiding faith of Mr. Moulton's truth. Until the reply of Mr. Tilton to Bacon's letters I never had a suspicion of his good faith and of the sincerity with which he was dealing with me, and when that letter was published, and Mr. Moulton, on my visiting him in reference to it, proposed no counter-operation—no docu-

ments, no help—I was staggered, and when Tilton subsequently published his statement, after he came to this committee, when that came out I never heard a word from Moulton; he never sent for me, nor visited me, nor did a thing. I waited for him to say or do something; for I had said to Moulton within the last year, "As things are coming, you never are going to manage Tilton; he is going to manage you." I have said to him once or twice, "Moulton, Tilton is longer-headed than you are, and he has outwitted you;" and I have said to him, "The time is coming in which I see distinctly you have got to choose between Tilton's statement and mine." He said, "There never will be a time, for I shall stand by you to the death." He said that to me in the last conversation I had with him.

Q. In view of all that has happened, what is your present feeling as to the conduct of Moulton—his sincerity? A. I have no views to express.

Q. In case of an issue between Tilton and yourself, now, in this published issue, which exists between you and Tilton? A. I have no expectation of help from Moulton.

Q. Has Moulton any secret of yours in paper, in document, or in knowledge of any act of yours that you would not have seen the light in this house? A. Not that I am aware of.

Q. Have you any doubt? A. I have none.

Q. Do you now call upon him to produce all he has, and tell all he knows? A. I do.

By Mr. CLEVELAND—Have you reason, in the light of recent disclosures, to doubt his fidelity to you during those four years? A. The impression made by him during the four years of friendship and fidelity was so strong that my present surprise and indignation do not seem to rub it out. I am in that kind of divided consciousness that I was in respect to Elizabeth Tilton—that she was a saint and chief of sinners—and Mr. Moulton's hold upon my confidence was so great that all that has come now affects me as a dream.

A RUINOUS DEFENCE.

By Mr. WINSLOW—In your letter of February 5th, 1872, you speak of the possibility of a ruinous defence of you breaking out; how could there be any ruinous defence of you? A. A defence of me conducted by ignorant people, full of church zeal and personal partisan feeling, knowing nothing of the facts, and compelling this whole avalanche of mud to descend upon the community, might have been ruinous; I think now as I then felt.

Q. It would be at least injurious? A. Where you would say injurious, I would say ruinous.

Q. You speak of remorse, fear, and despair? A. I suppose I felt them all; whether I was justified in so feeling is a question; when I lived in Indianapolis, there was an old lawyer there named Calvin Fletcher, a New England man of large brain, who stood at the head of the bar; he was a Methodist, Christian man; he took a peculiar fancy to

me, and he used to come and see me often when I was a young minister, and I would see him a great deal. He would make many admirable suggestions, one of which was that he never admitted anybody was to blame except the party who uttered the complaint. Says he, "I hold myself responsible for having everybody do right by me, and if they do not do right it is not because I do not do my duty. And now," said he, "in preaching during your life, do you take blame upon yourself, and don't you be scolding your church and blaming everybody. It is your business to see that your folks are right." Well it sank down into my heart, and became a spring of influence from that day to this. If my prayer-meetings do not go right, it is my fault. If the people do not come to church, I am the one to blame for their not coming. If things go wrong in my family, I find the reason in myself. I have foreseen quarrels in the church, and if I had left them alone, they would burst and break out; but, acting under the advice thus given, and doing my own duty, I have had no difficulty in my church.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOME OF MR. BEECHER.

A BROWN-STONE, three-story house at 124 Columbia Heights, only three blocks from Plymouth Church, is Mr. Beecher's residence. He has owned it and lived there for many years. It is one of a row of nearly like structures, and the property in the neighborhood is very valuable. "The Heights" is the Murray Hill of Brooklyn, and Mr. Beecher's place is just within the limits of the district covered by that designation. The door has a plate inscribed "H. W. Beecher." Just inside the hall stands an old-fashioned hat rack with a mirror in it. Along the wall of the stairway leading to the second floor hang many framed engravings. The parlor opens off the hall, and the door is always open. Looking in, one sees an apartment which has no counterpart as to odd variety of contents. It is long and wide, and old style in finish. The walls are divided into panels by projecting posts and by a wooden ledge that runs entirely around the room about four feet from the floor. Bunches and festoons of autumn leaves are hung plentifully about, and there are enough pictures, from oil paintings to ferrotypes, to leave but little of the walls uncovered. The furniture is a chaos of styles. A sofa is high backed and mushy-bottomed, merging into the softness of second childhood. A

concert grand piano is new and shiny. A nondescript cabinet, huge and time-worn, is in a corner. A contrasting new bookcase is full of fresh gilt-backed volumes. Two yellowed geographical globes, on high pedestals, stand like sentinels at the corners of the fireplace. A table is covered with a brown woollen spread. Everything is littered with big and little ornamental articles, as though the tokens of all the Beechers' birthdays and Christmases were there preserved. Handsome bronzes, plaster figures, china articles, countless things impossible to describe as to material or intent, are on the mantel, on the table, on the cabinet, and on carved brackets. Lacking any semblance of method in its furniture, the apartment gains in an air of careless comfort.

Back of the parlor and connected by wide doors is Mr. Beecher's study. Sitting at one of the large windows one can look down upon the harbor, upon New York City, or over into Jersey City and Hoboken. The view is one of busy life and commerce spread out like a diorama. A large, flat-topped writing desk, with many drawers, stands in the middle of the room. Paintings, better than any in the parlor, hang on the parts of the wall that are not covered by book shelves. Camp chairs and a lounge furnish ample seating capacity for visitors. A stuffed easy chair provides for the owner.

Formerly, when not away on his farm, his hours for visitors were from two to four every afternoon,

and he saw everybody who called. The odd parlor was his reception room, and at two o'clock it usually held not less than half a dozen visitors. To everybody, high or low, he was courteous and unstilted. His manner was off-hand and undignified. "How are you, old fellow," was his usual salutation to acquaintances. His study was the rendezvous for Plymouth's leaders, and many of the Brooklyn clergymen were frequent loungers there. Indeed, that floor of the house was much like the offices of a business man, the family occupying the two more secluded upper stories.

MR. TILTON'S HOME.

When not called, during the investigation, Mr. Tilton read the morning papers and lounged on the sofa in his pleasant library in his Livingston street cottage. An oil painting of Shakspeare is over his mantel, one of Wendell Phillips by its side. One of himself is in the parlor, and others hide the wall. A large and life-size crayon drawing of Horace Greeley hangs over the parlor organ. An imperial photograph of De Witt Talmage rests on the mantle. There is comfort and ease in everything. The chairs and lounges are tempting, and seem to have been well used. Mr. Tilton's house was besieged by newspaper editors, correspondents and reporters, whom he received courteously and turned away swiftly.

WHAT ELIZABETH CADY STANTON KNOWS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was called upon,

at her residence in Tenafly, N. J., for the purpose of eliciting facts in the great scandal.

"I am perfectly willing to be interviewed," remarked the lady, with a smile.

"Can you tell me when you first learned of this affair, Mrs. Stanton?"

"I have a shocking poor memory for dates, and will, therefore, not endeavor to fix the exact time. I think, however, it was a year before Mrs. Woodhull published her statement that I knew of the matter. Not all the details, you understand, which have since come to light, but the story in substance."

"And are you willing to tell in what manner you came possessed of this knowledge?"

"Certainly. Some time—I think it was in the fall of the year, though I won't be positive—while Mrs. Bullard was still connected with the *Revolution*, Susan B. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Bullard and myself were in Brooklyn together. It was afternoon, and after calling at the office of the *Revolution*, Mr. Tilton and myself accompanied Mrs. Bullard to her residence, and remained to dinner.

Through some misunderstanding Miss Anthony went with Mrs. Tilton, and dined with her instead of us. There was some feeling on the part of Mrs. Tilton in regard to this, although it was quite unintentional on my part. Well, at the table—no one was present but Mrs. Bullard, Mr. Tilton, and myself—Theodore told the whole story of his

wife's faithlessness. As I before observed, he did not go into the details; but the sum and substance of the whole matter he related in the hearing of Mrs. Bullard and myself. We were reformers. He gave us the story as a phase of social life."

"This was the first you had heard of it?"

"This was the first. The next evening, hearing that Miss Anthony was a little piqued at me for leaving her on the day before, I returned to my home here in Tenafly. To my surprise, I found Susan awaiting my arrival. That evening, when alone, I said to her: 'Theodore related a very strange story to Mrs. Bullard and me last evening.' Then I recounted to her all he had told us. Miss Anthony listened attentively to the end. Then she said: 'I have heard the same story from Mrs. Tilton.' We compared notes, and found that by both man and wife the same story had indeed been told."

"What were the particulars of Mrs. Tilton's confession?"

"I will tell you how it was made. When Mr. Tilton returned home that evening some angry words—growing out of the separation in the afternoon—passed between him and his wife. Both became intensely excited. In the heat of the passion, and in the presence of Miss Anthony, each confessed to the other of having broken the marriage vow. In the midst of these startling

disclosures Miss Anthony withdrew to her room. Shortly after she heard

MRS. TILTON CAME DASHING UP THE STAIRS,

and Mr. Tilton following close after. She flung open her bed-room door, and Elizabeth rushed in. The door was then closed and bolted. Theodore pounded on the outside and demanded admittance, but Miss Anthony refused to turn the key. So intense was his passion at that moment, that she feared he might kill his wife if he gained access to the room. Several times he returned to the door and angrily demanded that it be opened. 'No woman shall stand between me and my wife,' he said. But Susan, who is as courageous as she is noble, answered him with the words, 'If you enter this room it will be over my dead body!' And so the infuriated man ceased his demands and withdrew. Mrs. Tilton remained with Susan throughout the night. In the excitement of the hour, amid sobs and tears, she told all to Miss Anthony.

FRANK CARPENTER INTERVIEWED.

About thirty miles south of Syracuse, in the charming little village of Homer, is the summer studio of Frank B. Carpenter, the artist and author. Here a representative of the press found Mr. Carpenter engaged upon his full-length portrait of Abraham Lincoln, ordered by the last Legislature. Mr. Carpenter has been intimately connected with the Beecher-Tilton difficulty.

He said: I was first brought actively into this case by Mr. Beecher. On Sunday, May 25th, 1878, Mr. Beecher sent Mr. H. M. Cleveland, his confidential friend and business partner, to my residence in Forty-fifth street, with a horse and carriage. Mr. Cleveland told me that Mr. Beecher wished me to come immediately to Brooklyn. On our way to Brooklyn, Mr. Cleveland said that Mr. Beecher had learned that Mr. Bowen had reasserted to me the charges against him (Beecher) which he had formerly made to Mr. Tilton, but which he had retracted in a written covenant, in the possession of Mr. H. B. Claflin. Mr. Beecher had learned that Mr. Bowen had said to myself, and also in the presence of Mr. E. D. Holton, a citizen of Milwaukee (in an interview at the *Independent* office), that he did not wish us to understand that he had made a retraction. Mr. Cleveland said Mr. Beecher wished me to confront Mr. Bowen on these points. He also said the tripartite covenant was to be made public. Mr. Cleveland drove me to Mr. Moulton's house, in Remsen street.

About eight o'clock Sunday evening, Mr. Moulton and myself went to Mr. Claflin's house, in Pierrepont street, where we found Mr. Claflin, and then all proceeded to Mr. Bowen's residence, corner of Clark and Willow streets. There I recounted to Mr. Bowen, in the presence of Messrs. Claflin and Moulton, the statements made by Mr. Bowen to myself concerning Mr. Beecher. Mr. Bowen admitted all that I said, and Mr. Claflin

expressed his astonishment that Mr. Bowen should have told those things after signing the covenant. Mr. Claflin was the man who induced Bowen to sign that covenant. Mr. Bowen said he protested against giving publicity to the covenant. I said to Mr. Bowen: "The simplest justice to Mr. Beecher requires that, if your statements concerning Mr. Beecher are not true, you should make the most unqualified public denial. But if they are true, stand by your statements." Mr. Bowen had said to me that Mr. Beecher had made a confession on his knees to him. Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton had been told by Mr. Beecher that this was a lie. I said, "Mr. Bowen, there is a direct lie between you and Mr. Beecher, and for one I want to know the truth."

Mr. Claflin said: "I think we had better have Mr. Beecher here to-night."

I said I would be glad to have Mr. Beecher present.

Mr. Bowen said: "I am willing to have Mr. Beecher come here, and will confront him."

Mr. Claflin volunteered to go and get him, *when Mr. Moulton started up and said:*

"Mr. Claflin, I will go."

He went out, and was gone fifteen or twenty minutes. He returned without Mr. Beecher, saying the house was closed and the windows darkened; that he rung the bell, but couldn't raise anybody. This was about half-past ten o'clock. Mr. Claflin then said:

"Well, I think it's very important that Mr. Bowen and Mr. Beecher should have a private interview before this matter goes any further."

Mr. Bowen pledged that he would be ready and willing to see Mr. Beecher the next day (Monday), any time between eight o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night.

Mr. Claflin said he would see Mr. Beecher the next morning and arrange such an interview, and, a few minutes later, we left Mr. Bowen's residence.

A few days after this I saw Mr. Claflin, who told me that he had seen Mr. Beecher the next day, and that Mr. Beecher said:

"There isn't force enough in Brooklyn to draw me into a private interview with Henry C. Bowen."

At this time I had never seen the tripartite covenant, but Mr. Claflin had told me the paper was in his hands.

In my business relations with Mr. Bowen we had frequent conversations in regard to his difficulty with Mr. Beecher. On one occasion Mr. Bowen told me that they first wanted him to sign a much more sweeping document, declaring his charges against Mr. Beecher to be untrue. This, he said, he had refused to do. Mr. Claflin then urged him to at least sign a paper withdrawing the charges, and he consented to do that. In regard to the second paper Mr. Bowen subse-

quently said: "I made a mistake in signing that, but Mr. Claflin induced me to do it."

"How long have you been acquainted with Mr. Tilton?"

MR. CARPENTER—Twenty years.

"Has he ever evinced, either by word or manner, vindictiveness or malice against Henry Ward Beecher?"

MR. CARPENTER—No. I never knew a man to bear so much. Tilton told me the night he put the Bacon letter to press that he would rather take thirty-nine lashes in the flesh, and drawn blood every time, than have printed this thing against Mr. Beecher. Tilton further said: "Mr. Beecher has laid open his breast and told me to smite. His pleading face is before me now. But Dr. Bacon has put me in the attitude of a knave and a dog, and I must place myself right before the world." He also said, "This is no impersonal newspaper attack. Dr. Bacon was my senior on the *Independent*. He is a good and wise man, and if his statement goes forth uncontradicted, I am disgraced before Christendom." The morning that Dr. Bacon's speech was published, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton, and Mr. Thomas G. Shearman were together in Mr. Moulton's study. Mr. Tilton took out of his pocket a New York paper, containing a report of Dr. Bacon's speech. That part of the speech referring to Beecher's magnanimity and to Tilton's being a knave and a dog, Mr. Tilton read to Mr. Beecher. He then said,

"Mr. Beecher, you know that I have treated you with the utmost fairness, and that the statements of Dr. Bacon are untrue. I call upon you, as a simple act of justice, to make a correction of Dr. Bacon's charges. You have a newspaper of your own; you can do it without compromising yourself, and without damage to yourself. If you do not correct the impression which Dr. Bacon has given the public, I shall be compelled to do it myself, and if I do it, Mr. Beecher, it will be done with serious damage to you. Mr. Beecher made no reply.

"Have you regarded Theodore Tilton as a tale-bearer?"

MR. CARPENTER—Theodore Tilton has striven to shield these parties. *Dr. Storrs* has frequently commented on his utter absence of vindictiveness and the sorrow-stricken air and attitude with which Mr. Tilton came to him to ask his advice.

"What was the character of Mr. Tilton's home?"

MR. CARPENTER—It was one of the most delightful homes I ever knew.

"Are you prepared to say, from your own knowledge, that Mr. Tilton was disinclined to publish the letter to Dr. Bacon?"

MR. CARPENTER—I am, and do so say. After Dr. Bacon had made that speech to the divinity class, Mr. Tilton wrote him a private letter to correct the false impressions Dr. Bacon had formed.

Mr. Tilton asked me to write a note to Dr. Bacon, asking him if he could recommend any course by which publication could be avoided. In compliance with his request I wrote this note:

MR. CARPENTER TO DR. BACON.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1874.

REV. DR. BACON,

MY DEAR SIR:—I was at Mr. Tilton's office to-day and had a conversation with him concerning our recent interview at your study. The impression which you left on his mind was that of great fairness and candor towards his case and himself. This he expressed to me in still stronger terms than at first. He told me furthermore, that, relying on your sense of justice, he would willingly forego the publication of his defence if, in your judgment, the vindication of his course towards Plymouth Church could be accomplished in some other way than in making painful references to the pastor.

Mr. Tilton's respect for your opinion as to the wisest course for him to pursue is so strong that am sure he will either publish or suppress his letter, according as you shall advise. He said to-day, with great seriousness: "If I could see Dr. Bacon again I would ask him this question, 'Is there any reason, either of morals or of expediency, which should forbid me to publish this letter?' in other words, is the injury which this publication will inflict on Mr. Beecher too great to

warrant my resort to so extreme a measure in self-defence?"

Mr. Tilton feels that the publication of his letter will strike a blow at Mr. Beecher from which he never can recover, and for this reason Mr. Tilton hopes you may be able to relieve him from his distressing public position without entailing distress upon Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton's continued silence, as you know, has been greatly misinterpreted by the public. The few who have stood faithfully through the storm of detraction are now urgent that he should speak.

Any communication from you to myself will be considered confidential in its character, should you so desire.

I am truly yours,

F. B. CARPENTER.

"This letter," said Mr. Carpenter, "I did not send, as I learned through Mr. C. C. Woolworth, of Brooklyn, that an esteemed mutual friend was going immediately to New Haven. I called on this friend (a Brooklyn gentleman, esteemed for his piety and learning, whose name Mr. Carpenter desires to have suppressed for the present), and laid before him the points of my letter, asking him to have an interview with Dr. Bacon, and endeavor to arrange some settlement by which publicity could be avoided.

No word came, and after waiting until Wednesday afternoon, the letter was printed. My friend saw Dr. Bacon as he promised, and, in the course of the interview, Dr. Bacon said: 'If Mr. Tilton

publishes that letter, and Plymouth Church does not reply to it within twenty-four hours by a suit at law against Mr. Tilton, they will have no case before the Christian public.'"

An episode in this case was the arrest of Mr. Tilton for slander, at the instance of one William J. Gaynor, a local reporter and a lawyer, who gave the rather humorous reason for making the complaint that he is weary and heartsick of waiting outside doors of committee meetings and writing up the scandal, and takes this step to put an end to the trouble. He is a recent importation in Brooklyn, and hails from Boston.

WHAT PLYMOUTH CHURCH PEOPLE SAID.

Soon after the proceedings in court were closed, a reporter called upon several of the prominent members of Plymouth Church, including Mr. S. B. Halliday, Mr. Shearman, and Mr. Raymond. The first manifestation was that of intense surprise at the news. They evidently did not believe the report to be true. When convinced that it was a fact, they expressed their full conviction that this was either the work of Mr. Tilton, or that the object of the complainant was an endeavor to obtain both notoriety and money. In either case, it would not affect in any way the course that Plymouth Church had marked out for itself.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. TILTON'S TESTIMONY.

Q. To what extent was attention to outside matters carried by him to the neglect of his family? A. At the birth of the first three children I had very severe and prolonged sicknesses; but when he saw me he never felt that I was sick, because on seeing him I always tried to seem well; I felt so desirous of his presence; it was charged upon me many a time by my mother and my brother, "When Theodore or the doctor comes you are never sick;" they said of me, "She has never a genius for being sick."

Q. Will you state just what attention your husband bestowed upon you in a case of sickness during your confinement or any other illnesses, if you had them? A. Well, I had no attention whatever, I may truthfully say, from him any more than a stranger would give; I do not think it was from neglect so much as from an inability on his part to understand that I was sick and suffering, though, in fact, I was very seriously ill.

Q. Please give the committee some idea of the length and severity of your illnesses in these three instances, or in any one of them. A. At the birth of my second little girl I was sick from the middle of April until September, confined to my bed; I sat

up for the first time in the middle of September a little while.

Q. Who was your physician? A. Dr. Morrill; Theodore, I can truthfully tell you, in that time never gave me any sympathy at all; he called to see how I did in the morning and in the evening, or late at night; at this period he was absorbed in chess to such a degree that he would sometimes be up all night; I have known him to stand up at night, ready for bed, engaged upon a problem in chess, and to be found in that same condition in the morning, without having gone to bed at all.

Q. Was his conduct in that respect the subject of remonstrance on the part of your mother and others? A. Frequently by my mother.

Q. Ever in your presence? A. Yes, sir; and also by my nurse, who was a faithful woman; she would often speak to him and of him in his presence as thoughtless and heartless; I have known her many times to speak harshly of him.

Q. How much was he engrossed with actual business at this time? A. Not very much; I always thought that if Theodore had more business he would have less time for sentiment and romance.

Q. Do you recollect any message which came to you or to the family from your doctor in regard to your condition, giving the reason why your illness was of such a lingering character? A. Yes, sir; I remember that Dr. Putnam said, "There is care and trouble on that woman's mind,

and I cannot help it with medicine." He said that there was something he could not reach by the ordinary method, and that it was trouble.

Q. What was the trouble in point of fact? A. Well, any one of you gentlemen, I think, would have cared for my family as much as Theodore did. I was left entirely with my servants, and they were very poor servants; I could not have my mother with me, because it was impossible for her to live with us on account of the disagreement of Mr. Tilton and herself.

THEODORE'S BAD MOODS.

Q. You intimated that you thought it would be better if your husband had been more fully occupied; will you explain further what you meant by that remark? A. He spent a great deal of his time at home in moods of dissatisfaction with the surroundings, yearning, and wanting other ministrations; there was nothing in our home that satisfied him.

Q. Why was that? A. It was on account of my domestic duties; I think it was because I could not minister to him in the way he wanted me to—that is, in reading; his life was largely literary, and I could not meet him there; I had three little children, all of about the same age, at that time.

Q. Were his friends persons who were congenial to you at that early time? A. Yes, sir; I was

happy in the friends that he brought to my house, and felt as if they were an addition to my life.

Q. Tell me who your guests were at the time? A. I do not think when we boarded with mother that there were many except the church folks; when we left mother's and went into Oxford street, literary people came to the house, and that has been so ever since; they would sometimes call in his absence, and when he came home I would laughingly tell him that so and so had been there during the day, and he would ask, "What did you have to say?" I would reply, "Well, I am a first-rate listener if they are good talkers; if not, I am a good chatterer myself."

Q. Did you understand that he said that as an expression of doubt as to your ability to entertain people? A. Yes, sir; there is not the shadow of a doubt of it, I have lived under that always; he was very critical about my language; when under Theodore's influence I do not think I ever said anything freely or naturally.

HOST AND HOSTESS.

Q. Please state what you did or tried to do in receiving these friends of his? A. I tried to receive them kindly and pleasantly, always, and I think there is not one of them that will not bear witness to it; they were welcome; I always had a great desire to make my house hospitable to every one that came into it; we had a little picture of a sunshine house; the first year Theodore

brought it home, and I said, "Our house will always be like that."

Q. I want to ask you in regard to his attentions to domestic wants—to the needs of the family?

A. He did not know anything about them at all; I took charge of them myself altogether; often he was critical about it and I would say, "Well, alone I can do no better; but with you I think I could do much better," and he would say, "I do not call upon you to go to the office to do my work; this is yours; the other is mine."

Q. What was the character of his criticisms?

A. They were very unreasonable indeed; he would speak to me harshly and severely about any little extravagance, as he considered it; he was very fastidious, and must have the best of everything; but he didn't realize the cost.

Q. Do you mean that he found fault with your domestic management? A. Yes, sir; with my management of my servants, and with my management of the household matters generally.

Q. Were his demands extravagant? A. Very much so; he was very particular with regard to his diet, and the table linen, and his own apparel; and the glass and china must be very nice; but these things cost money, so that the expenses which we were subjected to were largely increased, while I would have liked very well to have had it different.

THEODORE AND BEECHER'S VISITS.

Q. What was the criticism in regard to Mr.

Beecher and yourself which Mr. Tilton made? A. I would like to go back a little here, for I think it will show you my manner with Mr. Beecher; when I lived in Oxford street, that was the first of this taint with which Mr. — filled my husband's mind, as early as 1865; Theodore then used to begin to talk to me about Mr. Beecher's wrongdoings with ladies, which he (Mr. Tilton) had heard from —, and night after night, day after day, he talked about Mr. Beecher; he seemed to be worried on that subject, so that when Mr. Beecher came to see me, Mr. Tilton immediately began to have suspicions; but, in order that I might be perfectly transparent to my husband with respect to my interviews with Mr. Beecher, whenever I was alone with him I used to make a memorandum and charge my mind with all the details of the conversation that passed between us, that I might repeat them to Mr. Tilton; it was so in regard to every gentleman who came to see me, and with whom I sat alone; I was very closely watched and questioned, but especially in regard to Mr. Beecher; I attributed those criticisms from Theodore to Mr. —'s criticisms; I never had a visit from Mr. Beecher that I was not questioned; Theodore would question me till I thought I had told him all that we talked about, and perhaps a day or two afterwards I would throw out a remark which Mr. Beecher had made, and Theodore would say, "You didn't tell me that yesterday;" I would say, "I forgot it;" "You lie," he would

say, "you didn't mean to tell me;" "Oh, yes, I did mean to tell you, but I forgot it." For two or three years I tried faithfully to repeat to my husband everything that I said and did, till I found it made him more suspicious than ever. He believed that I left out many things purposely, while I was conscious of never meaningly omitting anything. I wanted Theodore to know everything that passed between us. I often said that if he would only come home and be there, he would know all.

TILTON'S SUSPICIONS.

Q. You say that he would say, "You lie;" be kind enough to explain to the committee what his manner was in doing that? A. It was passionate and angry; he had no confidence in me; in those days I suffered a great deal; in the last two or three years I have not felt so badly.

Q. You say that these suspicions and criticisms continued for about three years? A. They have lasted up to the present day, I think.

Q. When did his complaints against you change from the form of criticism to that of accusation, or something more than mere criticism? A. In the latter part of the winter and in the early spring of 1869-70, he began to talk to me, assuming that I had done wrong.

Q. In what respect? A. With Mr Beecher.

Q. Criminally? Yes; I have been with him days and nights talking this matter over; but I

would like to have you know these conversations lasted for years, and that the change of his thought from the "old to the new," as he called it, was gradual; I used to think that his suspicions of me were caused by his not being at rest in his own mind.

Q. When he assumed that you had been guilty of criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher, how did you treat the subject? A. For a time I was very angry, and expressed myself to him as strongly as I possibly could; I became angry and said I would not be talked to in that way.

DENYING THE CRIMINAL INTIMACY.

Q. State how you received it at different times, whether you received it silently or denied it? A. I received it in various ways, according to the manner in which he introduced it; sometimes I would think it best to be quiet; I have often taken the plausible mode of dealing with him, and tried to lift his mind from that subject to some other; I have acted according to his moods as far as I could.

Q. State whether or not you invariably denied that you ever had any criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher? A. I have indeed; I remember that he not only charged me with this in my presence, but often became so audacious as to write to me about it, and that seemed to me unpardonable.

Q. When did he begin that? A. In the summer of 1870, when I was away.

Q. What was the character of that which he wrote to you in this particular? A. He sometimes would write quite lengthily of his own state of mind; his social theories—what we call free love doctrines—were the one absorbing theme with him then; I remember replying to him; I have not the letter, but so far as I can recollect there was a direct, not question exactly, but affirmation.

Q. What was your reason for adopting these various methods in receiving these accusations? A. Because I felt that he was in a morbid state of mind from troubles of his own; I was not quite willing to treat the matter seriously in regard to myself until he began to publish it abroad.

TILTON'S BREAK DOWN.

Q. What did you do in endeavoring to soothe and quiet Mr. Tilton and relieve his mind from the impressions that he had in regard to yourself and in regard to social life? A. I read to him a great deal aloud; I have read to him nearly half the night; he could not sleep; he never has been a good sleeper for years and years.

Q. What did you do particularly in regard to his accusation against you? A. I never could do anything but deny it.

Q. Did you always deny it? A. Oh, yes, sir; always.

Q. Please state what he said on the subject—how he introduced it? A. Well, as I look back upon it now, it seems to me that he would be very glad to bring me into such a state that I would acknowledge some wrong; all his influence in his conversation was exerted in that direction; he would talk of the Bible—he read it and thought of it—and he was becoming persuaded, and was making up his mind in regard to the life he was about to lead; and he would ask me again and again, “What do you think about this?—‘Whosoever looketh upon a woman,’” etc.; really, my friends, he was morbid on that subject; I do not think he ever talked about anything else; I sought relief from it day and night, I assure you; he would keep me awake till three or four o'clock in the morning discussing of this particular subject; it came from his giving up his religious faith; altogether it was a break down.

TILTON'S MORBID JEALOUSY.

Q. In making those offensive allegations what did he say? A. As often as any way he said, “You will not deny that you have had criminal intercourse,” and he tried to frighten me by saying that he had seen certain things.

Q. What things did he say he had seen? A. I remember that once or twice he pretended he saw me sitting on Mr. Beecher's lap at home in the red chair in the parlor; in reply to this I said, “You didn't;” I do not know what you gentle-

men will think, but you certainly can see that such a continual talk, year in and year out, would have its influence upon me; I came really to be quite indifferent except in regard to my anxiety about him; it was a sort of morbid jealousy that he had; I was worn out and sick with it.

Q. Was it only in respect to Mr. Beecher that he made these accusations, or in respect to other people also? A. In respect to Mr. Beecher only at that time; about 1870, I believe, he began to think that I had great admiration for several people besides Mr. Beecher.

Q. Did he hesitate to mention names? A. No, sir; he did not.

Q. How many different persons did he mention? A. Two or three gentlemen acquaintances.

Q. Did he ever make to you any charge or accusation even with respect to Mr. Beecher, naming any definite time or place of any criminal act? A. Oh! no, never. He never connected any time with it.

Q. Did he ever pretend to you that you had been guilty of any impropriety with Mr. Beecher at his (Mr. Beecher's) house? A. No; he wondered why I went there on two or three occasions; I went on errands; I attended Mr. Burgess a great deal at the time of his death (he was a poor man), and I went to Mr. Beecher two or three times to see him in regard to that man.

Q. Did you ever meet Mr. Beecher at other

places by appointment? A. Never at all; not once.

Q. Did Mr. Tilton ever base any accusations against you upon any admission which you had made to him, either with respect to an event at Mr. Beecher's, or your house, or any other place? A. Yes; he based an accusation against me in his public statement upon an interview which I had with Mr. Beecher in my second story room, and I deny it in my public statement.

Q. In any conversation with you, at any time, did he accuse you of any wrong-doing with Mr. Beecher based upon any admission by you? A. No, sir.

Q. Is it true that in July, 1870, you confessed to your husband any act or acts of impropriety with Mr. Beecher? A. No.

Q. Did you admit to him any wrongs of criminal intimacy with Mr. Beecher at other places? A. No, sir.

THE CATHARINE GAUNT STORY.

Q. Now, please state what conversation occurred in the summer of 1870, along about the month of July, between you and your husband in relation to that subject? A. Well, I said in my statement, not that I had made a confession similar to that which Catharine Gaunt had made at any one time, but that I had said things in many conversations out of which there might have been gathered up just such a story as on reading

Catharine Gaunt's up to a certain point I felt that she had told.

Q. You wrote a letter to your husband from Schoharie; had you at that time read the "Life of Catharine Gaunt" through? A. No, I had not; I had read the "Life of Catharine Gaunt" to a certain point, and, being touched very strongly with it in regard to myself, I sat down and wrote this letter to Theodore.

Mr. WINSLOW—Had you at any time any reference to adultery, or thought of it? A. No, sir.

Q. What did you refer to? A. I will try to answer that question; the one absorbing feeling of my whole life has been Theodore Tilton; neither Mr. Beecher, I assure you, nor any human being has ever taken away my love for him; but I must say that I felt very great helpfulness in my own soul from having had the friendship of Mr. Beecher, and also of other people, as many women as men.

THE SIN.

Mr. HILL—Q. You stated that in the summer of 1870 you made confession in respect to Catharine Gaunt, and that you made it at no one time? A. No, I did not; I think that Theodore gathered up from all our talks that summer that I really found in Mr. Beecher what I did not find in him; he got that I know; I gave it to him; but I often said, "Theodore, if you had given to me what you give to others, I dare say I should find in you what I find in Mr. Beecher."

Q. In your Schoharie letter you spoke of your "sin;" what did you mean by that? A. Theodore's nature being a proud one, I felt on reading that book that I had done him wrong; that I had harmed him in taking any one else in any way; although, on looking it over, I do not think but that I should do it again, because it has been so much to my soul.

Q. Taking any one else in what respect? A. I do not think if I had known as much as I do now of Tilton that I should ever have encouraged Mr. Beecher's acquaintance; I think I did wrong in doing it, inasmuch as it hurt Theodore; I do not know as I can make myself understood, but do you know what I mean when I say that I was aroused in myself—that I had a self-assertion which I never knew before with Theodore? there was always a damper between me and Theodore, but there never was between me and Mr. Beecher; with Mr. Beecher I had a sort of consciousness of being more; he appreciated me as Theodore did not; I felt myself another woman; I felt that he respected me; I think Theodore never saw in me what Mr. Beecher did.

A WANT OF MARITAL SYMPATHY.

Mr. SAGE—Do you mean to say that Theodore put down self-respect in you while Mr. Beecher lifted it up? A. Yes; I never felt a bit of embarrassment with Mr. Beecher, but to this day I never could sit down with Theodore without

being self-conscious, and feeling his sense of my inequality with him.

By Mr. HILL—Do you mean that you thought you let your affections or your regard or your respect go out for Mr. Beecher unduly, and so censured yourself? A. No, sir; I do not think I ever felt that, because I did not think I harmed Theodore in that; I harmed him in his pride by allowing any one else to enter into my life at all; I think that was sin.

Q. When you speak of your sin you do not mean to be understood as going farther than that?

A. No; let me tell you a little more; Theodore, up to that time, in his accusations, would often talk to me by the hour to show me the effect that he said he knew I carried about my personal presence with gentlemen, and I would become nearly crazy in my conscience; he would say he knew there was no one who carried such an influence as I did; I would say, "Theodore, I do not think that is a fact; if I did I would never speak to another man in all my life."

Q. Did he define that influence? A. He said I had a

SENSUAL INFLUENCE.

I used to become impregnated with this idea of his, myself, while under his influence, and I wondered if it was so, and would think it over and over; he would often talk to me in that way by the hour, and try to persuade me that it was true, and then when I used to get out from under his

influence I was perfectly sure that no man ever felt that way toward me.

Mr. SAGE—Was there, in the sin to which you referred, anything that was unjust, or that was giving to Mr. Beecher any affection that belonged to your husband? A. No, sir; I think that the wisely feeling which I gave to my husband was as pure as anything that I could give him; there was nothing more than confidence and respect which I gave to Mr. Beecher; and I teach my daughters that if they give to their husbands what I have given to mine they will do enough; I would like to have you gentlemen realize how very severe that was to me, because it has been day after day and week after week—the hearing that that was the effect of my presence upon persons; it made me sick and caused me to distress myself; it kept me in embarrassment; it was a hard thing to live under.

Mr. CLEVELAND—Did it make you feel that you were beneath him and not his equal? A. Oh! certainly; I will tell you

A LITTLE INCIDENT

to explain this feeling in regard to my personal appearance (my presence was always mean, I knew); I have often been invited to go with him to meet his friends, and very much against my will I have gone; I never could appear as a lady, of course I never could dress as other ladies did; that was not my taste; and when I have been

there with them, going at his own desire, he has turned around to me and said, "I would give \$500 if you were not by my side," meaning that I was so insignificant that he was ashamed of me; and I remember perfectly, in two or three instances, of going to hotels, where my being short of stature was a dreadful trial to him, and he said, "I wish you would not keep near me;" I would not have gone if I had not been invited by him, and I did not go save to accompany him, dear friends; and I would have cut off my right arm to have been five inches taller; he seemed unwilling that I should be as the Lord made me; I do not know what else it was; one occasion I remember very well; there was a large company of friends at our house; they were all his friends—a gathering of women's rights people—and he particularly requested me not to come near him that night; it was very evident to me that he did not want comparisons made between us; that seems very mean to state, but it hurt me very much to know it.

Mr. HILL—In July, 1870, had you any conversation with Mr. Tilton in regard to his own habits and his own associations? A. Yes, sir, I had.

Q. What was the character of that conversation? A. He had always very freely opened his heart and his thoughts to me in all these conversations, for I think he never had a thought without telling me; no matter how much it hurt he

would tell it, and he made a great many disclosures to me of his life that summer.

A CONFESSION OF ADULTERY.

Q. Did he make any confession to you of criminality with other ladies? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And did you say that was about July, 1870? A. Yes, sir.

A. You have noticed his statement in which he says you confessed adultery to him about that time, and you say that the confession was the other way—from him to you? A. It was; I do not mean that his confession at that time referred to one; his talk with me referred to several; it was the time when I was making up my mind what to do in regard to living with a person who had reached such a state, and in connection with these ideas which he had grown into; he said he wished me to understand that when he was away from home on a lecturing tour, or anywhere visiting with friends, if he desired the gratification of himself he would do it.

Q. State what you refer to in your published statement where you speak of your going to other people to correct impressions with reference to him, and finding that he had anticipated you? A. The world was filled with slanders about him; he did not seem to know it; he thought everything came from me, and he said so; he declared that I was the originator of all this talk about

him, and he insisted upon my correcting these impressions.

Q. Do you remember that that was in the summer of 1870? A. Yes; I will give you one instance which occurred with Elizabeth So-and-so; said he: "That woman has been talking against me, and I want you to go around and see her, and put an end to it." Well, I immediately did; the next day I put on my things, and made a call on her, and said that I was surprised that she should add to the stories that were already in circulation; that I should have thought she would have avoided doing it for my sake; and she said: "Mrs. Tilton, do you know why I didn't? because the night before your husband had told stories of yourself to such-and-such a person, that came to me directly, and I was not going to allow an accusation of that character to stand against you;" I found, wherever I went, not only the accusation, but the details which he has now published.

Mr. SAGE—He was charging you with the same crime that he was committing himself? A. Yes; and it was a very singular thing for him to do; I would go back from these calls utterly speechless; I could say no more to these people; and I said to him, "Theodore, what made you send me there?" He would deny that he had ever said any such things as were attributed to him; there was no talking with him; he was very unreasonable.

THE IMPROPER CARESS AND THE BED-ROOM STORY.

Mr. HILL—I want to call your attention to the allegation made by your husband in his published statement, with respect to a scene in Mr. Beecher's house, wherein he states that you were looking at engravings, and that there was an improper caress; was there any truth in that? A. No, sir; I said in my statement that it was not true; you must consider my public statement a part of my testimony.

Mr. WINSLOW—When did you first learn of that? A. In Theodore's statement.

Mr. HILL—Let me call your attention to another charge—that he (Mr. Tilton) discovered yourself and Mr. Beecher in the second-story bed-room of your house? A. That I also deny.

Q. Do you deny that it was as he stated it, or do you deny that he found you there? A. He found us often in our common sitting-room, and he has invited Mr. Beecher there; my writing-desk was up there, and we sat there more often than in the parlor, a great deal; Mr. Grooley, and almost everybody else went up there; there were folding doors between the bed-room and the sitting room, and they were almost always open, and the door which Mr. Tilton said was locked, was generally locked, and we entered the room by the other door, leading from the hall into the sitting-room.

Q. Do you recollect an occasion when Mr. Beecher was in either of these rooms, and Mr. Tilton

came to the hall entrance of the bed-room? A. Yes; because that has been the one thing that he has always talked about to me.

Q. Explain that occurrence? A. Well, I think Theodore had been with us for quite a little season that morning; he had gone out; Mr. Beecher was sitting in the large chair, and I had drawn up a small one; Mr. Beecher had in his hand a little manuscript that he was going to read; I do not remember what it was; the door from the bed-room to the hall was shut, and I shut the door leading from the sitting-room to the hall, which was usually open; I had no sooner done that (which I did to keep out the noise of the children that were playing in the hall) and sat down by the side of Mr. Beecher when Theodore came to the other door; not five minutes had elapsed since he went out.

UNCONSCIOUS WRITING.

Q. Tell us with regard to the paper which Mr. Tilton says you wrote the latter part of December, 1870, wherein you stated that Mr. Beecher had been guilty of improper approaches to you? A. Well, the paper which I wrote then was but a couple of lines, so far as I can remember; it was written, as I have told you already, at a time when I was pretty nearly out of my mind; if ever I was worried it was by this constant talking; but what Theodore made me write I cannot tell to this day; I am conscious of doing it on very many occasions; I am conscious of writing for Mr.

Tilton many things under his dictation, or copying them off and giving them to him.

Mr. WINSLOW—Things that were false? A. Oh, yes; that is why I expect before you to appear utterly miserable and weak and forlorn.

Q. What did he say to you to make you write them? A. He had very great embarrassments in every way, especially at that time, when these social scandals were upon him.

Q. What benefit did he tell you would come if you would make these statements? A. He said this statement was to help him in the matter with Mr. Bowen; I did not understand how it was; but instead of going to Mr. Bowen with it, he went to Mr. Moulton, and that quite startled me.

Q. If there was anything in it which reflected on Mr. Beecher, was it true or false? A. False.

Q. Did Mr. Beecher make any improper suggestion or request to you? A. Why, no, sir; it was utterly false; I have done many things like signing that paper.

Q. How happened it that you did these many things—copying off statements which Mr. Tilton had prepared for you, and which you say were false? What was the influence that operated on your mind? A. I have always been unable to account for it; I do not know why I did it; there is a certain power that Theodore has over me, especially if I am sick, and he hardly ever came to me when I was in any other condition, to do anything of that sort, and I very frequently would say,

"Well, it matters very little to me; I shan't be here long, any way, and if you want me to do this, I will do it."

Mr. WINSLOW—Had you arrived at a condition of mind on this occasion, in which you could not exercise your will? A. Yes, sir.

Mr. SAGE—When Theodore desired you to write those letters, which he dictated or wrote, and you copied, were you so much under the influence of his will that you had no power of your own? A. I never exerted my will when he was about.

Q. Had you any power of will, or did his will so dominate you that you were obliged to act under his? A. I have often thought whether I had any power, or whether his was a mesmeric condition brought to bear upon me; I certainly was indifferent to any act that I was doing, except to do as he willed me to do.

Mr. HILL—Was that statement prepared during your sickness, at the time of your miscarriage, in 1870? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Then this peculiar influence of Mr. Tilton over you, to which you refer, was aggravated by your physical condition? A. Yes; I never expected to see the light again.

Mr. WINSLOW—Was that letter addressed to anybody? A. It was a mere statement.

Q. Did he say what he was going to do with it? A. He said he was going to use it if he wanted it; he gave me to understand that it referred to his difficulties with Mr. Bowen.

Q. Did you write that letter from your sick bed? A. Yes, sir; I had pen, ink, and paper brought to me.

THE LETTER TO DR. STORRS

Mr. HILL—A letter was written, as we understand, by you to Dr. Storrs, or for use before Dr. Storrs. Will you describe the circumstance under which it was written, and tell what was said to you at the time? A. Theodore had been three or four months writing what he called "a true statement;" it was written on foolscap, and it made a roll two or three or more inches in diameter; he came to me one morning after breakfast, in the parlor, in the presence of Mr. Carpenter, who had staid at our house over night, and said that in about fifteen minutes he wanted to meet Dr. Storrs by appointment, and that he had a letter on which would hinge this whole story, and that he wanted to show it, and that he wanted me to copy and sign it; I never would allow him to read that story to me except in little fragments, because I did not believe in it, nor would I allow the children to hear it; he wanted Florence to hear it often and often, and before he had this letter he asked Annie Tilton and Florrie to go down into the parlor and listen to it; they said no; they did not care to read the story; he said it was my influence that made them refuse; well, this morning he had the letter written; it fills one side of a note sheet of my writing, as I copied

it; said he, "I want you to copy that, because it is the hinge of the whole matter," meaning the whole or "true statement;" I think the first line of it was, "Mr. Beecher desired me to be his wife, with all that that implies;" I said, "I can't write that;" said he, "I must have something a great deal better than I can write;" said I, "I cannot write it;" "Well, now, come, Elizabeth," said he, "that is not anything after all;" said I, "it is not true, and what will Mr. Beecher say?" There stood Frank Carpenter right by my side; there was the writing desk in the parlor, and he said that I had but fifteen minutes, and I sat down and wrote it.

THE WOODHULL TROUBLE.

Mr. WINSLOW—What use was he going to make of it? A. He was going to take it to Dr. Storrs.

Q. Why did he want to show it to Dr. Storrs? A. I don't think he gave any reason, except that he had made an appointment with him; he said the whole story was all right, with the exception that he wanted something from me.

Q. Is it true, as Mr. Tilton says, and as he said before this committee, that you wanted to make a stronger statement than he made? A. It is absolutely false; I thought it was dreadfully wicked, strong as it was; I knew there was trouble, and I thought it would in some way serve Theodore, and bring peace to his household; he said that

was the best way he could fix it; it was some scheme to get him out of the Woodhull trouble.

Q. Have you seen Dr. Storrs within a year?

A. I went to see him at his study.

DR. STORRS' STUDY.

Q. When was that? A. About a week after he called the council; I had been in considerable trouble about this letter of mine, and knowing that Dr. Storrs had seen it, I went one morning, without consultation with Theodore, alone, and asked Dr. Storrs to hear me; he could not that morning, but he appointed the next morning at nine o'clock for an interview; that was a little while before the session of the council; I saw him all alone; I told him I went to his church the Sunday before, and that I meant to have seen him there, and ask an interview then, and he said that he never saw any one on Sunday after church; then I told him that I had been very little to church lately, but that my daughter had attended his church and enjoyed his services, and I thanked him for his kindness to her (he had introduced her into his Sunday-school); I told him that I had called on purpose to say to him that there was a letter in the statement which Mr. Tilton showed him, as I understood, that I had written, and I wanted him to know that I had not composed that letter, and was not the author of it in any way; that it was false, and that it was added to the statement in order to have some

word from me; Dr. Storrs looked up at me and said: "I wish I had known that a week ago, because on that letter alone I believed Mr. Beecher to be a guilty man."

Mr. WINSLOW—Did he inquire how you came to copy such a letter? A. No.

DR. STORRS IN A HURRY.

Mr. HILL—Did you explain to him? A. No; he wanted to know if I knew of the great sin that I had done; I said I did; he said it was a fearful thing; to which I said yes; I realized it; I had frequently done such things as that.

Q. Did you explain to him the influence of Theodora upon you? A. No, sir, not at length; he was in a hurry.



VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.



TEKNIE C. CHAPLIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. BEECHER TO MR. MOULTON.

July 24, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. MOULTON:

I am making out a statement, and I need the letters and papers in your hands. Will you send me by Tracy all the originals of my papers? Let them be numbered and an inventory taken, and I will return them to you as soon as I can see and compare, get dates, make extracts or copies, as the case may be.

Will you also send me Bowen's "Hells of Difficulty," and all letters of my sister, if any are with you?

I heard you were sick—are you about again? God grant you to see peaceful times.

Yours gratefully, H. W. BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, *July 28, 1874.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

The committee of investigation are waiting mainly for you before closing their labors. I, too, earnestly wish that you would come and clear your mind and memory of everything that can bear on my case. I pray you also to bring all letters and papers relating to it which will throw any light upon it, and bring to a result this protracted case.

I trust that Mrs. Moulton has been reinvigo-

rated, and that her need of your care will not be so great as to detain you.

Truly yours,

H. W. BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, August 4, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. BEECHER:

I received your note of July 24th, informing me that you are making a statement, and need the letters and papers in my hands, and asking me to send them to you for the purpose of having extracts of copies made from them as the case may be, that you may use them in your controversy with Mr. Tilton.

I should be very glad to do anything that I may do, consistent with my sense of what is due to justice and right, to aid you; but if you will reflect that I hold all the important papers entrusted to me at the desire and request, and in the confidence of both parties to this unhappy affair, you will see that I cannot in honor give them, or any of them, to either party to aid him as against the other. I have not given or shown to Mr. Tilton any documents or papers relating to your affairs, since the renewal of your controversy, which had been once adjusted.

I need not tell you how deeply I regret your position as foes each to the other, after my long, and, as you, I have no doubt, fully believe, honest and faithful effort to have you otherwise.

I will sacredly hold all the papers and informa-

tion I have until both parties shall request me to make them public, or to deliver them into the hands of either or both, or to lay them before the committee, or I am compelled in a court of justice to produce them, if I can be so compelled.

My regret that I am compelled to this course is softened by my belief that you will not be substantially injured by it in this regard, for all the facts are, of course, known to you, and I am bound to believe and assume that in the statement you are preparing, you will only set forth the exact facts; and if so, the documents, when produced, will only confirm, and cannot contradict, what you may state, so that you will suffer no loss.

If, on the contrary—which I cannot presume—you desire the possession of the documents in order that you may prove your statement in a manner not to be contravened by the facts set forth in them to the disadvantage of Mr. Tilton, I should be then aiding you in doing that which I cannot believe the strictest and firmest friendship for you calls upon me to do. With grateful recollections of your kind confidence and trust in me, I am very truly yours,

F. D. MOULTON.

BROOKLYN, August 4, 1874.

F. D. MOULTON, Esq.,

SIR:—Your letter bearing date August 4th, 1874, is this moment received. Allow me to express my regret and astonishment that you refuse

me permission even to see certain letters and papers in your possession, relating to the charges made against me by Theodore Tilton, and at the reasons given for the refusal.

On your solemn and repeated assurances of personal friendship, and in the unquestioning confidence with which you inspired me of your honor and fidelity, I placed in your hands for safe keeping various letters addressed to me from my brother, my sister, and various other parties; also memoranda of affairs not immediately connected with Mr. Tilton's matters. I also from time to time addressed you confidential notes relating to my own self, as one friend would write to another. These papers were never placed in your hands to be held for two parties, nor to be used in any way. They were to be held for me. I did not wish them to be subject to risk of loss or scattering, from my careless habits in the matter of preserving documents. They were to be held for me. In so far as these papers were concerned, you were only a friendly trustee, holding papers subject to my wishes.

Mr. Tilton has made a deadly assault upon me, and has used letters and fragments of letters purporting to be copies of these papers. Are these extracts genuine? Are they garbled? What are their dates? What, if anything, has been left out, and what put in?

You refuse my demand for these papers on the various pleas that if I speak the truth in my

statement, I do not need them; that if I make a successful use of them, it will be an injury to Mr. Tilton, and that you, as a friend of both parties, are bound not to aid either in any act that shall injure the other.

But I do not desire to injure any one, but to repel an injury attempted upon me by the use of papers, committed sacredly to your care. These documents have been seen and copied; they have been hawked for sale in New York newspaper offices; what purport to be my confidential notes to you are on the market. But when I demand a sight of the originals of papers of which you are only a trustee, that I may defend myself, you refuse, because you are the friend of both parties!

Mr. Tilton has access to your depository for materials with which to strike me, but I am not permitted to use them in defending myself!

I do not ask you to place before the committee any papers which Mr. Tilton may have given you. But I do demand that you forthwith place before the committee every paper which I have written or deposited with you.

Yours, truly,

H. W. BEECHER.

On Friday evening, December 30th, being the night of Plymouth Church prayer-meeting, Mr. Tilton came up to me and said in substance that, by his wife's request, he had determined to see Mr. Beecher, in order to show to Mr. Beecher the confession of his wife, of intercourse between

them, which he (Tilton) had never up to that time mentioned to him (Beecher), and the fact of the confession of which his wife had told him that she had never told Beecher, although her confession had been made in July previous, in writing, which writing he (Tilton) had afterwards destroyed. But that his wife, fearing that if the Bowen accusations against Beecher were made public the whole matter would be known, and her own conduct with Beecher become exposed, had renewed her confession in her own handwriting, which he handed to me to read, which was the first knowledge I had of its existence.

Tilton did not tell me how his wife came to make the confession in July, nor did I at that time or ever after ask. Indeed, I may state here, once for all, that I refrained from asking confessions of acts of all the parties further than they chose to make them to me voluntarily for the purpose for which I was acting.

Mr. Tilton wanted me to go down and ask Mr. Beecher to come up and see him at my house, which I did. I said to Mr. Beecher: "Mr. Tilton wants you to come and see him at my house, immediately." He asked: "What for?" I replied: "He wants to make some statement to you in reference to your relations with his family." He then called to some one in a back room to go down and say he should not be at prayer-meeting, and we went out together.

It was storming at the time, when he remarked: "There is appropriateness in this storm," and asked me, "What can I do? What can I do?" I said, "Mr. Beecher I am not a Christian, but if you wish

I WILL SHOW YOU HOW WELL A HEATHEN CAN SERVE YOU."

We then went to my house and I showed him into the chamber over the parlor, where Mr. Tilton was, and left them together. In about an hour Mr. Beecher came down and asked me if I had seen the confession of Elizabeth. I said I had.

Said he, "This will kill me," and asked me to walk out with him. I did so, and we walked to Mr. Tilton's house together, and he went in. On the way he said, "This is a terrible catastrophe; it comes upon me as if struck by lightning."

He went into Tilton's house, and I returned home within an hour. He returned to my house, and we left my house again together, and I walked with him to his house.

Tilton remained at my house while Beecher was absent at Tilton's house, and when he returned there was no conversation between them.

When we arrived at Beecher's house he wanted me to stand by him in this emergency, and procure a reconciliation, if possible. I told him I would, because the interests of the women, children, and families were involved, if for no other reason.

That ended the interview that night. During this evening nothing was said by Beecher as to the truth or falsity of Mrs. Tilton's confession, nor did he inform me that he had obtained from her any recantation of the confession, which I afterwards learned he had done.

I returned to the house and had some conversation with Mr. Tilton, in which he told me that he had recited to Beecher the details of the confession of his wife, and the remark which Beecher made was: "This is all a dream, Theodore," and that was all the answer that Beecher made to him.

I then advised Tilton that for the sake of his wife and family, and for the sake of Beecher's family, the matter should be kept quiet and hushed up.

Next morning as I was leaving home for business, Tilton came to my house, and with great anger said that Beecher had done a mean act; that he had gone from that interview of last night to his house, and procured from Elizabeth a recantation and retraction of her confession.

He said for that act he would smite him, that there could be no peace. He said, "You see that what I have told you of the meanness of that man is now evident."

Tilton said that Beecher, at the interview of the last night, had asked his permission to go and see Elizabeth, and he told him he might go, which

statement was confirmed by Beecher himself, and Beecher left him for that purpose.

I said to Tilton, "Now don't be angry; let us see if even this cannot be arranged. I will go down and get that retraction from him."

I was then going to my business, so that I was unable to go that morning, but went that evening and saw Beecher, and told him that I thought he had been doing a very mean and treacherous act. Treacherous first, towards me, from whom he wanted help, in that he did not tell me on our way to his house that night what he had procured from Mrs. Tilton, and that he could not expect my friendship, yes, friendship, in this matter unless he acted truthfully and honorably towards me. I further said, "Mr. Beecher, you have had criminal intercourse with Mrs. Tilton. You have done great injury to Tilton otherwise. Now when you are confronted with it you ask permission of the man to again visit his house, and you get from that woman, who has confessed you have ruined her, recantation and retraction of the truth for your mere personal safety. That won't save you."

At that interview he admitted, with grief and sorrow, the fact of his sexual relations with Mrs. Tilton; expressed some indignation that she had not told him that she had told her husband, and that, in consequence of being in ignorance of that fact, he had been walking upon a volcano, refer-

ring to what he had done in connection with Bowen, and with reference to Tilton's family.

When I saw Beecher I made the agreement at his request, to go and see him on Sunday, January 1st.

I went to his house in accordance with the engagement. He took me into his study, and told me again of his great surprise that Elizabeth should have made the confession of his criminal commerce with her to her husband without letting him (B.) know anything about it, making his destruction at any moment possible, and without warning to him. He expressed his great grief at this wrong which he had done as minister and friend to Theodore, and, at his request, I took pen and paper, and he dictated to me the following paper, all of which is in my handwriting, except the words: "I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence," and the signature, which latter are Mr. Beecher's.

[Here appears Beecher's letter of contrition.]

This was intrusted to me in confidence to be shown only to Tilton, which I did. It had reference to no other fact or act than the confession of sexual intercourse between Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, which he at that interview confessed and denied not, but confessed.

He also at other interviews subsequently held between us in relation to this unfortunate affair, unqualifiedly confessed that he had been guilty of adultery with Mrs. Tilton, and always in grief

and sorrow at the enormity of the crime he had committed against Tilton's family. At such times he would speak with much feeling of the relation he had sustained towards them as pastor, spiritual adviser and trusted friend.

His self-condemnation at the ruin he had wrought under such circumstances was full and complete, and at times he was so bowed down with grief in consequence of the wrong he had done that he threatened to put an end to his life.

He also gave to me the letter from Tilton demanding that he resign the ministry of Plymouth Church.

In reference to which he said that Bowen had given it to him; that he had told Bowen that Tilton must be crazy to write such a letter as that; that he did not understand it, and that Bowen said to him, "I will be your friend in this matter."

He then made the statement which Tilton made to me at my house, of the charge that Bowen had made to him (Tilton); said that Bowen had been very treacherous towards Tilton as well as towards himself, because he (Beecher) had had a reconciliation with Bowen, of which he told me the terms, and that Bowen had never in his (Beecher's) presence spoken of or referred to any allegation of crime or wrong-doing on his part with any woman whatever.

He gave me in general terms a reconciliation, and afterwards gave me two memoranda, which I

here produce, which show the terms of the reconciliation.

The first is in the handwriting of Mr. Bowen, containing five items, which Beecher assured me were the terms which Bowen claimed should be the basis of reconciliation, as follows:

First. Report and publish sermons and lecture-room talk.

Second. New edition of Plymouth Collection and Free Lands Interest.

Third. Explanations to Church.

Fourth. Write me a letter.

Fifth. Retract in every quarter what has been said to my injury.

In that interview Beecher was very earnest in his expressions of regret at what had been done against Tilton in relation to his business in connection with Bowen, and besought me to do everything I could to save him from the destruction which would come upon him if the story of his (Beecher's) intercourse with Mrs. Tilton should be divulged.

OLIVER JOHNSON'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Oliver Johnson says that Mr. Bowen's statements in regard to Henry Ward Beecher, were not intimations of Henry Ward Beecher's adulteries, but plain and straightforward charges of the same. Henry C. Bowen stated that he knew four or five cases of Mr. Beecher's adulterous intercourse with women.

Oliver Johnson says that Henry C. Bowen, at

this interview, plainly declared that Henry Ward Beecher had confessed his guilt to Henry C. Bowen.

HENRY C. BOWEN—I cannot stand it any longer. You and I owe a duty to society in this matter. That man ought not to stay another week in his pulpit. It is not safe for our families to have him in this city.

The allusion to the widow was made by Theodore Tilton, and Henry C. Bowen said he had no doubt that her husband's death was caused by his knowledge of her improper intimacy with Henry Ward Beecher. "I have no doubt about it whatever."

After the tripartite covenant was signed, it came to the knowledge of Beecher (as he informed me) that Bowen was still spreading scandals about him, at which he was angered, and proposed to write Bowen a letter, stating the points that had been settled in their reconciliation and agreement, and the reason why Mr. Bowen's mouth should be closed in regard to such slanders. I find among my papers a memorandum of the statements intended to be embodied in that letter, which was submitted to my judgment by Beecher.

BEECHER'S STATEMENT OF BOWEN'S SETTLEMENT.

I. That he allowed himself to listen to unfounded rumors.

II. That he never brought them either (1) to me (2) nor in any proper manner to the church;

(8) that he only whispered them, and even that only when he had some business in view.

III. That he did not himself believe that anything had occurred which unfitted me for the utmost trust shown.

(1.) By continuing from twelve to fifteen years a conspicuous attendant at Plymouth Church.

(2.) By contracts with me as editor of the *Independent*.

(3.) By continued publications of my sermons, etc., making the privilege of doing so—even as late as the interview at Freeland's—one of these points of settlement.

(4.) By a settlement of *all difficulties* at Freeland's (and a reconciliation which was to lead to work together) in which *not a single hint* of any *personal* immorality, but every item was business.

IV. As a result of such agreement.

(1.) I was to resume my old familiarity at his house.

(2.) To write him a letter that he could give his family to show that I had restored confidence.

(3.) To endeavor to remove from him the coldness and frowns of the parish as one who had *injured me*.

(4.) A card to be published, and which was published, giving him the right to put in the *Independent* sermons and lecture-room talks, etc.

(5.) I was invited to go to Woodstock and be his guest, as I was at Grant's reception.



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION

CONSIDER Moulton's course with a view of testing what was in his mind as well as in Tilton's as to the character of the offence. If Moulton understood the charge to be adultery, then he is entitled to the credit of the invention or discovery that this crime could be the subject of an apology, and a ready forgiveness and reconciliation on the part of the offender and the injured husband. That Moulton did not believe or understand that the offence was adultery, is shown by the same class of evidence that has been cited in reference to Tilton. He repeatedly declared to many persons there was no adultery. Fortunately we have a statement in writing setting forth Moulton's estimate of the nature of the offence.

Mr. Beecher wrote a letter dated June 1st, 1878, to Moulton, in which, among other things, he complains of Tilton's threatening and inconsistent conduct, and declares his purpose to waste no more energy in trying to satisfy Tilton who, at this time, was complaining of the publication of the tripartite agreement, so called. In this letter Mr. Beecher says, "My mind is clear; I am not in haste; I shall write for the public a statement that will bear the light of the judgment day. God

will take care of me and mine." These are not the words of a guilty mind. Moulton replies on the same day. Publicity was no part of his profound policy, and he hastens to object. At first he writes these words, "If the truth must be spoken, let it be. I know you can stand if the whole case was published to-morrow." Apparently fearing this might rather tend to determine Mr. Beecher to publish the whole case than otherwise, he crossed out these and other lines with a pencil and commenced anew. In this new effort, on the same paper, these words occur: "You can stand if the whole case were published to-morrow." Moulton was right. The pity is that Mr. Beecher did not publish forthwith, and so become once more free, and end the machinations of Tilton and the mutual friend. These two, whatever else they wanted or designed, did not believe their purposes would be then subverted by publicity. Tilton soon became gracious and kindly. But what shall be said of Moulton, who now asserts for the first time that adultery was the offence? Is it possible this man is so low in his moral perceptions as to believe that a minister of the gospel, and that too of Plymouth Church, could "stand" before his church and the world against the crime of adultery? No. Tilton says his wife was possessed of the idea that adultery with her pastor was all right, and no sin. That she did not discover her mistake from reading Saint Paul, but Griffith Gaunt. But we have no evidence that this hal-

lucination had reached and tainted the diplomatic mind of Moulton. It is right that we should say here that we do not believe the sinless character of adultery was a dogma believed in or even known to Mrs. Tilton, except perhaps as a notion of the Woodhull school, of which her husband had become a disciple and shining light, and with which she had no sympathy.

There is but one fair conclusion to be drawn from Moulton's letter of June 1st to Mr. Beecher. He knew that Mr. Beecher had been falsely accused of impure advances, and that he desired in his inmost soul to suppress the scandal. Yet if the simple truth were published he could "stand." Knowing this, he said so. Whatever Moulton may say now, since his malice has been excited by certain exposures, is of little consequence. He now openly stands with Tilton, where he has secretly been from the beginning. We claim, therefore, in view of these facts and circumstances, that the original charge of impure advances, false though it was, has been dropped by these accusers, and adultery at this late day has been substituted as an after-thought. We brand this performance as a fraud that ought to end all controversy as to the innocence of Mr. Beecher.

Pursuing the narrative a little further we find Moulton, who first appeared as Tilton's friend, after procuring the so-called apology, quietly becoming the friend of both the parties—the mutual friend. Mr. Moulton, as he discloses his charac-

ter in these proceedings, appears to be a very plausible man, with more vigor of will than conscience. One thing is unfortunately clear, that from this time on he contrived to obtain and hold the confidence of Mr. Beecher both in his ability and purpose to keep the peace in good faith. There was certainly room for an honest peacemaker. Mr. Beecher knew he had been falsely accused of an impure offence, and that a reputable woman by some means had been induced to make the accusation. It is true the charge had been withdrawn, and its force was in a sense broken. Still the fact remained—he had been accused.

Mr. Beecher naturally felt that the situation was critical. For him, a clergyman of world-wide fame, to be even falsely accused was a calamity. To prevent publicity would save a still greater calamity. He felt—and in the light of results may we not say he was right?—that a public charge of such an offence would, as he expressed it in his letter to Moulton of February 5th, "make a conflagration." For reasons of malice and revenge it became apparent that Tilton was preparing to make a deadly assault upon him. This Mr. Beecher believed it was his supreme duty to prevent by all possible honorable means. Moulton professed to deprecate Tilton's purpose, and declared if Mr. Beecher would trust to him he could and would prevent it. And so now began a series of letters and steps under the direction and advice of the diplomatic mutual friend, having for their

object, as Mr. Beecher believed, the suppression of the scandal and the restoration, in some measure, if practicable, of Tilton to position and employment.

Much has been said, and not without some justice, of the extraordinary words and tenor of Mr. Beecher's letters. But in interpreting these letters it must be remembered: First, that Mr. Beecher, under the excitement of deep feelings, uses strong words and emotional expressions. This is and always has been a marked quality of his mind. Second, in this sore trouble he was dealing with Tilton, who had shown himself at times fickle, malicious, revengeful, and mercenary. In the light of these facts there is not a letter from Mr. Beecher, nor an act of his, however ill-judged through these four years of anxiety and grief, that cannot be accounted for upon the plain theory that he was fighting to suppress an outrageous scandal, which consisted of a false accusation against him, made by a reputable woman; and, further, that he was endeavoring to help a man whom he felt he had unduly injured in business matters, upon representations which he was afterwards made to believe, chiefly by Moulton, were not well founded.

The statement of this branch of the case would not be complete without reference to the fact that Mr. Beecher had a warm friendship for Mrs. Tilton, which began in her early womanhood, and that Mrs. Tilton, reciprocating this friendship, be-

gan, as her domestic troubles came on, to look more than ever to Mr. Beecher for sympathy and advice. That this feeling on Mrs. Tilton's part became, under the circumstances, so strong as to diminish the proper influence that belongs to every good husband is not unlikely.

In the course of events, and especially in December, 1870, Mr. Beecher received the impression from Tilton and Moulton that he had estranged Mrs. Tilton's affections from her husband. The possibility that such a fact as this might be added to the responsibilities then resting upon Mr. Beecher, constituted, as he expressed it in his letter of February 5th, in part, one of "the environments that surrounded him." This was to him the occasion of deep grief and anguish. Mr. Beecher conceived that possibly he had been derelict in duty—he, the strong man and pastor—in not repressing at once any undue affection for him on the part of this distressed Christian woman, who was yearning for sympathy that she found not in her household.

The condition of this family, in connection with the distressing circumstances referred to, and that appear in the history of this difficulty, conspired to make the occasion one full of peril, not only to Mr. Beecher, but to others whom he felt bound to protect to the last moment, to say nothing of the great interests of his beloved Plymouth Church, and other interests of high concern, all of which must be involved, if publicity should be given to

the false and scandalous matter that was seeking expression from the heated and malicious mind of Theodore Tilton. Will innocent men pay blackmail? Will innocent men, and especially clergymen, fight as for their lives to suppress an injurious scandal, even though it be born of extortion, falsehood, and revenge? These are questions that unhappily history has too often answered in the affirmative. It is easy, now that we see what manner of men Tilton and Moulton are, to wonder that Mr. Beecher should intrust any interest of his to their keeping. When we look back upon the record made by this sad story, we feel like visiting, even upon the suffering head and heart of our pastor, the severest censure. And this not the less because we revere and love him, and know that no man in all our land is more beloved. It is, we might say, because he is so beloved—because in him center so many and so great interests of church and humanity—because he stands to-day foremost among men of master minds, of eloquence and power, that we would chide him in no uncertain words for imperilling so much and so often the precious interests confided to him by the God who made him, and who we have unshaken faith to believe will deliver him from all dangers.

It is essential to observe that there is nothing whatever disclosed by the evidence that proves that the accused parties have ever been found together under any suspicious circumstances, such as in some unusual house or place, or consulting

together in some secret way to avoid observation and exposure. There is no proof of clandestine correspondence, nor attempts in that direction. Mr. Beecher's letters were, as a rule, opened, arranged, and read by his wife. She testifies that she has read and answered as many as one thousand in three months. Such as reached the *Christian Union* office were opened by others, and those that went to the church were opened, by the direction of Mr. Beecher, by the clerk, before being placed on the desk. No sort of restrictions were imposed as to his letters. The usual facts and circumstances suggestive of wrong doing are utterly wanting in this case. What then does the case, as put by the accuser, rest upon? We answer, upon mere words and assertions, supported by no circumstances whatever, that are the usual indications of adultery.

It is not for the committee to defend the course of Mrs. Tilton. Her conduct, upon any theory of human responsibility, is indefensible. Our hope is that it may be made clear, as the testimony affords much reason to believe it may be, that this distressed woman was so beset by her designing husband, when in states of mind differing little, if at all, from mental aberration, brought on by illness and domestic sorrow and gloom, as to induce her, at least passively, to make a charge of improper advances by Mr. Beecher. But when her attention was pointedly called to the great wrong

she had done, she quickly took it back in sorrow and penitence.

There is medical testimony before the committee, given by two eminent physicians, Doctors Minton and Corey, to the effect that such cases of mental power and domination by a husband of strong will over a wife weakened by disease and domestic trouble, are not infrequent. Dr. Corey, who is eminent, and has had large experience in mental diseases and phenomena, says such conduct on the part of Mrs. Tilton, when subjected to the influences referred to, is even consistent with an honest mind. We observe that Moulton parades a letter purporting to have been written by Mrs. Tilton to him, in which she says she is "a perfect coward in his (Tilton's) presence," and "it is a physical impossibility for me to tell the truth." In another letter, she says, "With all my woman's soul I am innocent of the crime of impure conduct alleged against me." In her statement, procured under the direction of Tilton and Carpenter, of December 16th, 1872, and which was taken by them to Dr. Storrs, Mrs. Tilton shows that she was made to believe that a conspiracy was formed against her husband. Her words are: "Six months afterwards (that is after July 3d, 1870), my husband felt impelled by the circumstances of a conspiracy against him, in which Mrs. Beecher had a part, to have an interview with Mr. Beecher." This refers to the interview of Tilton with Mr. Beecher, procured by Moulton on

the evening of December 30th, 1870, when Tilton produced a written charge, in two lines, in the handwriting of Mrs. Tilton. It will be seen, it was under the influence of startling statements of conspiracy against her husband that Mrs. Tilton was moved to appear to act on this occasion. We find her subsequently in a letter asking Mr. Beecher's forgiveness "for the sufferings she had caused him."

Finally, who is this accuser, that he makes so bold a face? We may learn from the testimony, as well as by common report, without descending to unpleasant particulars or personalities, that Theodore Tilton has in recent years become a very different man from what he was formerly reputed to be. He will hardly deny that. Both before and after his espousal of the new marital philosophy, signs of degeneracy were setting in which have made him a discredited man in this community. In the new role, his culmination and downfall are well stated in recent words by an able writer, who, in sketching his career, says that "In process of time he comes before the world as the endorser of Victoria C. Woodhull, and lends his name to a biography of her which would have sunk any man's reputation anywhere for common sense. Such a book is a tomb from which no author rises again." Such is the accuser. Who is the accused? It is Henry Ward Beecher. The pastor of Plymouth Church has been a clergyman with harness on forty years. Twenty-seven of

these years he has been here in this pulpit, which, as all the world knows, has so often been stirred to good deeds and to a better life by his eloquent ministrations.

This man has been living in the clear light of noonday, before his people and before all men, a life of great Christian usefulness and incessant work. None have known him but to admire and love him. They who have been most intimate with him at home and abroad, report nothing of his life or conversation but what comes of purity of soul. We are asked by Theodore Tilton and his co-adjutor, Moulton, to believe that this man, with his long and useful life and high character to sustain him, is unworthy of our confidence, regard, or respect. Christian character and great services, which are usually considered a tower of strength and defence when one is assailed, are to go for nought, according to Mr. Tilton. We are invited to give up this beloved and eminent man, and send him and his good name and fame into the vortex of moral destruction. We are to do this, upon what? Upon some wild, absurd and contradictory assertions of Mr. Tilton, who in all this work does not succeed in disguising his malicious and revengeful designs.

No tribunal administering justice ever held a charge of adultery proved by mere alleged words, written or spoken, that are denied, and not connected with circumstances and appearances pointing unmistakably to the guilt of the accused,

Upon a review of all the evidence, made with an earnest desire to find the truth, and to advise what truth and justice shall require, we feel bound to state, that in our judgment, the evidence relied on by the accuser utterly fails to sustain the charges made.

STATEMENT OF CONCLUSIONS.

First. We find from the evidence, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher did not commit adultery with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, either at the time or times, place or places, set forth in the third and fourth sub-divisions of Mr. Tilton's statement, nor at any other time or place whatever.

Second. We find from the evidence, that Mr. Beecher has never committed any unchaste or improper act with Mrs. Tilton, nor made any unchaste or improper remark, proffer or solicitation to her of any kind or description whatever.

Third. If this were a question of errors of judgment on the part of Mr. Beecher, it would be easy to criticize, especially in the light of recent events. In such criticism, even to the extent of regrets and censure, we are sure no man would join more sincerely than Mr. Beecher himself.

Fourth. We find nothing whatever in the evidence that should impair the perfect confidence of Plymouth Church or the world in the Christian character and integrity of Henry Ward Beecher.

And now let the peace of God that passeth all understanding rest and abide with Plymouth

Church, and her beloved and eminent pastor, so much and so long afflicted.

REMARKS OF ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

What is the evidence against Henry Ward Beecher in this case? It consists of the alleged confessions of Mr. Beecher to Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton, of the alleged confessions of Mrs. Tilton, verbally, to several persons, of the alleged confessions of Mrs. Tilton in writing, and finally of the letters brought forward of Mr. Beecher's. That is all. Now what is Tilton's story of the confession of Mrs. Tilton to her husband? It is this, that on the 8d day of July, 1870, she made a distinct confession of her criminal relations with Henry Ward Beecher to her husband. He was, of course, very indignant with Beecher on that 8d of July, 1870, and I should think he would have been all the more indignant that he could not convince his wife that adultery with a minister was wrong. That he was very indignant that day is shown by the fact that the 8d of July, 1870, having been a Sunday, Mr. Tilton went over to the office of the *Independent* on the next day, which was Monday, and wrote the following indignant passage about Henry Ward Beecher, which was subsequently read in the proof, and which appeared in the paper of Thursday of that week. It is an article called "Preachers and Theologians." The flaming anger of Mr. Tilton finds expression thus:

"We doubt if Henry Ward Beecher ever mastered systematic theology. We feel very sure that his opinions are not susceptible of formulation. Theological professors have not cared to conceal their contempt for his views; but what theologian in the country, with all his erudite mastery of the lore of the schools can so lay bare the human heart, can so quicken the human conscience, can so lift up into trust the human soul?" * * * *

The picture which I have sketched to you of Theodore Tilton attempting to convince his wife that adultery is a sin, is only a part of the picture which his case has forced him to draw concerning her mental experience on that subject. We learn from him, according to his own story, that after having on July 3d, 1870, confessed the sin of adultery, which she thought was not wrong, she then proceeded during the whole of that summer to remain in that delusion. She went through the scene of confession with him, which he alleges to have been a confession of adultery, in December—and still did not think it was wrong; she suffered greatly to view the pangs of her guilty partner under the fear of accusation, and she gave him a writing to save him from punishment—for something that she did not think was wrong; and she subsequently expressed the greatest horror because her husband had been falsely accused by a conspiracy, of the same thing—which she did not think was wrong; and finally in June, 1871, some three years after the beginning of the commission

of her original offence, and, according to his story, twelve months after her verbal confession, and six months after her written confession, she was suddenly brought to the conviction that adultery *was* wrong by observing the close similarity between her case and the case of a woman in a novel, who never committed adultery, and never dreamed of adultery, the only adulterer in the novel being *the husband of the woman, and not the woman herself.*

* * * * *

Is it upon such a mass of contradictions, lies, exaggerations, garbled letters, insinuations, and innuendoes, that we are, in our work as a Christian church, to tear down our pastor from the Christian pulpit, or to doubt him for one moment? I say to you, that to my mind his statement of that story has met all the evidence that has been brought up on the other side in this controversy. This gives the only direct clew through the mass of apparent contradictions and inextricable intricacies. It is satisfactory to me and I believe to all good men. But you say I am a friend, I am enthusiastic. Then let me read you the following letter to Mr. Beecher from a gentleman whose name you will learn at the end:

LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR MR. BEECHER:—I have been on the point of writing to you for the last few weeks, from time to time, to express my unabated confidence and my increasing sympathy for you in

your great trial; but I have refrained, knowing that you were too much occupied to listen to anything except necessary advice. But I have just read your statement, and am more than satisfied with it. It would be a slight thing to say that I believe it to be true. I do not read for myself, but for the world at large. I believe it will be accepted as true by all except sons of Belial, and those who have been committed against you in decided partisanship. More than this: I think that it will secure you the warm sympathy of multitudes whom you have not reached, or only slightly, before this, and that you will be held in higher honor than ever for integrity of purpose and generosity of self-sacrifice, and that your example, while it will teach discretion from your weakness, will enforce in a manifestly more impressive way the dignity and strength of a willingness to suffer in silence that others might be spared. I believe the Lord will make your latter days better than in the beginning (as is said of Job); and if you are willing to stop doing twice as much as any mortal should attempt, your pulpit and pastoral influence will be more blessed than ever. Most affectionately your friend.

The gentleman who wrote this letter is the President of Yale College, and his name is Noah Porter. (Great applause.)

* * * * *

I speak with warmth my friends; who shall

chide me? I know that man. (Mr. Beecher.) I love him. I have lived beside him almost all my life. He baptized me, he married me, he has buried my children, he has guided me in intellectual and religious life, and who shall chide me if I speak with warmth? It may well be that it was the hour for the head an hour ago, but now is already the hour for the heart. (Cheers.) Do I speak for myself alone? Answer me, young men, who have been led by Henry Ward Beecher (Cries of No! No! and long continued applause.)—young men, who have been led by Henry Ward Beecher away from the perils of society and of sin, guided in the paths of intellectual progress, led through all the mazes of religious inquiry, stimulated to noble patriotism, brought through all the crises of life safely into a broad and secure road of success, prosperity, and virtue! Answer me, old men, in whose troubles he has comforted you, in whose business disasters he has preached success of the higher sort! Answer me, mothers, to whom, through his lips, has come the comfort of the Holy Spirit when your children died! Answer me, this City of Brooklyn, which cherishes his fame; this nation, which is proud of him yet; this wide world, in whose firmament he having led many to righteousness shall shine like a star forever and forever! Answer me—yea answer me, ye angels of heaven, with whom he yet shall stand! Do I not speak for all good men, for all holy beings, for everything that has

an impulse of good, or of right, or of truth, when I say, God bless him, God keep him? (Enthusiastic cheering.) Well, the storm is almost over; the worst of it has passed; the clouds rumble a little round the horizon yet, but for us the sky has been seen, and upon our faces upturned, and upon the face that we love, there falls the clear shining of the sun. God bless him! I say again. I know that in these deep waters he has been sustained by the everlasting arms—I know that he could stand alone on the judgment day, God being with him; but I know that it must be a comfort to him and to his brave wife (tremendous applause, interrupting the speaker for a considerable period)—whose gray head has been bowed with his to the pitiless peltings of slander—to know that, in the darkest hour, this church was true; never doubted, never feared, never gave up its faith in God, its faith in the power of innocence and in the victory of truth. Now we have no cause to fear; now it is easy to be brave; but, come what may, we will stand by the man who has so nobly stood for us. We know him as we have known him before; we love him better than we loved him before; we will trust him to the end; and what God hath joined together let no man, and no pair of men, and no combination of men, and no conspiracy of men, attempt to put asunder. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are His."

At the conclusion of Mr. Raymond's speech, which was continually interrupted by the enthusiastic assent of the audience, Mr. Halliday put the question on the resolutions reported by the committee. A standing vote was taken, and on the affirmative being called for the whole congregation rose to their feet.

MOULTON ROUGHLY HANDLED.

It would have been an outrage upon fairness if Mr. Moulton, one of the principal parties in the matter, had been allowed to speak to the meeting in the absence of the other parties. No possible rule of free speech or fair play could justify Mr. Moulton in interrupting one who was addressing the audience, and in introducing disorder into a harmonious meeting by shouting out, "You are a liar." The reporters have exaggerated the disturbance, which occurred just where they were sitting, for a large part of the audience did not even know what the interruption was about. And finally, when he retired from the church, Mr. Moulton was not "attacked by a religious mob," he was hustled by the street-crowd of men and boys who were assembled on the outside of the building. The sentiment of the audience was expressed by Mr. White, in the remark which drew forth hearty applause and ended the slight disturbance in the house: "In the name of Plymouth Church I ask that any man who does not openly disturb a public meeting shall be allowed to sit and hear the truth."

LETTER FROM T. K. BEECHER.

The divergencies of view between my brother and myself, which have prevented a hearty co-operation between us, were of a kind which, when known, redound to his credit in popular esteem, and to my disgrace—demonstrating him a wise man and me a fool. He an enthusiastic lover of freedom, a believer in the nobility of human nature, a prophet of progress, purity and happiness; an instant and urgent anti-slavery man, a promoter of free thought and free speech in all directions, an ingrained and thorough-paced, hopeful, cheerful, American citizen, accepting the Declaration of Independence and a manifest destiny of glory. I, in contrast, penetrated by a mournful conviction that human nature is essentially corrupt and moribund; and, except as guided, taught, governed and enlivened, tends to evil and disaster continually; that of all woes freedom is the most comprehensive; that the slave is better off than the master; that the oppressed are better off than their oppressors; that the cry of progress is a delusion; that men need government, rebuke, humility; and that until men are broken in spirit through prolonged despair they are not in position to receive the kingdom of heaven as very little children, and thrive by what they receive and by what is done for them of God. He, in short, looks upon every great popular movement as a tide obeying a divine guidance; and he makes haste to go with it. I look upon the same movement as a strong delusion

of the adversary—the Prince of this world—which shall deceive, were it possible, the very elect; and accordingly I shrink back from it, and caution all with whom I have influence against being carried away by it.

Once, and only once, have we in practical affairs worked together, and that was for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of constitutional government.

These divergencies of views are fundamental. They are to his credit as a popular leader, and to my costly discredit.

Of his personal truth, purity, honor and piety, I have never had for a moment a doubt that was based upon any trustworthy information. Many things have been told me with such an air of truth that they have staggered me and filled me with fear and forebodings, which I suppose I have shared with thousands of the best of my fellow-men; and, with them still, I acknowledge a profound relief when the man in question stands forth and denies all fault of whatever kind, save that which impeaches his sagacity and discretion only.

I learn by the *Nation* (New York), for I have read incredibly little, that the late "trial by newspaper" of my brother results in an issue of veracity between him and Mrs. Tilton on the one side, and Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton on the other. This being so, I hasten to put on record most gratefully that I know of nothing whatever, past

or present, that hinders me from giving to my brother the most implicit, contented and loving credence; and to say finally, that any use of my letter to his disadvantage is a renewal of the indiscreet, if not dishonorable, acts by which alone it became public property at the first.

THOS. K. BEECHER.

ELMIRA, Sept. 2, 1874.

A LETTER FROM MRS. BEECHER.

The Rev. Mr. Halliday read the following letter from Mrs. Beecher:

SATURDAY, Midnight.

DEAR MR. HALLIDAY: I had laid aside the cares and labors of the day, hoping to sleep; but my eyes are rebellious and refuse to close. Under all the clouds, that through evil men have gathered around us, there is much to comfort and sustain us. My heart is full of love and gratitude to-night for our dear people who have stood so unfalteringly by their noble and fearfully slandered pastor. I don't know why I am drawn to write you this, but it seems as if I could not sleep until I had spoken to some one of the great joy and pride I have (as his wife) in a church that, through evil as well as good report, gather so lovingly and trustingly about him. Less faithful than our beloved people, the Saviour's disciples forsook Him and fled when wicked men sought to destroy Him. Is it wicked to feel thus? I do not mean it so, but my whole soul is so stirred with gratitude

that God has raised up such friends to comfort and sustain my dear husband. I wish I could send "God bless you" to each true heart that loves Plymouth Church and its pastor. Do you know all the time I was South, my heart almost breaking over the persecutions Mr. Beecher was subjected to, the hymn, "Fear not, I am with thee! Oh, be not dismayed," was constantly with me; I would wake suddenly out of troubled sleep or wild dreams, and before me would be some tune or verse of that precious hymn, as distinctly as if uttered by a voice at my bedside, or would wake myself repeating it aloud. During the last few weeks it has been my hourly companion. I cannot sing, but how I wish Plymouth Church would sing that hymn for me to-morrow, or rather to-day, for the Sabbath dawns while I write!

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

By the appearance of Mr. Tilton's last statement, I am again called to meet the inquiries and fears of friends, and present this both as a reply to many letters and an appeal to public justice. One great difficulty in this scandal is the bitter malignity of former warm friends against a man of such benevolence and integrity, for which no adequate cause appears. It tempts to a fear of some dreadful truth as the incentive. It is to meet this difficulty that a brief outline will be given of the characters of the accusers and the causes of their malignity, premising that what I

state was learned outside of my brother's family, in which I never heard any of these particulars, such topics being by mutual consent avoided.

The real originator of this scandal is the proprietor of the *Independent*, described to me by many who know him as a man of iron will, indomitable perseverance, adroit manœuvring, and a devotee to money-making. Various gentlemen and ladies have informed me of mean and dishonest practices by this man, which they have either known or experienced. Any attempts of my brother to fulfil his duty as a Christian friend and pastor in these matters were met only with anger. The consequent withdrawal of my brother and Mrs. Stowe as contributors to the *Independent*, increased exasperation, and finally his affair with a lady authoress residing in his family, and the supposed intervention of my brother in causing her to decline an offer of marriage, added fresh excitement to malignity. If this is a fact, it was what probably prompted Bowen's letter to Tilton, accusing my brother of gross immoralities, which he afterward confessed had no foundation, and by his acknowledgment and regret for the wrong he had done, by expressions of perfect confidence in his pastor's integrity, and by a promise to avoid any further sine of the sort, he adroitly contrived to maintain his membership in the church and obtain the forgiveness of his pastor.

The second prominent actor in what has proved a virtual, though not a premeditated conspiracy,

was the author of this last "statement"—a man of more than ordinary talents and of many interesting natural traits, combined with weak moral sense and a deficiency in common sense. By my brother's influence he secured a conspicuous editorial position, was introduced to the society of distinguished men and treated by them with unusual attention, the result being overmastering conceit, ambition and vanity. His adoption of Victoria Woodhull's free love principle and practices led to his dismissal from both the *Independent* and a Brooklyn daily paper, and he believed my brother and my brother's wife were the chief causes of this downfall. Reduced to poverty and disgrace, leading to excess in drinking, his friend and classmate Moulton came to my brother to help save him, painting the danger and despair of one once loved as a son now on the verge of ruin, of which my brother was made to feel he was the chief cause. Thus came demands for funds to start the *Golden Age*.

Moulton, the third actor in this conspiracy, at the present time stands charged in a prominent city paper with crimes that, if proved, will doom him to the penitentiary; while several men of integrity say they are ready to appear as witnesses in court, and can prove these charges. And yet this man belongs to an honorable firm, has moved unchallenged in society, is pleasing in manners, plausible in conversation, has cunningly feigned

the virtues most honored by my brother, thus assuming to him the garb of an angel of light.

A fourth actor in this conspiracy is a reporter, cast off from respectable papers for habitual lying.

The most unhappy partner and victim of this conspiracy is the wife of the author of this "last statement." Gentle, timid, conscientious, warm-hearted, and led by her feelings rather than reason, her extorted confessions have proved the main instrumentality of malignant revenge.

One incident of my past life gave me the first clew to her part in this tragedy. Some years ago a lady of my acquaintance, of unblemished modesty and purity, with a tender husband and several children, suddenly accused herself of criminality with a respectable citizen, who denied all occasion for such a charge. She had become a victim of spiritualism, and said "the spirits" required her to make this confession. This, of course, was regarded as a case of insanity. Afterwards I read, in a *History of Insanity*, and learned, also from periodical medical works, that at periods of child-bearing, modest women, who are sane in all other respects, will accuse sometimes their husbands and sometimes themselves of crime. When I first heard of this strange accusation of my brother by a modest Christian wife and mother, I supposed it was a case of such monomania, until she revealed her husband's cruel agency. From all this sad and perplexing difficulty there is an easy way of relief, by simply conforming to certain rules of

common sense which regulate the common people in daily affairs. These are:—

1. All unproved charges against established character are to be treated as slander. If a man of known integrity is charged with sheep-stealing or purloining goods from stores, the accuser is to be punished for slander unless he shows full proof of the crime.

2. When there is conflicting evidence, that view of the case which has the most evidence is to be assumed as true. This guides the physician, the farmer, the merchant, and the jurist in their decisions.

3. When a person inflicts severe personal injury without any good to be gained, it is proof of insanity, as when an honest man accuses himself of lying and theft, or a pure and modest woman maintains that she is unchaste.

Here then is a case where a man who until three-score has lived a pure, virtuous, and useful life, by the unanimous testimony of brothers, sisters, school companions, classmates, parishioners, and fellow-citizens, is accused of lying, hypocrisy, and others gross crimes. This is on one side.

On the other side are three men convicted by their own showing of making these accusations and then denying their truth, and in other matters shown to be dishonest and liars; while two half-crazy women first affirm and then deny the truth of such charges. What then is the truth as shown by the weight of evidence?

Tilton's statement not only contains slanderous lies about my brother, but also against my brother's wife, whom for years he has hated and believed to be the inciting cause of his downfall. Some of these lies can be contradicted by my personal knowledge, as, for example, the charges of her ill-treatment of her husband's relatives. Like all other wives, my sister-in-law has some faults, and like other women of strong character, is liable to strong prejudices; and so when my father's wife and she were uncongenial, it was deemed best that a separate establishment should be provided, rather than a permanent residence in my brother's family, which he desired. But in the last years of my father's life his most frequent and favorite resort was to the parlor, where my brother's wife devoted herself to his comfort and amusement with the most tender assiduity. As to her treatment of my brothers and sisters and others of our family relatives, they have always met a cordial welcome from my brother, and at least a civil one from his wife, while some who are his favorites are equally here. That my brother, united to one who for nearly forty years has proved a loving wife, the devoted mother of his ten children, an excellent housekeeper, an able amanuensis, a capable manager of his business affairs, and a successful authoress; that he, with his chivalrous protection of all his wife's interests, should be represented as going to such a scatterbrains as Tilton, with complaints of his own wife and the wish that he had

such a wife as Tilton, is a story as incredible as it is silly. These are specimens of the lies to be found in that statement. The only new matter of any consequence in this last statement, are letters which persons proved to be experts in forgeries could easily modify to meet their ends. The most important one is Mrs. Tilton's letter to her mother, which was not put in Tilton's first statement, which he confessed he tore up, while he does not state how he obtained a copy of it from his wife's mother.

In conclusion, it would seem as if nothing now is needed but for all decent men and women to act on the preceding principles of common sense. As to an appeal to courts of justice in New York City, where the judicial ermine is represented in leading papers as sadly sullied, every delicate woman and every protector of women should protest against it as involving the most serious dangers. Suppose this case brought before a tribunal where abundant money would be employed to corrupt judges and jury, and to hire perjured witnesses, and where the most refined and respectable ladies could be forced to appear and meet the cross-questions and brow-beating of coarse and ribald lawyers, can anything be imagined more to be dreaded? It is a case in which every modest woman has a personal interest, and in behalf of myself, my dearest friends, and my sex, with the words of the outraged Apostle, "I appeal unto Cæsar"—that great and noble Cæsar—the just

and good of the common people who decide our customs, our privileges, our laws and their penalties. Let them use the principles of common sense, and these demoralizing statements will be the last, and will be doomed with their vile authors to perpetual insignificance and everlasting contempt.

CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

PLAIN WORDS.

The *Christian Union* has hitherto made no reference to the attacks on Mr. Beecher, except by the mention, in a very few instances, of official proceedings. If the editor-in-chief were now in active control of the paper, a like silence would undoubtedly still be maintained. But, in the absence of Mr. Beecher for a number of weeks, and in the consequent interruption, for the present, of his official relations with the paper, his associates take the responsibility, without his consent or knowledge, of treating the subject as if he had no connection with this journal. They make no apology to their readers for doing so. The question of Mr. Beecher's character is one of profound interest to the whole American people; but to a great constituency of those who have followed and loved him it has an importance which is simply vital. For this journal to leave it untouched, under present circumstances, would be to sacrifice transcendent interests to a scruple of etiquette.

The cloud of evil stories and wild gossip which has covered the land, like one of the plagues of Egypt, has largely hidden from sight the real merits of the question at issue. When men in future years shall look back on this turmoil, much that now fills our ears and eyes will be totally forgotten. Certain great facts of personal character will stand forth and be plainly read in the cool light of history. It is the part of men who desire the truth to seek even in the confused present to disentangle themselves from the vast mass of irrelevant matter, and look attentively at what is central and significant.

Henry Ward Beecher is arraigned before the world as a libertine and a hypocrite. He is charged with having long sought the ruin of his friend's wife and his own pupil in religion; with having lived in adultery with her for months; with having covered his guilt by years of falsehood, and at last by slanderous charges against the man he had wronged, and the man who had saved him from exposure. In other words, it is charged that his whole life for years has been a monstrous lie, and that, having constantly on his lips the gospel of saintly purity and holiness, he has been living in treachery to every obligation of religion and of personal honor.

The proof of this charge consists in the personal allegations of Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton,—Mrs. Tilton's alleged confession of adultery rests wholly on Mr. Tilton's and Mr. Moulton's word—and in

the implications of certain letters of Mr. Beecher's, to which he assigns a wholly different meaning. The weight of this proof we shall presently consider. Before doing so, it is right to consider what must be established by the proof. On the accuser rests the burden of overthrowing whatever presumption is afforded by the character of the accused. Mr. Tilton's charge is no less than that Mr. Beecher's whole character is rotten. He alleges not merely a single offence, such as might consist with general right intent and purity of character. His accusation covers not only flagrant sin, but deliberation, persistence, and such aggravations of meanness and hypocrisy as, if the accusation be true, ought to sink the perpetrator to eternal infamy.

And who is the man against whom such a charge is brought? For many years Henry Ward Beecher has lived in the sight of the American people. No public man of our time has stood in a greater blaze of publicity. His life-work as an orator has kept him under the constant scrutiny of a great public. No man has poured himself forth in a more constant and profuse stream of sermons, addresses, writings; no man has been more closely watched by friends and foes; and no man has more freely revealed his own interior life to all who choose to read. With the true oratorical temperament, ardent, open, self-disclosing, Mr. Beecher has had in a peculiar degree the power and the disposition to take his hearers into his

confidence as to the workings of his own mind and feelings. Thus, through the force of nature and of circumstances, he has lived for more than a quarter of a century in the eyes of the world, as few have ever done—even his private conversations and most trivial remarks being caught up and repeated by the newspaper press, constantly, daily, to an extent almost incredible.

And what has been the character of a public ministry thus known and read of all men? If we were to select a single characteristic as most prominent and most certain, it would be *the helping men to a higher life*. We do not discuss Mr. Beecher's genius, nor the soundness of his theology. But we say, and we appeal to the whole community to bear us out in it, that pre-eminently his teaching and his whole public work has tended to make men nobler, purer, more unselfish, better citizens, better in all the relations of life. If the testimony could be taken of the men and women whom he has helped out of weakness and sin and despondency, it would be such a record as the world has seldom read. Thousands and tens of thousands look up to him as their true father in God. He has taught them to put beneath their feet their worse selves—their animalism, their pride, their selfishness; and through his ministry they have been helped into lives of purity, self-sacrifice, and consecration to God and man. Reading these words, countless hearts will bear witness that they owe their highest earthly debt to Henry Ward Beecher.

And, looking at his work in its more public aspect, we appeal to every intelligent and candid observer. Has he not been the helper of that which is good? Has not his influence been a great force steadily exerted in aid of patriotism, of education, of good government, of political and social reform, of every good cause? His whole work, wrought in the eyes of the whole people, for forty years, has been morally beneficent. Be his genius greater or less than men have thought, be his thinking shallow or profound, his theology better or worse, this is sure: he has been above all things a moral helper of men. Do such waters flow from a corrupt fountain?

Look at Mr. Beecher's work during the last four years—years in which, according to Mr. Tilton's statement, he has been a convicted villain, in daily dread of public exposure, seeking to cover up one baseness by another. What has Mr. Beecher been doing in those years? From his pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, he has uttered words that moved even more deeply than his wont the highest natures of his hearers. By the testimony of his congregation, his sermons, for the last two years especially, have had a spiritual power and fruitfulness transcending all that had gone before. His week-day sermons, the "Lecture-Room Talks," have been laid before the readers of this paper as they were delivered. How full they have been of instruction and comfort, of closest sympathy with human wants and troubles, of power

to lift men into strength and peace and hope, we do not need to say. Innumerable letters have borne testimony to the moral helpfulness of the "Talks" beyond anything else that the paper has contained. Within this same period have been delivered the three courses of "Yale Lectures on Preaching," in which, with a power attested by the warmest tributes won from a critical audience, composed of the professional teachers as well as pupils in the theological school of New Haven,—he imparted, so far as it could be imparted, the secret of his own strength. Never in modern times, we believe, has there been presented so noble and fruitful a conception of the Christian ministry as in these lectures; and in no uninspired writings can there be found higher impulse and wiser guidance in the work of helping men out of sin into holiness. In this same period, also, has been mainly written and given to the public his "Life of Jesus, the Christ." During that period the *Christian Union* has been established and conducted under his guidance, and from him have been received its best inspirations. By these agencies his ministrations have reached a parish which is literally world-wide; his books, sermons, "talks," and writings having been published to the great religious reading public of Great Britain as well as America. And if to this record we could add the private ministrations which the public can never know—the consolation to broken hearts, the helping hand extended to

ruined lives, the generous pouring forth of his means to aid the destitute, the light to those in darkness—we should only add to a picture whose great outlines the world has seen, and which will never die or be forgotten. This man a debauchee and a hypocrite? Then there is nothing in human character to be trusted, and all faith of man in man is a delusion.

Let us, however, fully face, and fairly consider whatever can be said. The moral sense rejects the charge as a monstrous impossibility; but we willingly go before the tribunal of the calmest intellectual inquiry. What is the real evidence brought forward by the accuser, discarding the mass of irrelevancies in which the case has been buried? There is an alleged confession by Mrs. Tilton; but it is said to have been destroyed, and for its existence as a real confession we have only her husband's word, circumstances as well as direct testimony pointing to its having been an accusation and not a confession. And, in fine, this poor woman has been shown as so weak, so wholly subject to the strongest outside influence of the moment, that the general public can give but little weight to her testimony either for or against Mr. Beecher.

Then we have the allegation by Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton of Mr. Beecher's alleged confessions to them. Of these men we have simply to say that there is no reason, either in their general character or in the nature of their evidence, why

the word of either or of both should weigh against the word of Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Tilton have each, on their own admission, or on ample and incontrovertible proof, told two wholly different stories of the whole matter; Mr. Beecher alone has said always the same thing.

The remaining evidence against him, and the only real strength which the accusation has ever had with the public, consists in Mr. Beecher's own letters. Of these Mr. Beecher has offered an explanation. In his statement to the committee and his cross-examination he has told what he meant by them, and with what feeling he wrote them. A large part of the community—including, we believe, a great majority of the intelligent and high-minded—have fully accepted his statement, and on the strength of it formed their judgment of the whole case. Yet, to many, there remains a difficulty and a perplexity. The explanation, it may be said, seems inadequate. Why, after all, so much self-reproach? Why such expressions of humiliation and remorse? How could an innocent and deeply-wronged man so abase himself? Besides, it must be frankly said, Mr. Beecher's statement astonished every one, and staggered a good many, by the weakness and the mistakes which he attributed to himself. The public had believed him to be a man of immense practical good sense—of courage, sagacity, and excellent judgment. His own statement, when most favor-

ably read, shows him to have fatally erred in his judgment of character; to have been thrown completely off his balance in a sudden crisis; to have trusted his most vital interests to a counselor whom he must have known to be a fussy intriguer, and who proved, in fact, his enemy; to have repeatedly surrendered to this man his own judgment, and almost to have abdicated his free will. The statement showed, too, a lack of the self-defensive instinct commonly supposed to be inherent in manly character. It disclosed a severity of self-judgment which was morbid, and a leniency towards others which was irrational. In short, on Mr. Beecher's own showing, in the greatest crisis of his life, he acted with a want of wisdom that is astonishing. To some it was so astonishing as to be incredible. Mr. Beecher's reputation for wisdom has cost his moral reputation dear. It is the difficulty of crediting him with so much folly that leads some to credit him rather with falsehood.

For the rest, and in a general view of Mr. Beecher's course in the affair, upon his own statement, one or two things are to be said. The burst of self-reproach in which he carelessly set his hand to a paper which he had neither written nor read (and which grossly perverted his expressions), the tempestuous self-reproach and sorrow which he has described, and in which it seems he committed himself to a mistaken course in the whole matter, is surely easy to comprehend.

He was made to believe that, under false information, and by a great mistake, he had caused Mr. Tilton to lose his situation, and had influenced his wife to leave him. He seemed to himself to have blighted the public career and the domestic happiness of a man whom he had loved as a son. Under such a belief, what generous nature but would have been filled with contrition, overlooked the wrongs, and even the false accusation against itself, and devoted itself to the assistance and recovery of the supposed injured one? Mr. Beecher's well-known old and long affection for Tilton, strengthened, as he has graphically told, by a great service which Tilton had done him; his profound desire, springing from the sentiment which is deepest in his life, to reclaim and save one who had erred; the stern reckoning to which he held himself for the errors that had aggravated the trouble; the utter forgiveness which he gave to offences against himself; the dread of the disaster, not to himself only, but to Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, and to public morality and decency, in the storm of vile scandal which has at last been let loose; the utter weariness of life at times under the burden; the exalted and heroic ministry to others, never once interrupted by his own trouble,—all these things, though they may be forgotten, or misunderstood in the tumult of the present, will one day shine out clear, and ennoble in the eyes of the world a man who made many mistakes, but never erred ignobly; who held himself

through all pure and upright, the friend of men, and the servant of God.

In a note to a friend just after the Woodhull attack, Mr. Beecher wrote: "Living or dying, I am the Lord's. He knows it and I know it. After that it matters little what happens." To him, indeed, it matters little. His noble work will go on, and his Master will care for him, and for it. And sooner or later the world will know the truth. But each of us it concerns deeply that we do not wrong ourselves by misjudging in this issue between a true man and a lie.

Christian Union.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LYMAN BEECHER, D. D.,

the eminent preacher and theologian, was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on the 12th of October, 1775. He graduated at Yale College in 1797, and studied theology under President Dwight. After he had preached twelve years at East Hampton, Long Island, he became, in 1810, minister of the Congregational Church of Litchfield, Connecticut. He was a popular pulpit orator, and acquired great influence in the religious world. About 1826, he removed from Litchfield to Boston, in order to uphold the ancient (orthodox) faith against the influence of the Unitarians. He was installed as minister of the Hanover Street Church, Boston. His zealous efforts to prevent defection from the orthodox church, are said to have been very successful. In 1832, he became president of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, and minister of the Second Presbyterian Church, in that city. He was an active and earnest promoter of temperance and other moral enterprises, and was distinguished by the boldness and energy of his character. He quitted Cincinnati about 1842, after which he resided for many years in Boston. He wrote, besides other works, "Views in Theology," and "Skepticism." His sermons on temperance have had an immense circulation, and have been trans-

lated into several foreign languages. His collected works were published under his direction, in Boston, in three volumes. In 1856, he removed to Brooklyn, where he died, in January, 1863.

CATHARINE ESTHER BEECHER

was born in East Hampton, Long Island, September 6th, 1800, received her early education at Litchfield. The death of Professor Fisher, of Yale College, to whom she was betrothed, was a severe blow, from which she sought consolation in a life of activity. In 1822-82, she conducted a female seminary at Hartford, and prepared for the press a manual of arithmetic, 1830, and elementary books of instruction in theology and moral philosophy. In 1832, she accompanied her father to Cincinnati, where, for two years, she was at the head of an institution for female instruction. She has for many years employed herself in developing a plan for female Christian education, to be promoted through a national board, with high schools and normal schools to provide a sufficient supply of well-instructed teachers. Among her writings in this cause are "Domestic Service," "The Duty of American Women to their Country," "The True Remedy for the Wrongs of Woman," 1851; "Treatise on Domestic Economy," a work on "Physiology, and the Condition and Habits of American Women," 1856, and the first volume of a course on theology and moral philosophy. She has also published "Housekeepers' Re-

ceipt Book," "Suggestions on Education," 1829; "Letters on Difficulties in Religion," 1836; "The Moral Instructor," 1838; Memoir of her brother, Rev. George Beecher, 1844; "Truth Stranger than Fiction," 1850; "Physiology and Calisthenics," "Letters on Health and Happiness," 1855.

EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.,

is an eminent Congregational minister, born 1804; graduated at Yale College, 1822; tutor in that institution in 1825; pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, 1826; president of Illinois College (Jacksonville) from 1831 to 1844; pastor of Salem Street Church, Boston, 1846 to 1856. Author of "Conflict of Ages," and other works. Dr. Beecher is a very able man. Recently he contributed a series of learned and valuable articles to the *Christian Union*, on the History of the Doctrine of Future Retribution, with reference specially to the question of the eternity of punishment. These papers have been published in a volume. As a pastor, educator and author, his life has been laborious and useful. He now resides in Brooklyn, and has taken an active part in the proceedings of Plymouth Church during the past year. It is to his credit, that he has stood unflinchingly in defence of his brother in his persecution, and has enhanced his own well-earned reputation in doing so.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE

Was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 15th, 1812.

One of a family which, out of ten survivors, has given to literature eight authors of more or less repute. Mrs. Stowe had the advantage of intellectual companionship and strict moral training from infancy. From her fifteenth year she was associated with her elder sister Catharine at a successful female seminary she had established at Hartford. In her twenty-first year she married Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. During a long residence in Cincinnati, she became interested in the question of slavery. She published, in 1849, a collection of moral tales, "The Mayflower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims." Her great work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," originally appeared in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper at Washington, and was published, Boston, 1852. It has been translated into nine different languages, and has been dramatized in twenty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe, and in most of those of the United States. She subsequently published "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." She soon afterwards, in company with her husband and Rev. Charles Beecher, visited Great Britain, where she was favorably received. After her return she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands;" and in 1860 "The Minister's Wooing," originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She has also published "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," 1856; "Agnes of Sorrento," 1862; "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "The May-Flower, and Miscellaneous

Writings," 1855; "House and Home Papers," 1864; "The Chimney Corner," a series of essays in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1865-6; "Little Foxes," 1865; "Queer Little People," 1867; "Oldtown Folks," 1869; "Men of Our Times," 1868; "True Story of Lady Byron's Life," in *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1869; "Lady Byron Vindicated," 1870; "Pink and White Tyranny," 1871; "My Wife and I," 1872. In December 1868 she became co-editor with D. G. Mitchell of "Hearth and Home," a magazine. Dr. and Mrs. Stowe now reside in Hartford, but have a winter residence on the St. John's river, Florida.

CHARLES BEECHER

Was born in 1815, in Litchfield, Conn. He was left motherless at two years old, Harriet and Henry being four and three years old respectively. Henry often refers to "Charles" in his writings and discourses. Playmates in childhood, they have been most affectionate brothers through life. While pursuing their studies at Lane Seminary, Charles was beset with doubts, and could not see his way into the ministry. He afterwards occupied a cottage in the same grounds with his brother at Indianapolis, and led the singing in his church. During a revival, and afterwards while teaching a Bible-class, the sky cleared sufficiently for him to enter upon the work of the ministry. In Indianapolis, Henry and Charles were

as familiarly known as Castor and Pollux among astronomers.

Ordained 1844, pastor of a church at Newark, N. J.; settled at Georgetown, Mass., 1857. He has published a popular volume, "The Incarnation, or Pictures of the Virgin and her Son;" "Review of the Spiritual Manifestations," 12mo., N. Y., 1858; "Ten Pictures of the Bible," 1855. With his brother Henry he prepared the Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," 1856. Edited the autobiography and works of his father, 1864.

THOMAS K. BEECHER

Was born at Litchfield, Conn., February 10th, 1824. Graduated at Illinois College in 1848. For about twenty years he has had the pastoral charge of a Congregational Church at Elmira, New York. He is an eloquent preacher, and a zealous philanthropist. He considers it to be specially his duty to discourage the spirit of sectarianism.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

Henry W. Sage is a deacon of the church and a trustee of the society. He has given \$10,000 to found the Lyman-Beecher Lectureship on Preaching" in Yale College; \$300,000 to found the "Sage College for Women" in Cornell University; \$40,000 towards the building of a church in Ithaca, N. Y., his former home, and is in constant exercise of generous private charities.

Augustus Storrs, of the commission house of

Storrs Brothers, is a member of the Plymouth Church Board of Trustees, Treasurer of the society; a man of kind, charitable disposition, clear sense, and consistent Christian character.

Henry M. Cleveland was originally a Connecticut man, and a few years since was a member of the State Board of Education. He has been a member of Plymouth Church fourteen years, is a member of the Examining Committee, and is known as a keen sighted, genial, honorable man. In business he is a member of the large paper house of H. C. Hulbert & Co.

Horace B. Claflin, one of the Trustees of the society (and with the exception of its President, James Freeland, the oldest member of that board in service), has always been known as one of the foremost men in the affairs of the society.

John Winslow is the District Attorney for Kings county, appointed by Governor Dix, and is a member of the law firm of Winslow & Van Cott, in Brooklyn. His partner, Judge Van Cott, is a leading member of the Church of the Pilgrims (Dr. R. S. Storrs), and was a member of the special committee which called the late Congregational Council.

S. V. White, the Church Treasurer, is prominently active in all the Plymouth Church and Sunday-school work. He is a banker and broker in New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEODORE TILTON'S PARENTS.

THE mother and father of Theodore live at Keyport, New Jersey. The mother is a woman of about sixty-four years, of great frame, full face and large features. The burdens of life seem to have fallen lightly upon her, and she still appears equal to many years of toilsome care. She is the mother of five children, of whom Theodore and his sister Annie are the only ones living. Both of these have long been married and removed from home, so that now the family here consists of only the father and mother. They are frequently visited by their daughter, whose home is on Staten Island, while the wife and children of Theodore Tilton have visited them nearly every year, and the mother often spends a week or two at the house in Livingston street.

Mrs. Tilton said that Elizabeth was to her as an own daughter, and she was not willing to believe anything to her discredit.

She replied to a question, that there was no blood relation whatever between Mr. Tilton's parents and her own. They bore the same name, but lived in different sections unknown to each other, and were never able to trace out any even distant connection. Mr. Tilton afterwards remarked, that if Mrs. Tilton had been his cousin,

as reported, or second cousin, he never should have married her. The family Bible, which was upon the table, told the fact that "Theodore B. Tilton was born October 2d, 1835," and "married to Elizabeth R. Richards, October 2d, 1855, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher."

The father, Mr. Silas Tilton, is in his seventieth year, and looks to be fully as old as that; but he still retains much of the vigor and mental force of earlier days. He is somewhat bowed by the hard work of a lifetime, and has a few locks of iron-gray hair. The outline of his face would anywhere mark him in a crowd as the father of Theodore Tilton. He is a man of apparently strong feeling and positive opinions, and the deep anxiety stamped upon his face, and the tender Christian words that he breathes in conversation, show how heavily the shadows of the present scandal fall upon him.

Professor Van Buren Denslow, writes as follows in the *Chicago Christian Advocate*:

Eight years ago, Theodore Tilton had the finest position and reputation, for a young man, in this country or age. He is an orator of first-class power, a poet of real merit, an editor of various talent. He is handsome, socially proud, and the husband of a lovely, petite, modest, accomplished wife. Mrs. Tilton is highly and most honorably connected—her father, the Reverend Judge N. B. Morse, of the Supreme Court, conservative on all moral and religious questions, and who was, we

believe, a brother to the eminent Sidney E. Morse and Professor S. F. B. Morse. Their children are of a style of beauty at once spiritual, striking and rare. Whoever in those years had the pleasing fortune to accept the hospitality of this brilliant man and of his beautiful wife must have retained forever the delightful image of that home. All that could conduce to make home lovely was there. Reputation, converse with noble minds, such as fame draws around the hearth-stone of its fortunate possessor, a charming companion, whose very soul knelt each moment in pure worship of her admired husband, children whose smiles were like the radiance of angels' eyes when turned toward the throne of God, and the rustle of whose garments were graceful as the silent movements of forest birds when bathing in the holy Sabbath dawn, what more could Theodore Tilton have sought or wished?

Yet, in his profound egotism, he sought martyrdom. The martyrs only were truly great; he would link his name with some cause to-day odious, to-morrow glorified, and so after the cross wear the crown, as did Garrison, Wilberforce, Howard, and the rest. He advocated miscegenation, but nobody mobbed him. He boasted in every speech of having been mobbed in anti-slavery days. Few remembered that mob. Now, if he could but render himself odious by attacking the marriage relation, by striking a stalwart blow for woman's freedom, somebody, he sincerely

hoped, would persecute him, and he would be immortal! This was his ambition. And now his martyrdom has come, all he ever sought, and directly by the means he used, but of a character far more logical than he expected, the inexorable penalty due to a false doctrine, the eternal cross that bears no crown save one of thorns.

TILTON AND MISS ANTHONY.

A reporter of the *Herald* called at the residence of Mr. Tilton, in Livingston street. When asked whether there was any truth whatever in the allusions to Miss Susan B. Anthony, made by Bessie before the committee, Mr. Tilton replied, with an air of solemnity, "I tremble and shiver to answer until I hear what my venerable friend, Susan B. Anthony, has to say concerning the embarrassing situation in which we were both unhappily caught that evening. My anxiety is not concerning Bessie, but Susan. Little Bessie's accusation sits far more lightly on my head than dear good Susan sat upon my knee. I don't say that Susan would do the same thing now, but she was younger then. You need not press me further. I shall not, for Susan's sake, deny it. There have been too few confessions of the plain truth in this controversy."

FRANCIS B. CARPENTER,

portrait painter and author, was born in Homer, N. Y. His portrait of David Leavitt was exhibited at the National Academy, in 1862. Besides por-

traits of several ex-presidents and governors, he has produced "The Emancipation Proclamation." His book, "Six months in the White House," contains personal memoirs of Abraham Lincoln.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER,

lawyer, politician and general, was born at Deerfield, New Hampshire, on the 5th of November, 1818. According to Parton, he was "a youth of keen vision, fiery, inquisitive, fearless." He graduated at Waterville College, Maine, about 1838. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1840, and practised with success. It is said that in fertility of expedients and devices to obtain an acquittal of his client, he has seldom if ever been equalled. He was originally what is termed a "hard-shell" Democrat. Butler supported Breckinridge for the Presidency in November, 1860, and thus made himself so unpopular in the North that he received only six thousand votes as candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in that year.

On the breaking out of the civil war in 1861, he took command of a brigade, which he moved at once towards Washington; but, on hearing of the riot in Baltimore, he made a detour to Annapolis.

He was elected a member of Congress in 1866, and was one of the managers selected March 2d, 1868, to conduct the impeachment of President Johnson. He has been active in politics, and an important member of Congress ever since, but finds time to rake in large fees, as a lawyer in criminal

and other cases; for example, \$1,000, recently, as attorney for the Kellogg party of Louisiana. It is sincerely to be hoped that as he was beaten by Evarts before the U. S. Senate in the Johnson case, so now he may be worsted by him in one which is even more important; and that as his cunning was no match for the solid wisdom of Massachusetts in his fight for the office of Governor, so now it may once more fail of its end. Moulton and Butler—*par nobile fratrum!* Like client, like lawyer! Are the American people prepared to cry, "Long live craft?" Do they really wish to see a triumph of cunning over that simplicity which is the highest wisdom?

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, LL.D.,

son of Jeremiah Evarts, D.D., the honored Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, was born in Boston, February, 1818. He studied law at Harvard, and began practice in New York, in 1840. He was one of the leaders in the organization of the Republican party, was the principal counsel for President Johnson in the impeachment trial, and was Attorney General of the United States in 1868.

In the suits now pending, millions of dollars are at issue, and the reputations of scores if not hundreds of people involved. The first of these important trials was the one instituted by Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher for adultery; but this has been followed by many others, which

will occupy the Brooklyn courts and the attention of the public for years—suits by Francis Moulton, Theodore Tilton, Henry O. Bowen, Henry Ward Beecher, and Edna Dean Proctor, against various newspapers, as well as against each other. Proceedings have been commenced in at least twenty different cases, and where damages are asked, the figures are in each instance \$100,000.

MR. BEECHER'S CASE.

If any of our readers care to refer to the number of this magazine dated January, 1878, they will find under the title, "The Popular Capacity for Scandal," all that we have ever cared to say concerning the scandal in Plymouth Church, recently and forever exploded. There never was any probability in it. The idea that Mr. Beecher, who had carried a pure name through life, should, after having lived to be nearly sixty years old, reared a family, and been subjected to the most tremendous draughts upon his vitality, have gone out of his way to seduce an innocent member of his own flock,—the wife of a personal friend, to whom he had married her,—was simply preposterous. The absurdity of it is greater when it is remembered that his life had not been a brutal one, but one in which the nobler sentiments had always been those receiving special culture. The crime charged against him is probably the last toward which he would have been tempted. We say there never

was any probability in it, regarded purely from a physiological point of view; and when we remember that the person who originated it continued to cling to the nest which he professed to believe was dishonored by repeated crimes against its purity, the improbability grew in all practical results to impossibility.

It is strange that these two circumstances,—Mr. Beecher's age, his relations and the spiritual character of his culture, and his accuser's condonation of the offence which he professed to believe his wife had committed,—had not opened the eyes of the public to the facts, and rendered the scandal impossible. There are other circumstances that ought to have been taken into consideration. If the public had fully looked in the face the organized and self-justified nastiness in which the scandal was bred, they would have seen that it was an attack on eminent purity before which it writhed in condemnation. But it is all over now. We suppose that none but a fool now believes that Mr. Beecher ever had criminal conversation with the weak woman whose name has been coupled with his in this business, and that none but a worse than fool either wishes or pretends to believe it. Saying this, the case ought to be covered, but, unhappily, Mr. Beecher is still blamed. Why did he not come out and say all he has said before? Why did he submit to the manipulation which proved him to be so little worldly wise? Why did he hold any communication with people whom

he ought to have known were unsafe associates? Why did he, and why did he not, do a thousand things beside?

We are not Mr. Beecher's champion, but we would like to ask a few questions. What business have you, oh inquisitive public, with a man's mistakes? Why did you give the slightest credence to this wretchedly improbable story, and put him to such long and inexcusable torture? He denied this story over his own signature explicitly; why did you not believe his denial? Had he been in the habit of deceiving you? Did this tidal wave of filth that has swept over the land originate with him? Has he not been sinned against, privately and publicly, from the first? That he was unwise in the management of this affair is a matter for your commiseration, and not for your blame. The fact calls for your sympathy, and not for your condemnation. The people and the press have done that for which they ought to go down on their knees before Mr. Beecher. The sly knavery of the advice that has been meted out to him, to confess and be forgiven; the apologies that have been made for him on the ground of his usefulness as a Christian preacher; the distinctions that have been drawn between the man and his work; the readiness to give credence to anything that made against him, from the most untrustworthy sources; the bandying of his name as a jest—these are offences so gross that all who have been guilty of them should hide their heads in

shame. If Mr. Beecher can forgive, or withhold his indignation, it becomes the offending public to be silent.

There is a special portion of the great public who ought to have a few honest words said to them, and those we propose to say. It cannot be denied that there was a considerable number of the large aggregate of clergymen in this country who not only did not stand by Mr. Beecher on his trial, but who had such a degree of satisfaction in his humiliation that they could not contain it. There are clergymen who have aided in the circulation of this scandal, and helped to confirm its impression upon the public mind—men who envied him, distrusted his influence, and did not believe in the soundness of his doctrines. How much Christianity is it supposed there can be in any minister who can take the least satisfaction in the downfall of a professional brother? How much in him who does not refuse to believe anything against such a brother until his guilt is undeniably proved? Bah! It is enough to make a man sick to contemplate such dastards. There is not one of them who does not live in a glass-house. There is not one of them who is not closeted, more or less, with women in distress; and he only needs to have an observing enemy to make him the subject of a scandal just as cruel and causeless as that which has befallen Mr. Beecher. If clergymen cannot stand by one another in emergencies like this, can they blame the public for believing any-

thing that may be said against them? It is a dirty bird, &c.

We congratulate Mr. Beecher on his relief from the horrible incubus that has so long rested upon him. We congratulate all who have stood by him, with faith in his purity and integrity unshaken. We congratulate the Christian church at large, and the Plymouth Church in particular, on the restoration to public confidence of the strongest man of the Christian pulpit. We congratulate the country that one of its greatest men stands redeemed to its respect, and that one of its proudest names has emerged from a cloud of slander that can never hide it again. We congratulate the atmosphere that it is pure again. We congratulate the wind that its nasty burdens of the past few months are dropped in the cess-pool from which they sprang. We congratulate all newspapers, news-dealers, news-boys, the United States mail, post-masters and post-mistresses, that their work is to be cleaner in future. And, finally, we congratulate the fathers, mothers and nurses of this most damnable scandal, that their hands are now left free to labor, without diversion or hindrance, for "the elevation and enfranchisement of woman."—*Scribner's Monthly*.

We endorse every word of this. But while some of the sects continue to rake the gutters, rob the kennels, and dig into the sewers for ministers, we must expect the fellows who are thus excavated from the nethermost depths of society,

to go against a good man in his trouble. What can you look for from a set of "bummers?" And every one knows that along with the pure-minded, honorable men who are in the clerical profession for Christian reasons, there are those who are in it from lazy and sometimes from licentious motives—for bread and butter and lust. The attack upon Beecher has been pre-eminently a war of the lewd upon the pure. And women-kissing ministers, just the same as the vile in other callings, have covered their own impurity with saintly howls against "Beecher." But the voices of the true men in the profession, some in high places, and many in obscure pulpits, have been lifted up in sympathy with the great representative preacher in his distress. Some of our religious prints have spoken boldly in his favor, and if others have sought to use this scandal to cry down his doctrines, and to win subscribers from the paper which flies his name at its mast-head, let us go backward and throw a mantle over their shame.

MOULTON'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Moulton presents not one fragment of fresh evidence in support of his former charges, and advances hardly one new statement. He is by turns defiant and apologetic, lachrymose and malicious.

But we shall not waste time and temper in analyzing a statement which will damn Francis D. Moulton deeper than any revelation of baseness

and treachery that has been made by Mr. Beecher or his friends. It is about such a document as one might expect from the man who allows his friend to make merchandise of his wife's honor, and acts as a broker in the transaction—brutal, cruel, cowardly, infamous. Because his actions have been misconstrued forsooth, this Bayard of Brooklyn must save his reputation for generosity by blasting the homes in which he has been a favored guest, pulling out the private letters committed to his honorable keeping; showing the world what ugly things brothers and sisters could say of one another; what sentimental phrases wives could write in the absence of their husbands; and dragging the reputation of ladies whom he has never known, and the happiness of families which have never wronged him, through the reeking filth of this unparalleled scandal. It would not have been considered nice business for a gentleman in olden times; but we suppose it is all right in these days when a husband undertakes to prove that he is not a dog by showing that he is a cuckold.

It is time for this abominable business to be stopped. The accusers have failed in their case, and every fresh attempt to accomplish their purpose only makes their failure more disastrous. The word of Henry Ward Beecher stands good against a ten-acre lot full of Moultons and Tiltons. The world will tolerate no more of their passionate and unsupported assertions. If they have any

proof of what they allege against the pastor of Plymouth Church, let them take it into a court of justice, where it can be weighed and sifted. A suit at law may enable them to destroy the character of Mr. Beecher, though nothing will ever mend their own.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

EXTRACT FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN.

If any member of [the Brooklyn] council felt himself aggrieved by the tone of contemptuous defiance assumed by Plymouth Church, he certainly may forget his indignation in the spectacle now presented by the proud and defiant church. If it was a humiliation that it should be called to answer for its acts to an Assembly of the best men of its own order, surely its attitude to-day, as it stands at the bar of public opinion, and pleads that its pastor is not an adulterer and a false witness, must be inexpressibly mortifying. There is a pride that goeth before a fall, and there is an abasement which follows self-exaltation. Churches are under the same law as individuals. In March Plymouth Church protested against the "lightest touch of authority" on the part of Christian churches associated with it in fellowship and organization. In August the same church is pleading for the good name of its pastor before Jews and infidels, before the good and the true, the false and the vile—before the great mass of believers and unbelievers who constitute what is known as the "public."

Plymouth Church has now become the sponsor for its pastor, and for the purity of his character and his acts. It condemns every one but Mr. Beecher, and acquits him of every accusation except some "errors of judgment," which it visits with "regrets and censure." It assures "the world" (meaning thereby all outside of Plymouth Church) that "there is nothing in the evidence" which should impair perfect confidence in "the Christian character and integrity of Henry Ward Beecher."

"The world," in spite of this assurance, is just now busily engaged, in examining the soundness of the verdict rendered. The word of Plymouth Church is no longer taken as the end of controversy. There is nothing settled by the report, except that Mr. Beecher and his people are on the same side. His accusers are threatening further statements and arguments, and lawyers are busy with legal processes which will bring the whole matter under the review of the civil courts. The only comfort in the protracted life which is thus given to this unsavory business is, that in the civil court the evidence will be sifted, and a vast mass of irrelevant and nauseous stuff swept aside. Then the public may come to some just and satisfactory conclusion, if this long-suffering and patient public should retain any interest in the case at that time.

There are many to whom this scandal has been especially afflictive, because they have feared that

the honor of religion would be implicated, or that the revelations made would wound sorely the cause of Christ. We suppose that the influence of the disclosures made may be, in some cases, to harden indifferent hearts, and make scornors more scornful. But it is very clear that, with the more intelligent people of this country, the evangelical faith will not be held responsible for what is said and done by Plymouth Church. Even where the orthodox creeds are not accepted, it is felt not to be just or fair to judge these creeds by what Mr. Beecher preaches, or what Plymouth Church endorses. A Western paper, political in its aims, and always indifferent to anything like evangelical religion, has just come into our hands, in which the view is so forcibly expressed, that we copy a part of it for the benefit of our readers. It says:

'The fate of an institution like Christianity does not depend upon the actions of one great man, nor even of a thousand. It is not founded upon sentiment, but reason; not upon suppositions, but upon truth, realized in the hearts and permeating the consciences of millions of men and women, whose predispositions of mind are the furthest removed from the visionary, the vague, and uncertain. And it is the estimate placed upon it by the practical-minded, nay, even the cold-hearted, that gives to it influence, and confirms its sway over the human family. An army of Beechers

could not create it; a myriad of such men cannot destroy it.

The illustrators and expounders of Christianity whose influence has longest endured, were no dreamers; no panderers to the vitiated tastes and lax moralities current in the society of their times. They were literal interpreters and stern denouncers. *Their God was not a gushing sentimentalist.* In their minds there was a wide gulf betwixt the good and the evil. There was a heaven to gain, a hell to shun. There was ever before their mental vision an angry God, excited to omnipotent wrath by the waywardness of sinful man, and there was a grinning devil, too, forever revelling in plots and conspiracies against the peace of the human soul in the infinite hereafter. For them there was no advance in theology—no progressive Christianity. The trumpet of doom forever piped into their ears the dreadful sentence of the unerring Judge, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting punishment." They never sought to correct the record and invent a railway with through palace cars from earth to heaven—from time to eternity. Jeremy Taylor, John Foster, Andrew Fuller, Jonathan Edwards, James Saurin, and George Whitefield had no knowledge of the sort of Christianity which Beecher taught—a religion without duties, a road to heaven which entirely avoided the "Slough of Despond" and "Castle Dangerous." The modern Christian pilgrim on the journey to the Celestial City, accord-

ing to the Plymouth teacher, was to have a comparatively easy time of it; the troubles of the Bedford dreamer were to be avoided on the route of the excursionists to eternal bliss. Nay, more; all carnal enjoyments were to be provided by the way.

This confusion of right and wrong; this confounding morality and immorality, mingling of the sacred and profane, which has been going on among the Plymouth saints, could not fail to develop a laxity of moral principle, the growth of a maudlin sentimentalism, and the ultimate undermining of the structures they had reared. But such a system as the stern old theologians preached was not taught at Plymouth. There was a dreamy sensuousness about the whole establishment—an evidence of earthiness; a *yielding to public sentiment*; a spirit of compromise with the worst forms of social laxity, which clearly separated both pastor and people from the conservative and positive Christian communities of the country. The downfall of so incongruous and anomalous a structure, therefore, surely cannot materially affect the Christians of the land. The attempted compromise between the church and the world has failed, that is all.

These sentences are not altogether just to Mr. Beecher, but they express the general judgments of many who have watched the history of Plymouth Church from the beginning."

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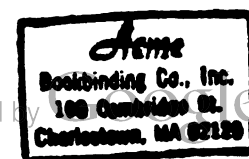
MR. BEECHER AT TWIN MOUNTAIN.

"I call this my country parish," said he, "and take it up regularly each summer. I can always see when I come up here that the tendency in a hotel like this is to break up into cliques; but something of a human interest binds the people together. They come to feeling like a big family, and I think this is one of the reasons why they enjoy themselves here." The family feeling is pretty strong, and Mr. Beecher is father of all concerned. He is the central figure everywhere—yesterday at the religious services, morning and night, whether he preached or listened, and to-night again at a charade party.

People flock to the edge of the broad piazza when he comes in from the croquet ground, with an armful of mallets, to hear his gleeful "Our side beat; we won the last game." By some happy faculty he knows every one, new-comer or old; and the "Good morning," collective and individual, he beams on the odd hundred or so in the dining room as he enters it for breakfast, would last through the day if it was not repeated at each meal. His country parish extends a good way beyond the hotel. He is known by all the families around, and some of them have solid reason to remember him. One farmer near here, with his farm heavily mortgaged, found the mortgage paid off last year through Mr. Beecher's efforts. Besides pastoral work of this practical kind and his weekly sermons, Mr. Beecher devotes

little time to labor. A drive or a trip up or down on the railroad takes up the forenoon, and after dinner he picks up the short, heavy mallet, which is his favorite, and once on the croquet ground does not leave it till it is too dark to see. Occasionally he tries the bowling alleys, but of late finds the exercise too violent. Croquet is his favorite game. It is pretty cold up here. There was a sharp frost last night, but Mr. Beecher got enough interested in his game to-day to attack it in his shirt sleeves. To see him rushing, from wicket to post, dropping on his knees to sight the shots, rejoicing over the discomfiture of his adversaries, and driving his ball along to victory, was a revelation of what can be done when the man and the mallet come together.

THE END.



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